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ART. I.—*Narrative of a Year's Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia*, 1862-3. By WILLIAM GIFFORD PALGRAVE. 2 vols. 8vo. Lond., 1865.

MR. PALGRAVE'S *Central Arabia* is, we think, upon the whole, the most provoking book that we can remember to have read. It is not only a very clever and amusing book, but it is evidently the work of a clever man. Having told us that he is to 'fill up a blank in the map of Asia,' by giving us a description of a country of which we know little or nothing,—its plains and mountains, its tribes and cities,—he proceeds to describe a country which has been as well known for nearly half a century as it is now. He leads us to expect from him a full, accurate, and faithful account of its inhabitants, their 'governments and institutions,' their 'ways and customs,' and their 'social condition;' but, instead of fulfilling these expectations, which he was quite capable of fulfilling, he gives us an account which is not only defective in many essential particulars, but which contains such inaccuracies and fictions, that we know not what to accept as true, and what to reject as erroneous or fabulous. That the book, at the same time, has great merits, which have obtained for it extensive popularity and much praise, we readily acknowledge. This indeed is the reason why we have considered it our duty, even at this late hour, to state freely some at least of the grounds on which we consider it calculated to mislead the numerous readers who may have been induced to rely upon it.

We have said that the book has great merits, but they do not consist in the more ambitious discussions in which the author freely indulges. For everything relating to Mohammedan theology, the origin and connexion of Arab races, and such grave matters, there are other authorities on which, for sufficient reasons, we should be more disposed to rely. We

cannot say that he has added anything appreciable to our knowledge of the geography of Central Arabia, or of any branch of physical science in connexion with it; indeed, he tells us that 'the men of the land, rather than the land of the men, were my main object of research and principal study.' Of much that relates to the men of the land, however, and both influences and illustrates their life and character; of the municipal organization prevailing in the numerous towns and villages scattered over the country, and in which there must be, to a great extent, local self-government, as in all the countries of Asia; of the means of education which the Mohammedans have never neglected, where there was a settled population to take advantage of them; of the tenure of land, so important an element in the social condition of every Asiatic people; of the nature and extent of the agriculture of the country, its condition, or its produce; of the commerce carried on by the numerous traders of Central Arabia who frequent Egypt, Damascus, Aleppo, Bagdad, and other places; in short, of anything material or tangible he tells us little or nothing. Neither does he tell us much about the condition—the comparative comfort or misery—of the great mass of the settled population; but of some of the higher, and a portion of the middle classes of Central Arabia, he gives such an account as we have not from any one else, and as no one who had not lived amongst them on the familiar terms on which Mr. Palgrave describes himself as associating with them, could be expected or could pretend to give.

Mr. Palgrave writes well; his pen is fluent, we had almost said affluent; his command of language, his powers of description and dramatic delineation are considerable; and we cannot doubt that he writes with facility. These are great advantages, but they are also great temptations. To a man who commands those powers, and to whom it costs no unpleasant effort to exercise them, the temptation to rely upon these, rather than upon the accuracy that demands patient investigation, is strong; and to a man who feels in himself the power to embellish almost indefinitely any story or narrative that may take his fancy, the temptation to 'touch it up' may be irresistible.

When Sir Walter Scott, in playful mischief, anticipated his friend William Clerk, and told the story which he knew it was Clerk's intention to tell that evening, he could not refrain from embellishing it, or, as he said, 'putting a cocked hat on its head and a cane in its hand.' But Clerk, a keen and accurate historical antiquary, who valued the story because it was strictly true, accused Scott of spoiling it. Scott had no doubt improved it as a story, and perhaps had not much impaired it as a picture of manners; but he had converted a fragment of authentic

history into a bit of fiction, more attractive, no doubt, than the original, but no longer an authentic record. It may perhaps be more Mr. Palgrave's misfortune than his fault that his story, which is always well told, should so often suggest the idea of the cocked hat and the cane. At the same time, a somewhat careful perusal of the book has led us to the conclusion, that whatever may be the ideal embellishments, they do not destroy the general likeness, and that the portraiture is still true, at least in the sense in which the higher kind of fiction is true, to the life and manners which it professes to delineate.

What were the special objects which led Mr. Palgrave to undertake a journey attended with so much personal risk, in a country of which we already knew nearly all that we much cared to know, except latitudes and longitudes, which he had not the means of ascertaining, he does not distinctly inform us. He tells us indeed that he was then 'in connexion with the order of the Jesuits, an order well known in the annals of philanthropic daring;' and that his expenses were paid by the Emperor of the French. He hints, too, at some mysterious object, the nature of which he does not choose, or does not feel at liberty, to divulge. What so clear-sighted a sovereign could employ Mr. Palgrave to do for him in Central Arabia, unless to purchase Arab horses, we confess ourselves unable to conjecture; but if we are to judge of Mr. Palgrave's qualifications for that office by his vague and unsatisfactory observations on the steeds which he saw in Nejd, we should be led to fear that he could not have been a very suitable agent to execute such a commission for one who knows a good horse as well as most men. What Mr. Palgrave's real views or purposes may have been, we have no means of knowing; and for our present purpose we have no concern with these, except in as far as they may be supposed to have influenced his manner of regarding what he saw and heard, or the freedom and fidelity of his communications to the public. At the same time, we have found it impossible to resist the conviction that his journey into Central Arabia must have been unpremeditated and suddenly undertaken. Had it been otherwise, it cannot be supposed that he could have failed to make himself acquainted with what was already publicly known of the region in which he contemplated travelling. We have not, however, discovered any trace of his having sought such information. On the contrary, unless we were to attribute to him unworthy motives, we are bound to assume that he was not aware that Central Arabia had been visited and described by any European; and that when he entered the desert at Mâan, on his way to Nejd, he imagined that he was about to enter a country



unknown to Europeans. It is very remarkable, too, that he never appears to have got rid of this curious notion. His book, we presume, must have been written after his return home; yet none of his readers, we think, could have discovered, from anything that he has told them, that he was not the first European who had ever been in that country. It is not the less true that, since the conquest of Nejd and the overthrow of the Wahaby power by the army of Mohammed Aly of Egypt, in 1818,—that is, for nearly half a century,—Nejd, or Central Arabia, has been better known in Europe than perhaps any other part of the Peninsula. The European officers who held prominent places in the army with which Ibrahim Pacha subdued the Wahaby kingdom, and which continued to occupy the country for several years, did not fail to collect, and to make public, an amount of detailed information regarding Nejd, such as only their position in the service of the conqueror could have enabled them to obtain from trustworthy sources, and such as we do not possess, in a shape so authentic, regarding any other part of Arabia.<sup>1</sup>

The Wahabys, as is well known, are not a nation, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, but a sect, composed of men of many different tribes and principalities. They may be shortly described as Mohammedan Puritans. The sect takes its designation from its founder, Ibn-Abd-ul-Wahab, who, about A.D. 1746, began to inculcate his religious opinions at Derayeh, which became the Wahaby capital. He required the most rigid observance of all the precepts of the Coran, from which the Mussulmans had everywhere widely departed. He rejected all the legends, and all but the well-authenticated traditions, with which successive commentators had overlaid the original text. He taught that to address prayers or supplications to Mohammed, or any other departed mortal, or even to associate in prayer any other name with that of the One God, is idolatrous. He enforced the obligation of praying five times daily, and strictly observing the fast of Ramadan. He prohibited the use of anything intoxicating, and of games of chance; required that certain crimes and moral delinquencies should no longer be tolerated, but should be severely punished; enforced the obligation of giving a certain proportion of a man's means in alms, and of putting a stop to usury; and he enjoined at least one pilgrimage to Mecca. These are all in strict conformity with the precepts and injunctions of the Coran. He

<sup>1</sup> It may be proper to explain that the term *Central Arabia*, as used by Mr. Palgrave, means the Wahaby kingdom, commonly known as Nejd, which embraces not only the ancient province of Nejd, or the high lands, but several other petty principalities, which have been annexed to it either by conquest or by voluntary submission.

further forbade the use of tobacco, and of silk or gold in man's attire, holding these and other adornments of the person to be fit only for women. He ordered all domes and other monuments that had been erected over the graves of reputed saints to be destroyed, and forbade the erection of any such, because persons were thereby induced to address prayers or supplications to beings who had been but mortals like themselves, and thus to be guilty of idolatry.

Such are the leading doctrines inculcated by Ibn-Abd-ul-Wahab more than a century ago. They were enforced by the sword of Saoud, chief of Derayeh, the reformer's efficient patron and disciple, and are still professed and enforced in like manner by the Wahabys, with the whole power of their government, and with unabated fanaticism.

A succession of hereditary chiefs, who were able administrators and distinguished military leaders, enabled the Wahabys to extend their dominions, to consolidate their power, and to found a kingdom, which now includes the whole country from the shores of the Persian Gulf to the vicinity of Mecca and Medina, and which for a time included also the whole of the Hejaz.

In a country the normal condition of which was such as prevailed in Arabia, where every tribe was at war with its neighbour, and not unfrequently one division of a tribe at war with another; where revenge for blood was regarded as a sacred obligation, and the object of almost every contest was plunder, and its result devastation, the growth of any power strong enough to maintain peace and give security to agriculture and commerce, to person and property, must be a mighty gain. But, strange as it may seem, it is still true that the only basis on which such a power has hitherto been established or maintained in Central and Northern Arabia has been religious fanaticism. It was so with the first Mohammedan empire; it has been so with the other minor powers that have established their domination over a part of the country for a time; it has been, and it is so now, with the Wahabys. No other bond seems to be strong enough to bind these Arabs together, and when the fanaticism has cooled the bond has been loosed. It may, however, be centuries before it has so cooled in Nejd. The facts that the Wahabys are a small minority, yet strong enough to be aggressive, and that they occupy a country singularly difficult of access to an organized force, from whatever side it may advance, together with the knowledge that they are hated, as only Orientals can hate, by the Mohammedan populations around them, may probably suffice to keep alive the burning fire of their zeal.

The history of their military successes has been for the most part, as that of Asiatic conquerors has generally been, but a chronicle of massacre and pillage. While they were led by such men as Saoud, the founder of their power, or his son Abd-ul-Azeez, or his son, the second Saoud, their military successes were almost uninterrupted; but under the feeble and avaricious Abd-Allah, son of the latter Saoud, they made an unskilful and ineffectual resistance to Ibrahim Pacha. Had the father of Abd-Allah, who died before the Egyptians invaded Nejd, survived to conduct the war, the result would probably have been disastrous to the Egyptian army.

Mr. Palgrave gives us in some detail, though in detached portions, a history of the Wahabys; but his information was collected orally, and as he did not take the trouble to consult, or did not choose to credit, any of the various authentic accounts that have been published, both here and on the Continent, he has failed to acquire anything approaching to an accurate knowledge of it. Of his own account he says—

‘That such an account may contain several discrepancies in dates, and even in persons, from what has been by others reported or published on these topics, I well know; nor yet do I intend to claim for it the merit of superior accuracy, though it seems to me in some points clearer, and possessed of greater intrinsic probability.’—Vol. ii. p. 37.

He thus not only recommends his own account to his readers, but, by implication, questions the intrinsic probability of what has been reported or published by others.

The history of the Wahabys, from the rise of their power under the first Wahaby chief, Saoud, till its overthrow by Ibrahim Pacha, extends over little more than seventy years, and embraces only four reigns. Saoud, the first chief, died in 1765, and was succeeded by his son, Abd-ul-Azeez, who was assassinated in 1803, and was succeeded by his son Saoud, who died in 1814, and was succeeded by his son Abd-Allah, who surrendered to Ibrahim Pacha in 1818, and was executed at Constantinople. The year in which the more remarkable events of each of those reigns occurred was well known to every one who had given attention to the subject, excepting Mr. Palgrave; but that gentleman, without any regard to facts which he could easily have ascertained, for they were already published, has chosen to give as history such a complication of errors as it would be impossible to correct by any general statement, and which must therefore be unravelled in detail.

The first Wahaby chief, Saoud, the founder of the Wahaby power, died, as we have stated, in 1765, and was succeeded by his son, Abd-ul-Azeez, whom he had nominated several years before, and whom the Wahabys had willingly recognised as his

destined successor. Mr. Palgrave represents Abd-ul-Azeez as having succeeded in 1800, 'or about that time;' but he had then been for thirty-five years, or about that time, ruler of the Wahabys. According to Mr. Palgrave's account, he could not have reigned more than five or six years, and he describes his reign as short; but he reigned thirty-eight years. Mr. Palgrave gives a highly rhetorical account of the short reign which he assigns to Abd-ul-Azeez, and attributes to it events which did not occur till long after the death of that prince; while, on the other hand, he ascribes to an imaginary successor the most memorable achievements of Abd-ul-Azeez's reign. These were the capture of Meshed Hoosseïn, or Kerbela, the most sacred of places in the eyes of the Persians, and other Mohammedans of the Sheeah sect, which was sacked in the spring of 1801; and the capture of Mecca, the place of pilgrimage of the whole Mohammedan world, in the spring of 1803. These events, both of them signal military successes, Mr. Palgrave attributes to Abd-Allah, the brother of Abd-ul-Azeez, whom he imagines to have succeeded to the sovereignty; but Abd-Allah did not succeed to the sovereignty, neither did he lead the Wahaby army to Kerbela or to Mecca.

Of the latter of these events, the capture, or more properly the surrender, of Mecca, perhaps, in the estimation of Mussulmans, the most important in the recent history of the Mohammedan nations, Mr. Palgrave tells us, that when the Wahabys took the town they massacred the Turkish garrison; but we know, from better authorities, that the Shereef of Mecca, Ghaleb, having fled to Jeddah, after setting fire to the citadel where he resided, Saoud and his Wahabys quietly took possession, without committing any excesses. The shops were open the next day, and the Wahabys paid, in ready money, for what they obtained from them. We also know that when the Wahabys entered Mecca there was no Turkish garrison in the place. Such Turkish soldiers as Ghaleb had with him in the citadel or palace—these are often convertible terms in the East—he had carried away with him to Jeddah, to assist in the defence of that place, which, with their aid, he maintained successfully.

In the *Précis de l'histoire des Wahabys*, by M. Jomard, being an Appendix to M. Mengin's *Histoire de l'Egypte sous le Gouvernement de Mohammed Ali*, the following is the notice of the surrender of Mecca:—

'Pendant ce temps, le cheryf Ghaleb quitta la Mekke et se rendit à Geddah. Avant de partir il mit le feu à la forteresse. Souhoud se porta sur cette première ville, où il entra sans coup férir; ensuit il attaqua Geddah.'

Sir Harford Jones Brydges, who was for many years resident at Bagdad, and was the Political Resident of the British Government at the time when these events occurred,—who gave opportune pecuniary aid to the unfortunate widows and orphans who escaped the massacre at Kerbela, and had for years maintained a courteous intercourse with the Wahaby chief, in order that the messengers bearing his despatches might be allowed to pass in safety,—is able, in his *Brief History of the Wahabys*, by reference to his official correspondence at the time, to fix, with great precision, the dates of these events. The following is his account of the surrender of Mecca, and of the assassination of Abd-ul-Azeez :—

‘It was in this year also (1802) that the Syrian caravan which departs from Damascus, and comprises the pilgrims from all parts of Asia Minor, Constantinople, and the two Irâks, Araby and Agemy, performed its pilgrimage for the last time ; for in 1803 the Wahaby had effected the complete conquest of the Hedjaz, having in the early part of that year laid siege to Mecca, which was bravely defended by Shaik Ghaleb, the shereef ; who at last contrived to leave the town with his family, having previously set fire to such part of the furniture of the palace as he could not carry away. Mecca then submitted to Abdul Aziz, whose troops, on entering the sacred city, committed no excesses. The shops were opened next day, and everything was purchased by the troops with ready money. These events took place in April and May ; and on the 13th November following, Abdul Aziz was assassinated while at his prayers, by a Persian whose relations the Wahabys had murdered at Kerbela. Abdul Aziz therefore did not live to see the complete conquest of Hedjaz, which was effected by his son Saoud.

‘In speaking of these transactions, I speak of them as the transactions of Abdul Aziz, he being then the head of the Wahabys ; but they were principally conducted by his son Saoud, who succeeded him, and who placed at the head of the Meccan Government the brother of the fugitive Shereef Ghaleb.’

Mr. Palgrave gives a clever melodramatic sketch of the assassination of Abd-ul-Azeez by a fanatic Persian, who, he says, had been instigated by the Court of Teheran to commit the crime ; and he asserts that on the body of the assassin was found ‘the written engagement, countersigned by the Governor of Meshed Hoseyn.’ He then tells how ‘Abd-Allah, who was now Sultan of Nejd, swore that his first vengeance for his brother’s death should be on the city that had harboured his assassin ;’ how thereupon Abd-Allah led his army towards the sacred places of the Persians, Meshed Ali and Meshed Hoossein, or Kerbela ; how he ‘scattered the forces assembled to check his onset at Zobeir, at Sook-esh-Sheyookh, and at Samowah ;’ how he laid siege to Meshed Ali, but having been

repulsed with considerable loss, he left Meshed Ali to its defenders, and 'marched northward with new rage against Meshed Hoseyn or Kerbelah, the main object of his hatred.'

Now, in this circumstantial account of an event, important in Oriental history, there is hardly one statement that is historically true.

There is nothing to justify the assertion that the assassination of Abd-ul-Azeez was instigated by the Court of Teheran; and Mr. Palgrave, so far as we are aware, is the first author who has alleged that a written engagement, bearing the signature of the Governor of Meshed Hoossein, was found on the corpse of the assassin, or anywhere else. Of the authorities who have given an account of the matter, founded on investigations conducted at the time of the occurrence, or not many years thereafter, by persons who had the best means of ascertaining the facts, there is not one, so far as we can discover, who alleges that a paper bearing any signature was found, while those who mention that a paper was found, state expressly and distinctly that it did *not bear any signature*.

Abd-ul-Azeez was not succeeded, as Mr. Palgrave asserts, by his brother Abd-Allah, who never even pretended to have a claim to the sovereignty. Neither did he lead the army to the attack of Kerbela, as Mr. Palgrave alleges. Abd-ul-Azeez, as already stated, was succeeded by his son Saoud, who led the Wahaby army to the attack of Kerbela.

The expedition to Kerbela could not have been undertaken to avenge the death of Abd-ul-Azeez, for the very sufficient reason that it took place during the life of that prince, and two years and a half before he was assassinated.

The Wahabys did not, as Mr. Palgrave states, attack Meshed Ali on their way to Meshed Hoossein. The attack and repulse which he alleges to have occurred in 1801, when Kerbela was attacked, did not occur till 1807. Neither do we believe that their advance on that occasion was opposed by troops collected at Zobeir, Sook-Sheiookh, or Somowah.

What is true is, that, on the 2d of April 1801, the Wahabys, under Saoud, the son of the then reigning sovereign, Abd-ul-Azeez, unexpectedly attacked Meshed Hoossein, or Kerbela, took it, massacred the greater part of the inhabitants, pillaged the town, plundered and destroyed the tomb and mausoleum of Hoossein, the grandson of Mohammed, and carried off a vast amount of jewels, treasure, and other articles of value; and that, on the 13th November 1803, Abd-ul-Azeez, then eighty-two years of age, was assassinated while at prayers in the Mosque of Derayeh, by a fanatical Persian Seyud, or descendant of Mohammed, whose family had been murdered by the

Wahabys at Kerbela in 1801, and who sacrificed his life to avenge the murder and the foul dishonour then done to the tomb and the memory of Hoossein, whose descendant he was.

That the history of the Wahabys should be written accurately, or at all, may be a matter of the greatest indifference to a vast majority of European readers, who cannot be expected to care much what was or what was not done by Abd-ul-Azeez, by Saoud, or by Abd-Allah; but there is another view of the matter, in which even careless readers may perhaps take some interest. We were not, nor were they, with Mr. Palgrave in Central Arabia,—by much the larger portion of his information must have been obtained, as his Wahaby history was, from the Arabs,—and we have no other means of determining what confidence is to be put in his account of what we do not know, than by ascertaining how far we can confide in his account of what we do know from authentic sources. We have put him to this test—we shall have occasion to do so again—and certainly the result is not satisfactory. We have not in any instance controverted Mr. Palgrave's statements on any other than written and published authorities, which were as accessible to him as to us; and he cannot reasonably expect that we should, after that examination, extend to his account of his journey a greater amount of confidence than we have already expressed our readiness to accord.

It is time, however, that we should prosecute the journey to Central Arabia, which we can make with the greater ease and comfort, now that we have cast away a great proportion of the lumber with which these two volumes are burthened.

After crossing a desert, in which they encountered the dreaded Simoom, and after resting for a day with the Sherarat, the most miserable of Bedouins, at whose tents, however, they were hospitably entertained, the travellers arrived at the fertile valley and populous town of Djowf. With the exception of Dr. Wallin, we believe that Mr. Palgrave is the first European who has visited that valley. His account of the impression made upon him, as he emerged, after many days' journey, from the desert, by the first view of the houses, the well-watered gardens and fresh foliage of Djowf, extending several miles, is lively and graphic. Here they were hospitably received by one of the notable men of the district, who had even come out some way to meet the travellers with a seasonable and acceptable supply of admirable dates and pure water, luxuries which, after the privations they had endured, were duly appreciated.

At Djowf the travellers found themselves in what is described as the vestibule of Central Arabia, but still separated by a limb of the desert from Djebel Shomer, the first integral portion of

Nejd which they were to enter, and of which the wadi Djowf was a dependency, recently annexed. The valley is said to be sixty or seventy miles long, by about twelve broad, and to contain above 30,000 inhabitants. Of its productions Mr. Palgrave gives the following account :—

‘ The gardens of the Djowf are much celebrated in this part of the East, and justly so. They are of a productiveness and variety superior to those of Djebel Shomer, or of Upper Nejed, and far beyond whatever the Hedjaz and its neighbourhood can offer. Here, for the first time in our southward course, we found the date-palm a main object of cultivation ; and if its produce be inferior to that of the same tree in Nejed and Hasa, it is far, very far, above whatever Egypt, Africa, or the valley of the Tigris from Bagdad to Basra can show. However, the palm is by no means alone here. The apricot and the peach, the fig-tree and the vine, abound throughout these orchards, and their fruit surpasses in copiousness and flavour that supplied by the gardens of Damascus or the hills of Syria and Palestine. In the intervals between the trees, or in the fields beyond, corn, leguminous plants, gourds, melons, etc., etc., are widely cultivated. Here too, for the last time, the traveller bound for the interior sees the irrigation indispensable to all growth and tillage in this droughty climate kept up by running streams of clear water, whereas in the Nejed and its neighbourhood it has to be laboriously procured from wells and cisterns.’—Vol. i. p. 58.

His description of the inhabitants is not without interest, and is a favourable specimen of his manner of imparting information :—

‘ These descendants of Tā’i, if such they really be, are very liberally provided with the physical endowments of which it has been acutely said that they are seldom despised save by those who do not themselves possess them. Tall, well-proportioned, of a tolerably fair complexion, set off by long curling locks of jet black hair, with features for the most part regular and intelligent, and a dignified carriage, they are eminently good specimens of what may be called the pure northern or Ismaelitish Arab type, and in all these respects yield the palm to the inhabitants of Djebel Shomer alone. Their large-developed forms and open countenance contrast strongly with the somewhat dwarfish stature and suspicious under-glance of the Bedouin. They are, besides, a very healthy people, and keep up their strength and activity even to an advanced age. It is no uncommon occurrence here to see an old man of seventy set out full-armed among a band of youths ; though, by the way, such “green old age” is often to be met with also in the central provinces farther south, as I have had frequent opportunity of witnessing. The climate, too, is good and dry, and habits of out-door life contribute not a little to the maintenance of health and vigour.

‘ In manners, as in locality, the worthies of Djowf occupy a sort of half-way position between Bedouins and the inhabitants of the cultivated districts.’—Vol. i. p. 65.



'The most distinctive good feature of the inhabitants of Djowf is their liberality. Nowhere else, even in Arabia, is the guest, so at least he be not murdered before admittance, better treated, or more cordially invited to become in every way one of themselves.'—Vol. i. pp. 66, 67.

In Arabia, generally, the governor, chief, or sovereign, is expected personally to hear complaints and administer justice, and our traveller's description of a scene witnessed by him on such an occasion, will give some idea of the manner in which business is conducted in these primitive courts. Hamood was the governor of the district on behalf of Telal Ibn Rasheed, prince of Djebel Shomer:—

'One day my comrade and myself were on a visit of mere politeness at the castle, the customary ceremonies had been gone through, and business, at first interrupted by our entrance, had resumed its course. A Bedouin of the Ma'áz tribe was pleading his cause before Hamood, and accusing some one of having forcibly taken away his camel. The governor was seated with an air of intense gravity in his corner, half leaning on a cushion, while the Bedouin, cross-legged on the ground before him, and within six feet of his person, flourished in his hand a large reaping-hook, identically that which is here used for cutting grass. Energetically gesticulating with this graceful implement, he thus challenged his judge's attention. "You, Hamood, do you hear?" (stretching out at the same time the hook towards the governor, so as almost to reach his body, as though he meant to rip him open); "he has taken from me my camel; have you called God to mind?" (again putting his weapon close to the unflinching magistrate); "the camel is my camel; do you hear?" (with another reminder from the reaping-hook); "he is mine, by God's award and yours too; do you hear, child?" and so on, while Hamood sat without moving a muscle of face or limb, imperturbable and impassible, till some one of the counsellors quieted the plaintiff with, "Remember God, child; it is of no consequence, you shall not be wronged." Then the judge called on the witnesses, men of the Djowf, to say their say, and on their confirmation of the Bedouin's statement, gave orders to two of his satellites to search for and bring before him the accused party; while he added to the Ma'ázee, "All right, daddy, you shall have your own; put your confidence in God," and composedly motioned him back to his place.'—Vol. i. p. 80.

After having been ten days at Djowf, Mr. Palgrave thus sums up the result of his observations:—

"Ten days of active intercourse and varied conversation had not gone by before we were masters of whatever information we more particularly desired at the Djowf. A rising civilisation, contending against preceding and surrounding barbarism, a simple organization just put in place of absolute chaos, a tincture of Mahometanism, nay, even of Wahhabee fanaticism, thin-laid here and there over Arab materialism

and indifference, a love of commerce and advancement, gaining ground, though slowly, over habits of spoil and rapine; much hospitality and little good faith, sufficient politeness and no morals, such was this province in the summer of 1862, and such we soon understood it to be. Meanwhile, the glimpse we had already caught of the natives of Djebel Shomer, along with all that we heard of their country and of its ruler, led us to believe that whatever reward awaited our laborious curiosity must needs lie there. For of inner Nejed and 'Omān we as yet knew no more than most in Syria do, that is, very little. So that, in conclusion, all our desire was to quit the Djowf, and advance to Ha'yel without loss of time.'—Vol. i. p. 81.

We have been desirous to give these extracts from the account of Djowf, partly because they contain the author's first impressions of the inhabitants of Central Arabia; but more especially because, on European authority, less had previously been known of Djowf than of any other of the districts which Mr. Palgrave visited.

From Djowf the course to Nejd lay through Djebel Shomer, and while on a visit to the governor, Hamood, the travellers had encountered some persons of prepossessing manners, who occupied confidential positions in the service of Telal Ibn Rasheed, and who encouraged them to proceed. Hamood, too, facilitated their progress, and they were shortly in a condition to set out. On the 18th July, the hottest season of the year, they commenced their journey across the Nefood or sand-desert with a party, which is thus described:—

'Our Sherarat were all duly armed, and had put on their best suits of apparel, an equipment worthy of a scarecrow or an Irishman at a wake. Tattered red overalls; cloaks with more patches than original substance, or, worse yet, which opened large mouths to cry for patching, but had not got it; little broken tobacco pipes, and no trousers soever (by the way, all genuine Arabs are *sans culottes*); faces meagre with habitual hunger, and black with dirt and weather stains;—such were the high-born chiefs of 'Azzām, on their way to the king's levee. Along with them were two Bedouins of the Shomer tribe, a degree better in guise and person than the Sherarat; and lastly, three men of Djowf, who looked almost like gentlemen among such ragamuffins. As to my comrade and myself, I trust that the reader will charitably suppose us the exquisites of the party. So we rode on together.'—Vol. i. p. 87.

After a toilsome journey, with an interval of a day's rest at the small but fertile valley of Djobba, they arrived at Ha'yel, the capital of Djebel Shomer, and alighted near the 'Palace' of Telal, to whose father, according to Mr. Palgrave's romantic history, Feysul, the reigning sovereign of the Wahabys, owed his crown.

'The young sovereign possessed, in fact, all that Arab ideas require to insure good government and lasting popularity. Affable towards the common people, reserved and haughty with the aristocracy, courageous and skilful in war, a lover of commerce and building in time of peace, liberal even to profusion, yet always careful to maintain and augment the state revenue, neither over strict nor yet scandalously lax in religion, secret in his designs, but never known to break a promise once given, or violate a plighted faith; severe in administration, yet averse to bloodshed, he offered the very type of what an Arab prince should be. I might add, that among all rulers or governors, European or Asiatic, with whose acquaintance I have ever chanced to be honoured, I know few equal in the true art of government to Telâl, son of 'Abd-Allah-cbn-Rasheed.'—Vol. i. p. 128.

We believe Telâl to be superior to most of his countrymen. Dr. Wallin speaks favourably of him, and Mr. Layard describes him as a 'powerful and, for an Arab, an enlightened chief,' who had given security to caravans, and desired to promote commerce; but we confess our inability to accept all that Mr. Palgrave says of him as unexaggerated; perhaps it may be regarded as a tribute of gratitude for much courtesy and kindness.

After a preliminary visit from the polished, the clever, 'the demurely smiling,' and captivating Abd-el-Mahsin, 'the intimate friend and inseparable companion of the prince,' it was arranged that the travellers should have an audience of Telâl, and Mr. Palgrave's exultation knows no bounds:—

"How many of those I know would give half their having to be present at such a scene and in such a locality," thought I, while almost wondering at our own quiet and secure position amid the multitude; for, to say truth, how little of Arab rule or life has yet been witnessed by Europeans, how little faithfully described? Half romantic and always over-coloured scenes of wild Bedouins, painted up into a sort of chivalresque knight-errants and representatives of unthralled freedom; or, perhaps, the heavy and hollow formalities of some coast or frontier courtlet, more than half Ottomanized; apocryphal legends, like those of Lamartine, and the sentimental superficialities of his school,—such is almost all that we possess on these subjects, and from which we are invited to form our criterion and appreciation of Arabia and its people. But not in the Syrian desert, nor on the limits of the Hejâz, not in the streets of Mokha, nor in the markets of Meshid 'Alee, still less at Bagdad or Damascus, is the true idea of genuine Arab ways and manners to be sought or found.

'The researches of Pococke, the incomparable exactitude of Niebuhr, the varied information of Burckhardt, the minute accuracy of Wallin, the sailor-like daring of Wellsted, deserve indeed the highest praise as well as the fullest confidence. Nor is it in a spirit of idle rivalry, far less of depreciation, that while mentioning names of such justly earned celebrity, I beg permission to point out the limits within which cir-

circumstances, those impassable boundary walls of human life and enterprise, confined their experience of Arabia. This was for the most part derived from the frontier provinces and the outer surface; of the interior, whether physical or moral, they have less to tell. Yet a description of the foot or of the hand, however trustworthy, does not always furnish a complete idea of the body or the head, still less of the anatomical structure within. "Ex pede Herculem," is an excellent adage, but not always applicable to living nations and to human nature.

'While I was occupied in these reflections, and my companion in his, of which I cannot pretend to give an account, but I suppose them to have been what a youth of Zahlah might be expected to make in similar circumstances, the audience went on; and the 'Azzām chieftains or ragamuffins presented their coarse Bedouin submission, much like runaway hounds crouching before their whipper-in, when brought back to the kennel and the lash. Telāl accepted it, though without giving them to understand his own personal intentions respecting them and their clansmen, and detained them for several days without any decisive answer, thus affording them suitable leisure to experience the profusion of his hospitality, and to become yet more deeply impressed with the display of his power.'—Vol. i. pp. 136, 137.

Upon the pretension betrayed in this passage we shall not make any comment. It does not require any. But if Mr. Palgrave was already acquainted with the works of Pococke, Niebuhr, Burckhardt, Wallin, and Wellsted, and they entered, he tells us, into his reflections during his audience of Telal, how are we to account for his having written the following passage?—

'Could we, however, when first starting, have foreknown the real nature of the countries before us, we might have very well dispensed with a good part of our mercantile provisions, designed mainly for Bedouin purchasers, and augmented on the other hand our medical supplies, more adapted to townsmen and villagers. But supposing, like most people, that Arabia was almost exclusively the territory of nomades, and that the fixed population must be proportionally small and unimportant, we deemed the former class of articles at least as available as the latter; a grievous mistake, and of which we soon became aware. For after once traversing this first stage of our journey, the rest of our way across the inner provinces, and up to the very shores of the Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean, lay, with very little exception, through countries where Bedouins stand for little or nothing, whereas, on the contrary, the settled inhabitants of the soil, with their towns, tillage, and governments, are everything. But all this we had yet to learn.'—Vol. i. pp. 6, 7.

It is impossible to conceive that any one who had read the works referred to, could have supposed Arabia, or Central Arabia, to be 'almost exclusively the territory of nomades.' Wallin had been in Djebel Shomer in 1848, and had enumerated

the towns and principal villages, had described and commented on the settled population, and had spoken of the chief, Ibn Rasheed, and his government. From Niebuhr and Burckhardt he would have obtained a great amount of information regarding the towns and more considerable villages of Djebel Shomer, Kaseem, Aredh, and other districts of Central Arabia. Which, then, of the two accounts are we to accept? We have already stated our reasons for thinking ourselves bound, in justice to Mr. Palgrave, to assume that he could not, when he set out on his journey, have been acquainted with the works above referred to, or with those which were published on the European continent, subsequent to the conquest of the kingdom of Nejd (in 1818) by the Egyptians; but if Mr. Palgrave, when at Djebel Shomer, was already acquainted with the authors whom he names and characterizes, and whose works he could hardly have found at Djowf or Ha'yel, our assumption must be erroneous; and the inference would be such as it is unpleasant to contemplate. On the other hand, if we still adhere to our first opinion, and hold that he had not been acquainted with those works, then his elaborate account of the reflections that occupied him during his audience of Telal would be resolved into an elaborate fiction; and we could not tell how much more might be of the same character.

Our author's account of his life in Ha'yel is always well written, and much of it is curious. Let us take, for example, the following account of a walk along the streets with a mechanic of Kaseem, to visit his brother, who lay ill of fever:—

'Mixed with the city crowd, swordsmen and gaily-dressed negroes, for the negro is always a dandy when he can afford it, belonging mostly to the palace, are now going about their affairs, and claim a certain amount of deference from the vulgar cits, though we see nothing here of the Agha and Basha style of the overbearing and despotic Turk. Nor do these government men ever dream of taking aught without purchase, or of compelling those they can lay hold of to gratuitous labour, Ottoman fashion; such proceedings, also, being repugnant to that independent high-mindedness which stamps the genuine Arab caste. The well-dressed chieftain and noble jostles on amid the plebeian crowd on terms of astounding familiarity, and elbows or is elbowed by the artisan and the porter; while the court officers themselves meet with that degree of respect alone which indicates deference rather than inferiority in those who pay it. A gay and busy scene; the morning air in the streets yet retains just sufficient coolness to render tolerable the bright rays of the sun, and everywhere is that atmosphere of peace, security, and thriving known to the visitors of inner Arabia, and almost or wholly unknown to the Syrian or Anatolian traveller. Should you listen to the hum of discourse around, you will never hear a curse, an imprecation, or a quarrel, but much business, repartee, and laughter.

Doheym and I slowly pick out our way through the crowd amid many greetings on either hand, till we reach the open space of the palace court where the Sook falls into it; and thence we pass through the high gateway, and enter the main artery of the town.'—Vol. i. p. 163.

This is an interesting picture of independence, self-respect, and general wellbeing, the value of which is greater or less as we rely with more or less confidence on its perfect fidelity. A slight difference in the colouring—the change of a few words—would convert it into a very ordinary picture of what may be seen daily in the narrow streets and bazaars of many an Asiatic town. It is precisely one of those cases in which unreserved confidence in the absolute fidelity of the narrator, in his freedom from undue rhetorical ambition, or tendency to embellish, is indispensable to a just appreciation of the social condition which the description is intended to illustrate; and so it is, to a greater or smaller extent, with every narrative or anecdote intended to illustrate the manners, life, and social condition of people whom we have not seen, and between whom and us there is, for the occasion, no other interpreter than the individual narrator. No one thinks,—no one, we suppose, ever thought,—of questioning the fidelity of a narrative, an incident, or an anecdote told by Niebuhr or Burckhardt, by Wellsted or by Wallin. No one suspects them of embellishing; every one instinctively perceives, or thinks he perceives, that their main aim and object is not effect or display, but to convey as accurate an idea as they can of what they have to describe. No visions of the cocked hat or the cane intrude themselves upon us while we read what they relate. In fiction describing the life and manners of other countries, or of our own in bygone times, the pictures may be faithful though the scenes are imaginary, or, in dealing with real characters, the portraits may be likenesses although they are ideal; and so we may derive from fiction not only a more vivid impression, but a more just appreciation, of the society and the persons whom it describes. But as the story is avowedly fictitious, we are left free to form each his own opinion as to how far the artist has succeeded or failed in producing a truthful picture. When, however, we take up a narrative of real life and adventure, we are not free to regard merely the skill displayed in the execution; and if we are unable to accept, as positive and unvarnished truth, all that the writer chooses to tell us—especially all that is within his own knowledge—we cannot help feeling dissatisfied, both with the book and the author.

Sir Harford Jones Brydges, in his *Brief History of the Wahaby*, previously referred to, quotes an account of an audience of Abd-ul-Azeez, the Wahaby sovereign, which, from the age

assigned to him, must relate to some time about 1796. Sir Harford speaks of it in terms of high approbation, and says :—‘ I can only heartily wish it may convey to the reader as lively an idea of the Court of Dereyha as it did to me :’—

‘ No sooner had my person and Mansoor’s presents been made fit to offer themselves before Abd-ool-Aziz, than I requested an audience in all due form. This was immediately granted. It took place in the open air, at the gates of what I must needs call, more from the dignity of its tenant than its own, a palace; and the Schaich received me squatted on a rush mat. Notwithstanding his advanced age of seventy-five, he still displayed good features, and a handsome, though somewhat harsh and forbidding countenance, and through all the affected meanness of his dress shone a lofty and commanding air. I felt a sensation of awkwardness at the richness of my own apparel so much exceeding that of the high personage whose favour I came to seek. On this subject, however, I might have spared myself any uneasiness. The Schaich seemed to contemplate my glitter—if noticed by him at all—with perfect indifference; and when I presented to him the gifts of Mansoor, he cast upon them the careless survey of a man who considers such things as beneath his attention. The latter certainly puzzled him. He seemed to feel as if it ought not, and he saved himself by his supercilious glance the embarrassment of owning that he knew not what to make of it. When, at the conclusion of my harangue, I repeated to him the sentence, and showed him the signet imparted to me by his emissary at Bagdad, his brow unfurled, and his features relaxed into a more affable expression. Still he remained, after I had done, a few moments musing and silent. At last, “ Stranger,” said he, in a slow and deliberate manner, “ wonder not, if an old warrior, accustomed to treachery and deceit, should not feel immediate confidence in Mansoor’s protestations. If the light of truth has really penetrated his heart, the Lord be thanked, especially by himself, who must be the greatest gainer, since the choicest blessings of heaven, both here and hereafter, never fail to reward sincere conversion; but I know the faith of the Turks, and I distrust the very Arab whose breath mingles with theirs. Mansoor’s artful conduct may have deceived, and it is only on trial that I shall think myself secure of his sincerity. The decisive hour,” added he, starting from his seat, “ is perhaps not far off, when all who appear not for us shall be treated as if they had been against us. The spears already are pointing, and at a distance which no other eye can reach I already see the war dust rising.”

‘ I have been principally induced to give the above quotation, because, during my long residence at Bagdad, I was assured by more than one person, that whenever Abd-ool-Aziz spoke of the Turks, it was customary for him to work himself almost to frenzy, and that he then made use of nearly the last words mentioned above.’

This quotation, of the merits of which few men could have been so well qualified to judge as Sir Harford, is avowedly fictitious: it is from the pages of a well-known work of fiction.

The narrator is no other than Mr. Hope's worthless hero, Anastasius; but we accept it as an admirable ideal picture, in excellent keeping with what we know of the truth. Were it otherwise, we should have no right to complain. We are not called upon to believe that it is absolutely true, though we may have good reason to believe that it is very like the truth. But with regard to what Mr. Palgrave tells us,—his audience of Telal, for example,—we are expected to put undoubting reliance in him, and to accept what he says as absolutely trustworthy in all its parts. In a narrative professing to be genuine and true, there can be no admissible compromise with fiction. If it is not the former, it becomes the latter, whether the author intends it or not. We have no desire or intention to attribute to Mr. Palgrave any deliberate purpose to misrepresent what he describes. On the contrary, we assume honesty of purpose. But we think that he has yielded too much to the temptations with which the very exuberance of his powers assailed him, and that he has been far too negligent, and too careless of what nearly concerned his own credit.

From Djebel Shomer the travellers proceeded to Bereydah in Kaseem, the most productive and populous of the highland districts. The principal town is Aneyzeh,—Mr. Palgrave calls it Oneyzah,—which is stated by the French writers to have contained, at the time of the Egyptian conquest, about 30,000 inhabitants, and to have carried on a very considerable trade. Burckhardt also mentions that there were many wealthy merchants in that town. Mr. Palgrave, however, was unable to visit Aneyzeh, because when he was at Bereydah, from which it is not far distant, it was besieged, or rather imperfectly blockaded, by the troops of Feysul, the Wahaby sovereign, whose authority had not been re-established there since the expulsion of the Egyptians. Before the travellers left Arabia, they learned that after a protracted and gallant resistance, Aneyzeh had fallen, and had suffered all the barbarities usually perpetrated on such occasions by the Wahabys,—barbarities which, in the case of a town taken by assault, were not unknown in Europe a few centuries ago.

Bereydah is, next to Aneyzeh, the most important town of Kaseem. Mr. Palgrave estimates its population at about 20,000; it is also the seat of a considerable trade, foreign and domestic, but of its nature or extent our traveller gives no intelligible idea. The Wahabys had, not many years before, regained possession of the place, and, if Mr. Palgrave's detailed account of the manner in which it was effected be correct, by a series of the foulest and most cold-blooded acts of treachery and cruelty; but as he seems to have obtained his information from the



bitterest enemies of the Wahabys, and to have imbibed all their hatred of those Mohammedan reformers, in addition to his own original aversion, his statements must be received with caution.

At BereyDAH the travellers unexpectedly encountered a Persian Haj caravan, returning from Medinah towards Meshed Ali, which had been deserted by its Wahaby conductor, and was detained to be fleeced by the Wahaby governor. This affords Mr. Palgrave an occasion, of which he never fails to avail himself, to speak of the Persian nation in terms of contempt and aversion. The bitterness of his language is such as to suggest the idea of personal resentment, and to make it almost amusing. We cannot help suspecting that he must, somehow or other, have encountered personal mortification at the hands of a Persian. The encounter with the Persian caravan, however, turned out to be a very fortunate event. He had been endeavouring to obtain at BereyDAH guides and camels to convey him to Riad, but in vain; for no one fancied a journey in that direction. 'This is Nejed,' said an elderly man of whom they had demanded information; 'he who enters does not come out again!' At length, in the Persian pilgrim camp, they stumbled upon the man who, probably of all the men in Arabia, was the fittest for their purpose—Aboo Eysa in Arabia, but known by another name in his native city of Aleppo; a political refugee; an unsuccessful commercial adventurer; a Mohammedan of the loosest texture; a Wahaby at Riad; a latitudinarian elsewhere; a man of tact and ability, of a kindly disposition and an easy temper; a general favourite, and a privileged character; who knew everybody, and was acceptable to all. He proved to be a faithful friend and guide; so useful and valuable, indeed, that their acquaintance with him in a great measure determined the future course of the travellers.

At BereyDAH also the party with which they were to travel was augmented and dignified by the addition of 'Mohammed Allee-esh-Shirāzee, the Persian representative at Meshed 'Alee, and now intrusted with the headship of the national pilgrimage.' This person was proceeding to Riad to announce to Feysul the misconduct of the conductor, who had deserted, and of Mohanna, the governor of BereyDAH, who had fleeced the Persian Haj caravan. 'The Naib,' for such was his official designation, was evidently a Persian of the 'Hajji Baba' class, whom Mr. Palgrave seems to have mistaken for a Persian gentleman.

From BereyDAH there were two routes leading to Riad; the one through Woshim, by the way of Shakra, was the more direct, but in the present state of the country, with the war at Aneyzeh in progress, they preferred the more circuitous and the

safer line by the way of 'Zulphah,' the Zelfy or Zelfeh of other writers. Had they taken the route by Shakra, Mr. Palgrave might perhaps have discovered that the great battle between the armies of Ibrahim Pacha and Abd-Allah, the Wahaby ruler, which he describes as having been fought not far from Shakra, and as having lasted two days, is altogether fabulous. Mr. Palgrave must have been the dupe of some Arab wag, who amused himself with hoaxing the Damascene doctor, for no such battle was fought by those commanders during the war. In fact the Wahaby army never encountered the army of Ibrahim in the field. But our author's account of the military operations, and the proceedings of the Egyptian army and its commander, is throughout ludicrously inaccurate in what it states, and unaccountably defective in what it omits. It would be intolerably tedious to go through it in detail and point out all its errors and omissions. Hardly one operation or transaction is correctly stated, and some of the most important are not alluded to.

Zulphah is a considerable town, and the emporium of a considerable trade between the countries lying eastward, or rather north-eastward, towards the Euphrates and Bagdad, and the countries lying westward towards the Hejaz, but here, as elsewhere, Mr. Palgrave does not occupy himself with such material and sublunary things. 'The proper study of mankind is man,' and Mr. Palgrave, accepting this dictum, narrows it to man as he is, and thinks it is no part of that study to inquire what are the circumstances and conditions in and on which he exists as he is. In this particular instance, however, he is not to blame, for the inhospitable governor refused to take any hint, and the travellers, 'Naib' and all, had to encamp or *biwouac* in the open air near the gate.

Here they found themselves in the vicinity of an encampment of a peculiar race of nomades, who wander over the deserts on the borders of Syria and Arabia. They are known as the Solibah or Selibah, a name supposed to be derived from the word Seleebe, signifying a cross. Hence some have supposed that they were Christians of a degenerated type, and Mr. Palgrave inclines to that opinion; but it is well known that they are a remnant of the ancient Sabæans.

From Zulphah the traveller proceeded from town to town: first to Ghât, rather a village than a town; then to Mejmaa, with a population of ten or twelve thousand; the third day to Toweym, with twelve or fifteen thousand inhabitants, having passed during the day by Djelajil, a considerable town. It was during his halt at Toweym that Mr. Palgrave, who rarely touches upon anything relating to natural history, while com-

menting on the general exemption from insect plagues in Central Arabia, with one offensive exception, proceeds as follows :—

‘Snakes in Nejed are no less rare than in Ireland or Malta. In an elegant romance published by M. Lamartine under the title of the *Journal of Fath-Allah Sey'yir*, companion of the ill-fated Lascaris, a work already alluded to, these reptiles are spoken of as very common in Central Arabia; nay, appalling to think of, M. Lamartine's hero discovers a whole thicket full of their sloughs, of all colours and sizes, —a sort of serpent's cloak-room, I suppose. Happy the travellers who possess so rich and so inventive an imagination! a few boa-constrictors make no bad variety, at least in a narrative. But I was not favoured with any such visions, “Nol' vedi, ne credo che sia.”—Vol. i. p. 355.

Mr. Palgrave seems to be acquainted with the writings of Burns, and reading this sneer at Lamartine's ‘rich and inventive imagination,’ we were reminded of those lines :—

‘O wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see ourselves as others see us,  
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,  
And foolish notion.’

In the narrative of Colonel Pelly's journey from Koweit to Riad, we find it stated that ‘*Snakes*, lizards, and insects abounded.’ Mr. Palgrave therefore may be quite as much in error as he supposes M. Lamartine to be. At all events, ‘Men who live in glass houses ought not to be the first to throw stones.’

On the fourth day they passed the large and prosperous villages of Hafr, and Thomeyr, and Hootah, which we are told is ‘a large and busy locality.’ . . . ‘The inhabitants are not only active traders, but diligent agriculturists, and the country around is planted and tilled to a notable distance.’ Then, during the same day's journey: ‘We left behind us many other villages and hamlets of less note, near and far.’ At sunset they arrived at Horeymelah, with an estimated population of 10,000, stated to have been the birthplace of Mohammed Ibn-abd-ul-Wahab, who founded and transmitted his name to the Wahaby sect. Whether born there or not, and the question is a disputed one, we think there is no doubt that he settled there on his return from Damascus, and there matured and first began to teach the doctrines which are identified with his name. He sought the protection of Saoud, chief of Derayeh, about 1746, not about 1760, as Mr. Palgrave supposes, and died in 1787, at the advanced age of ninety-five, having outlived his patron and disciple Saoud twenty-two years, seen his son and successor, Abd-ul-Azeez, in the full career of his conquests, seen his son

and successor, the second Saoud, already a distinguished military leader; and having seen the Wahaby doctrines and the Wahaby kingdom dominant in the peninsula of Arabia.

Passing from thence through the ruins of Eyānah and by those of Derayeh, the travellers at length arrived at the goal of their journey, at Riad, the capital of Feysul, sovereign of the Wahabys.

Mr. Palgrave, who tells us that he went to Central Arabia supposing it to be inhabited almost exclusively by nomades, must have been greatly surprised to find himself lodged every night in or near a considerable town or village, and to pass so many more in the course of his journey from Bereydah to Riad; but of those towns which he names there is not one the existence of which has not been well known for more than forty years. Most of them were mentioned nearly a century ago by Niebuhr, and in the early part of this century by Burckhardt, as well as by M. Corancez, many years French Consul at Aleppo and at Bagdad, in his *Histoire des Wahābys*, a work in which he was assisted by M. Silvestre de Sacy, and which is much esteemed in France. They have been noticed more recently and more fully, and their position determined with a closer approximation to accuracy, by M. Mengin<sup>1</sup> and MM. Langlés and Jomard, who lent him their assistance, and who received valuable aid, which they freely acknowledge, from Sheikh Abd-ur-Rahman, a grandson of Ibn-Abd-ul-Wahab, the founder of the Wahaby sect.

<sup>1</sup> In order to illustrate the proximate accuracy of the maps prepared in 1823 for M. Mengin's work by the French geographers, it may be stated that, without the aid of any astronomical observations in the interior of Arabia, and relying solely on a variety of routes and other available information, they deduced the result that the latitude of Derayeh must be about  $25^{\circ} 15'$ , and the longitude about  $44^{\circ} 10'$  E. of Paris,—equal to  $46^{\circ} 30' 15''$  E. of Greenwich. Colonel Pelly has now ascertained that the latitude of Riad is  $24^{\circ} 38' 34''$ , and the longitude  $46^{\circ} 41' 48''$ . But we know that Derayeh is about twenty-one miles north of Riad, which, added to the latitude of Riad, would give for that of Derayeh  $24^{\circ} 59' 34''$ , or within  $15' 26''$  of the latitude assigned to it by the French geographers. Derayeh is believed to be a little to the west of north from Riad; but supposing them to be on the same meridian, then the longitude, as given by the French geographers, would be  $11' 35''$  less than Colonel Pelly's observations would make it. When we remember that greater errors than these have often been detected in maps of countries that are well known and much frequented, we can form some estimate of the extent and accuracy of the information from which a result so nearly approximating the true position of a place several hundreds of miles from any ascertained point could have been deduced, and also of the admirable care and skill with which that information was used. Derayeh, from its central position geographically, and from its being the capital, to which many converging routes led, was the most important point to be determined, and was, as it were, the key to all the rest; the close approximation to accuracy in determining that central point, goes a considerable way, therefore, to assure us of the general accuracy of the whole.

He resided in Egypt, probably as a prisoner at large, or a hostage, and is described as a remarkably intelligent man, who was thoroughly acquainted with all parts of his native country, and who was learned in the learning of the Arabs. Yet this is the country which Mr. Palgrave imagines he has been the first to reveal to us; and which the readers of his clever and amusing book are led to suppose was unknown till he visited it. Far from filling up a 'blank in the map of Asia,' he has hardly added a name to those which were previously known, unless perhaps, those of a few villages which may have grown up during the last forty years, and which are of no great importance. He has not discovered, so far as we can find out, any one town, or considerable place, the existence and proximate position of which was not as well known before he went to Arabia as it is now. But since the evacuation of the country by the Egyptians, we had not received, from any European, an account of its condition, and we did not know what changes might have occurred in the interval. That deficiency Mr. Palgrave has in some measure supplied, bringing down our information to a recent date; and we marvel to find how little change there has been.

The Egyptian conquest of Nejd, the overthrow of the Saoud dynasty, and with it of Wahaby domination, the subsequent efforts to expel the invaders, the revolutions, contests, and assassinations that followed their expulsion, resulted in restoring the dynasty deposed by foreign military force, and in re-establishing the Wahaby dominion. The inhabitants had returned to their towns and villages, their shops and warehouses, their fields and gardens, and, if we may judge by such indications as Mr. Palgrave favours us with, the population is about as numerous and as prosperous as it was before the country had been desolated and its inhabitants decimated by an enemy as merciless as the Wahabys themselves, and more brutal. Without the hearty concurrence of the great bulk of the population, and of the leading men amongst them, those results could hardly have been so rapidly obtained. The complete re-establishment of the native Arab government in its former authority, over almost every part of the extensive and dissimilar possessions from which it had been driven, and the increase of its power during the reign of the present ruler, Feysul, all appear to indicate that the existing government, whatever may be its defects, is on the whole that which the great majority of the governed have chosen. Mr. Palgrave predicts the overthrow of the Wahaby power at no remote date; but although this is a pretty safe prediction in Arabia, where nothing has for ages been permanent but anarchy, we suspect

that 'the wish was father to that thought.' A reaction may no doubt be produced by intolerable misgovernment; or a disputed succession, which our author seems to count upon with confidence, may shake the Wahaby power. Much will depend on the wisdom and arrangements of the reigning sovereign; but as we think more favourably of his capacity than Mr. Palgrave, we see in what our author says of general hostility to Feysul's government rather a further indication of his having consorted chiefly with non-Wahaby malcontents, and of his undisguised hatred of the Wahabys and of Feysul, than a prospect of a probably successful revolt against the government of Riad.

Mr. Palgrave's description of Feysul is not attractive. He says:—

'Meanwhile age advanced, and Feysul became stone blind, while increasing corpulence, a rare phenomenon in Arab physiology, rendered him more and more incapable of active exertion. . . . In short, it may be feared that what good was in him has almost if not totally vanished, while heart and head, intellect and will, are alike sinking into a dotage well befitting a tyrant of seventy.'—Vol. ii. p. 73.

What the particular form of dotage may be that is especially befitting a tyrant of seventy, we cannot presume to determine; but Colonel Pelly, who visited Riad in 1865, gives an account of the sovereign, with whom he had several interviews, which does not much resemble the picture drawn by Mr. Palgrave.

Colonel Pelly states<sup>1</sup>—

'He had not the opportunity of seeing much of the manners and customs of the natives generally, but he had the honour of three interviews with the chief, and found him one of the most remarkable chiefs he had ever met with in Asia; a man of exceeding dignity, self-confidence and repose. He always spoke of himself in the plural number, and treated his visitor with the respect which was due to him. At the first interview he confined himself to mere questions of etiquette, and said to Colonel Pelly that it was a curious place for an English officer to come to; that they were much cut off from external communication by the physical features of their country; that they were enough for themselves, had no foreign relations, and wished for none, especially with the English. In continuation, he said it might be considered extraordinary that a man of his calibre should be content to live in Riadh, and lead the dull life he did, but he said he felt himself every inch a king, and did not wish for anything more than he possessed. He then explained that he belonged to the strictest sect of the Mohammedans, and that it was his sect which had retrieved the Mohammedan religion from falling away from its original purity. He said they had their political and religious differences, and added, that although in

<sup>1</sup> See Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, issued 26th August 1865 (p. 295).

their political differences they were not accustomed to punish the persons of opponents, in religious warfare they killed everybody. He then proposed to Colonel Pelly that he should become a Mussulman, and offered him every comfort that he could possibly desire in the Wahabee capital. He (Colonel Pelly) in reply said he was exceedingly flattered by the offer, but he was a servant of the Government, which restricted him from many things that might otherwise be agreeable to him. At the second interview there was something in his manner which impressed Colonel Pelly with the idea that he was a Freemason. His manner that day was exceedingly friendly. He entirely set aside all the ceremonies of the previous day, and entered into a long conversation, which terminated most kindly. He invited the Colonel to visit any part of the country he liked, and also to see his stud, the most perfect breed of Arabian horses in the world. At that time the horses happened to be at a place about a day and a half's journey off, but the Colonel had not time to visit them, or rather, circumstances induced him to return to the Persian Gulf. Had it not been for the ill-disposed men who surrounded the chief, he should have been glad to have explored the whole of the country, and could have given a detailed statement of the latitudes and longitudes of every important point. His minister is not a pure Arab, but the son of a Georgian slave by a negro father, and he is a man worthy of such descent. In fact, he proved exceedingly unpleasant. He stole everything he could lay his hands on. The interpreter's buttons and neck-cloth were the first things he coveted; but not content with them, he stole the Colonel's cheroots, and smoked them in his presence, and that in a country where it is death to be caught smoking tobacco. Yet in the presence of the chief this man sat with the stoicism of an old Greek. He never spoke, and if asked any question he called on the name of the Prophet and of God, and spoke in the most fanatical and solemn manner possible, declaring it was impossible to conduct the affairs of Nejed if anybody smoked, or if the Wahabee power was allowed to fall off in any degree.'

There is nothing here to remind one of Mr. Palgrave's portrait of Feysul. No intimation that he was 'stone blind'; no indication that the 'chief' was 'sinking into a dotage well befitting a tyrant of seventy.' Yet it appears that Mr. Palgrave was present at the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society at which Colonel Pelly gave the account of his visit to Riad and his interviews with the Wahaby chief, from which we have taken the above extracts, and that he had nothing to object to the statement.

He observed, amongst other things, that—

'What Colonel Pelly had just said about the Court of Riadh is so exact a description, both of the Court itself, and of the persons who compose it, as to leave nothing except the certitude that, whenever the influence of the prime minister and of a few other fanatics can be

brought under, we shall be enabled to know further, and to determine more accurately, every detail that remains.'

Which of these descriptions of Feysul are we to accept? Is he really 'stone blind?' If he be, it is surely remarkable that, even in an abridged report of Colonel Pelly's statement, there should be no allusion to the fact, more especially when regarded in connexion with what the Colonel tells us of the impression which Feysul made upon him. Was he sinking, in 1862, into 'a dotage well befitting a tyrant of seventy?' Then he must have rallied in a miraculous manner, to have been, in 1865, the man described by Colonel Pelly. Mr. Palgrave had no personal audience, it appears, of Feysul, and we do not know that he ever saw that august personage, but he remained fifty days at Riad, in frequent and even intimate intercourse, as he tells us, with one or two of Feysul's sons, with his prime minister, his minister for foreign affairs, his treasurer, his chief kadee, and other persons about the Wahaby court. Then Aboo Eysa, his most intimate friend, his guide and confidant, had, it appears, several interviews with the Wahaby sovereign while Mr. Palgrave and he were together at Riad. His means of obtaining correct information regarding Feysul were therefore at least as good and trustworthy as with reference to anything that did not come under his own observation. If he is misinformed about Feysul, as he appears to have been, how can we rely on any information obtained by him through similar channels? Colonel Pelly's visit to Riad might have been expected to confirm such of the statements of the preceding traveller as admitted of confirmation without minute inquiry, but it overturns Mr. Palgrave's allegation that M. Lamartine romanced when he spoke of snakes as numerous in Central Arabia; and it also overturns the allegation that Feysul is such as Mr. Palgrave represented him to be. Then Aboo Eysa's patron and our traveller's friend, the prime minister Mahboob (described as a reckless sort of youth, the son of a Georgian slave-woman, nominally by a negro father, but really a son of Feysul), who possessed the best collection of books seen at Riad, and at whose K'hawah our traveller spent much of his time, turns out, whatever may be his origin, to be a low blackguard, a shameless hypocrite, and a thief, who stole buttons and cigars. In short, the portraits drawn of the same persons by Colonel Pelly and Mr. Palgrave have not, we must say, any striking resemblance one to another. This may be due to a variety of circumstances, but, for our own part, we prefer Colonel Pelly's.

Of the institutions, whatever may be their nature or form, by which the machinery of a government that rules an enormous extent of country inhabited by a turbulent population must be



carried on, by what means or through what channels the impulse given at the centre is conveyed to the extremities,—what, in short, is the organization by means of which Feysul rules his vast kingdom, Mr. Palgrave gives no intelligible account of. He tells, indeed, of Wahaby spies in all quarters, Egypt, Omān, and elsewhere abroad, as well as at Riad and in the dependent districts; but how or by whom they are instructed, or how the information they transmit is turned to account for the advantage of the Wahaby government, we are left to conjecture. It can hardly be by Mahboob, the youthful, reckless, and not very trustworthy prime minister, who smokes tobacco and steals buttons. If Feysul is in his dotage, Mahboob, such as Colonel Pelly describes him, and the rest, including Abd-Allah, the heir-apparent, such as Mr. Palgrave represents them to be, how is his majesty's government carried on? This Mr. Palgrave neither explains, nor attempts to explain. He speaks of the Wahaby government as highly centralized and despotic. Of course every despotic government must be highly centralized; but the more complete the centralization the greater must be the amount of work done at the centre; and we should like to know who, of the persons described by Mr. Palgrave, does, or can be supposed capable of doing, that work. We confess that his account is to us, in this respect, altogether unintelligible. But as we know that Feysul's government is carried on, that its influence is felt everywhere in Central Arabia, and its authority obeyed; that such as are hostile to it fear it; and that it is able to suppress revolt, and even to undertake conquests, not on land only, but, as Mr. Palgrave assures us, beyond seas, there must be some organization, some machinery, some occult governing power, which Mr. Palgrave has not only not told us of, but the existence of which seems hardly to be compatible with his account of the court, and the persons who compose it.

There is one institution, indeed, of which he gives us, *more suo*, a full and amusing account. The 'Zelators,' such being the nearest word in literal translation of their Arabic designation, are twenty-two in number. 'On these twenty-two Feysul conferred absolute power for the extirpation of whatever was contrary to Wahabee doctrine and practice, and to good morals in general, from the capital firstly, and then from the entire empire. No Roman censors in their palmy days had a higher range of authority, or were less fettered by all ordinary restrictions. Not only were these Zelators to denounce offenders, but they might also in their own unchallenged right inflict the penalty incurred, beat and fine at discretion, nor was any certain limit assigned to the amount of the mulct or the number of the blows.'

It might be supposed that the functions of these gentlemen would be exercised only amongst the lower orders, but this would be quite a mistake. Mr. Palgrave says:—

‘Furnished with such powers, and backed up by the whole weight of government, it may be easily supposed that the new broom swept clean, and that the first institution of the Zelators was followed by root-and-branch work. Rank itself was no protection, high birth no shelter, and private or political enmities now found themselves masters of their aim. Djeloo’wee, Feysul’s own brother, was beaten with rods at the door of the king’s own palace for a whiff of tobacco smoke; and his royal kinsman could not or would not interfere to save him from undergoing at fifty an ignominy barely endurable at fifteen. Soweylim, the prime minister, and predecessor of Mahboob, was on a similar pretext, but in reality (so said universal rumour) at the instigation of a competitor for his post, seized one day while on his return homeward from the castle, thrown down, and subjected to so protracted and so cruel a fustigation that he expired on the morrow. If such was the chastisement prepared for the first personages in the state, what could plebeian offenders expect? Many were the victims, many the backs that smarted and the limbs crippled or broken. Tobacco vanished, though not *in fumo*, and torn silks strewed the streets or rotted on the dunghills; the mosques were crowded, and the shops deserted. In a few weeks the exemplary semblance of the outward man of the capital might have moved the admiration of the first Wahabee himself.’—Vol. i. p. 411.

Having pondered on this formidable array of unlimited and apparently irresponsible power, backed by the whole strength of a despotic government, and on the manner in which it was exercised by fanatical Wahabys, we were surprised to find further on the following account of the only practical attempt to exercise those powers of which Mr. Palgrave speaks as of his own knowledge:—

‘From our door the holy squadron passed to that of the Nā’ib. Here a thundering knock was at once answered by ’Alee, the younger servant, who with unsuspecting rashness flung the entrance wide open. No quarter to Persians: “Throw him down, beat him, purify his hide,” was shouted out on all sides, and the foremost laid hold of the astonished Shiya’ee to inflict the legal chastisement. But ’Alee was a big strapping lad, and not easily floored; he soon tore himself away from his well-intentioned executioners, and rushed into the interior of the house, calling madly for aid on his brother Hasan. Out came the elder with a pistol in either hand, while ’Alee having picked up a dagger brandished it fearfully; and the old Nā’ib, aroused from sleep in his upstairs bedroom, leaned over the parapet in his dressing-gown, like Shelley’s grey tyrant father, and screamed out from above Persian threats and curses. The Zelators turned tail and fled in confusion; ’Alee and Hasan ran after, sword and pistol in hand, half-way down

the street, beating one, kicking another, and leaving a third sprawling in the dust.'—Vol. ii. p. 105.

Here we paused to consider the case of these unhappy Sheeah heretics, who had so grossly maltreated this 'holy squadron,' 'backed up by the whole weight of government,' and concluded that their fate would be terrible. That the Zelators, though naturally enough, from the nature of their office, not very popular, should not have been able, in the streets of Riad, to command assistance enough to protect them from the personal violence of foreign heretics, seemed strange. There could be no doubt, however, that blows, which, in the estimation of Arabs, can be atoned only by blood, would meet with condign punishment,—but not a bit of it.

'Without delay the Nā'ib donned his clothes and went to the palace, there to demand justice for the housebreaking aggression thus committed, and to protest very reasonably this time against the absurdity of compulsory attendance on divine worship. We did not think it necessary to accompany him, since our affair had at any rate ended smoothly. But Aboo-'Eysa, who had gone with the Nā'ib, played the orator in our behalf. The result was a royal order issued to the Zelators not to trouble themselves further about us and our doings; while, in compensation for past insults, the Persian ambassador was henceforth treated at the palace with greater decency by Mahboob and his crew.'

Now, although the Nā'ib, as the representative of a foreign government, was undoubtedly entitled to demand protection for himself and his servants from such intrusions, and especially from attempts to enforce by violence the spiritual discipline of Riad on the two members of his establishment, we must confess that the Zelators, of whose irresistible and irresponsible power Mr. Palgrave had led us to form so very exalted an idea, shrunk, in our estimation, after this affair, into the dimensions of ordinary and not very formidable beadles, who were kept well in hand, and whose power was very far from being either unlimited or irresponsible.

Our author's account of the moral condition of the Wahaby capital is as repulsive a picture of human depravity as we remember to have met with, and he attributes its bad pre-eminence in vice mainly to the efforts of the government to enforce religious observance:—

'Meanwhile poor morality fares little better in this pharisaical land than in Burns's Kilmarnock, or Holy Fair. True, lights are extinguished an hour or so after sunset, and street-walking rigorously inhibited; while in the daytime not even a child may play by the roadside; not a man laugh out. True, profane instruments of music

disturb not the sacred hum of Coranic lectures, and no groups of worldly mirth offend serious eyes in the market-place. But profligacy of all kinds, even such as language refuses to name, is riper here than in Damascus and Seyda themselves, and the comparative decency of most other Arab towns sets off the blackness of Riad in stronger and stranger contrast. "A government which, not content with repressing scandalous excesses, demands from its subjects fervent and austere piety, will soon discover that, while attempting to render an impossible service to the cause of virtue, it has in truth only promoted vice," is one of the many just remarks of a well-known modern author. In fact, most of what Macaulay observes on this very topic in his "Critical and Historical Essays," whether his theme be the Rump Parliament and Puritan austerity, or the hideous reaction of immorality under the reign of the latter Stuarts, may be almost literally applied to the present condition of the Arab kingdom of saints, while it foretells a future inevitably not remote.—Vol. ii. pp. 24, 25.

Mr. Palgrave may have authentic information which entitles him to institute these hideous comparisons, and to decide that Riad is more infamous than even Damascus or Seyda; but as the information on which this opinion is founded must have been derived from other persons, and as we have not learned to place implicit reliance on all that his informants have told him, or on his power to discriminate between such of their stories or statements as are true and such as are not, observing, moreover, that Mr. Palgrave hates the Wahabys and their whole system with a cordial hatred, we are not inclined to accept his decision as infallible, or his account as unquestionable. We prefer to suspend our judgment for the present, considering it not impossible, had Colonel Pelly seen as much of the people of Riad as he saw of their chief, Feysul, that his picture of the one might have been as unlike Mr. Palgrave's as his portrait of the other undoubtedly is.

The travellers were all along regarded as spies, which Mr. Palgrave seems to admit that they were; and having offended the truculent Abd-Allah, the son of Feysul, who threatened their lives, and seemed determined to drive them from Riad, they found it prudent to decamp quietly, and proceed to Hofhoof, in the Wahaby district of Haza, to which, although they had for a time been permitted to remain at Riad, they had on their first arrival been directed to betake themselves. They performed the journey without molestation, and at Hofhoof lodged in the house of their friend Abou Eysa, whose home and family were in that town.

As they approached the shores of the Persian Gulf, they observed a very perceptible change in the appearance, the dress, the manners, and character of the inhabitants, and even some difference in their language, when compared with that of

the tribes in the interior. The people of Haza had long maintained a commercial intercourse with the other countries on the shores of the Gulf, which had in some respects modified their habits and character. Mr. Palgrave is thus led into the following singular statement :—

‘The European public is deluged with accounts of Arab customs, Arab ways, Arab qualities, houses, dresses, women, warriors, and what not; the most part from materials collected in Syria, Mesopotamia, Egypt, ‘Irāk, perhaps Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco: or at the best in Djiddah and on the Red Sea coast. Sometimes a romantic spirit will furnish scenes among the hybrid Bedouins of Palmyra as portraits of Arab life; sometimes we are invited to study Arab society in a divan at Cairo or Aleppo. Such narratives, however accurate they may be for the localities and races they describe, have not an equal claim to the title of correct delineations of Arabs and of Arab customs. The case appears to me much as if the description of a backwoodsman of Ohio should be given for a faithful portrait of a Yorkshire farmer, or the ways and doings of Connaught for a sketch of Norfolk life and manners. Syria and Egypt, Palmyra and Bagdad, even less Mosoul and Algiers, are not Arabia, nor are their inhabitants Arabs. The populations alluded to are instead a mixture of Curdes, Turcomans, Syrians, Phœnicians, Armenians, Berbers, Greeks, Turks, Copts, Albanians, Chaldæans, not to mention the remnants of other and older races, with a little, a very little Arab blood, one in twenty at most, and that little rediluted by local and territorial influences. That all more or less speak Arabic is a fact which gives them no more claim to be numbered among Arabs, than speaking bad English makes an Englishman of a native of Connaught or of Texas. For the popular figure of the Bedouin, I must add, that even were he sketched, as he rarely is, from the genuine nomade of Arabia, it would be no juster to bring him forward as an example of Arab life and society, than to publish the “*Pickwick Papers*,” or “*Nicholas Nickleby*,” with “*Scenes in High Life*,” or “*Tales of the Howards*,” on the back. These unlucky and much-talked of Bedouins in the Syrian, also mis-called Arabian, desert, are in fact only hybrids, crosses between Turcoman and Curdish tribes, with a small and questionable infusion of Arab blood, and that too none of the best, like a wine-glass of thin claret poured into a tumbler of water. In short, among these races, town or Bedouin, we have no real authentic Arabs. Arabia and Arabs begin south of Syria and Palestine, west of Basrah and Zobeyr, east of Kerak and the Red Sea. Draw a line across from the top of the Red Sea to the top of the Persian Gulf; what is below that line is alone Arab: and even then do not reckon the pilgrim route, it is half Turkish; nor Medinah, it is cosmopolitan; nor the sea-coast of Yemen, it is Indo-Abyssinian; least of all Mecca, the common sewer of Mahometans of all kinds, nations, and lands, and where every trace of Arab identity has long since been effaced by promiscuous immorality and the corruption of ages. Mascat and Kateef must also stand with Mokha and ‘Aden on the list of exceptions.’ —Vol. ii. p. 162.

The inference from all this is apparent. Having led his readers to believe that Central Arabia was an unknown country till he visited it, Mr. Palgrave now wishes to persuade them that there are no genuine Arabs anywhere else; from which it follows that no one has ever seen genuine Arabs except himself. Niebuhr and Burckhardt, and others, who saw only the mongrel Arabs of Mocha, Yemen, Syria, Mesopotamia, and the Hejaz, are not to be relied on, and Mr. Palgrave alone is to be trusted.

Seriously, the assertion contained in the concluding sentences of the preceding extract is very absurd. It is the hasty utterance of a man who is ill-informed on the subject, and whose overweening confidence leads him to mistake his own fancies for facts.

There are several tribes, one part of which inhabits the country south and west of Mr. Palgrave's line, while another part inhabits, for the whole or the greater part of the year, the countries beyond it. Let us take, for example, the great tribe Shammar. They have their head-quarters, so to speak, at Djebel Shammar, or, as Mr. Palgrave has it, Djebel Shomer, but the numerical majority of the tribe spend the greater part of every year, and some clans or divisions often spend a whole year or more, beyond the limits assigned by Mr. Palgrave, pitching their tents and feeding their flocks, in Irak and in Mesopotamia; but there is a frequent interchange of families and individuals between the nomade and the settled portions. Many of those who are in tents in Irak or Mesopotamia own lands in Djebel Shammar, and many of the families residing in the towns and villages of that district have flocks with the nomades, and some member of the family in their tents. According to Mr. Palgrave the Shammar, who are beyond his limits, cease to be Arabs, and any one who encountered them in Mesopotamia, and described them as Arabs, would be imposing on the public; but whenever they return within his limits, they become Arabs again, and he may describe them as such. What we have said of the Shammar applies equally to other tribes, who, according to Mr. Palgrave, would be genuine Arabs when within his limits, and would not be Arabs at all, but hybrids, when beyond them. This is surely very childish.

Except with regard to certain limited classes in the places which he visited, Mr. Palgrave's notions about Arabs, their actual condition and locality, seem to be unaccountably misty and imperfect. Of this, the passage we have just quoted is by no means the only indication we have found in his book. The fact is, that there are, beyond the limits specified by our author, Arabs as genuine or 'authentic' as any to be found within those

limits, but who have never been to the south of his fanciful boundary. 'Ex pede Herculem,' he tells us somewhere, is an excellent adage; but a description of the foot or the hand does not, he says, always furnish a complete idea of the body or the head. This is quite true, and he is, of course, to give us the whole; but he has simply reversed the process. His Hercules is all head, without body, arm, or foot, and without a leg to stand upon.

From Hofhoof the travellers proceeded to Kateef, in order to embark at that port for Bahrein. At Kateef they found the negro Wahaby governor occupying a building, by tradition attributed to Karmat, founder of the Karmathite sect, which, for some fifty years during the tenth century of the Christian era, was the dominant power in the peninsula of Arabia, and carried its ravages to Syria. If this tradition be well founded, it would settle a point in Arabian geography which puzzled Niebuhr, and over which the generally sure-footed D'Herbelot stumbled; but Mr. Palgrave does not care for these things. He expresses an opinion that the building is not of the tenth, but of the twelfth or thirteenth century; but the reasons he assigns are not satisfactory; and we are on the whole inclined to believe the tradition which would identify Kateef with the Hājār of the Karmathians, and the building referred to with the palace which Karmat built there, and called Mahādia. Had Mr. Palgrave been aware of the interest attaching to the question, he might perhaps have been able to decide it.

From Kateef the travellers proceeded to Bahrein, where Aboo Eysa joined them. Here they separated, Barakāt, the youth of Zahlah, proceeding with Aboo Eysa to Aboo Shahr, commonly called Bushire, while Mr. Palgrave, with a servant of Aboo Eysa's named Yoosef (Joseph) Ēbn-Khamees, who was charged with presents for chiefs on the coast, and for the Imām of Muscat, took shipping for Omān, their ultimate destination being Muscat. Off the south-eastern coast of Omān their barque foundered in a gale; most of the passengers and some of the crew perished, but our traveller, his companion Yoosef, the skipper, and some others, took to the boat and got ashore. The whole account of the gale and the shipwreck is well told, and has a strong Arab smack about it, from its family resemblance to a similar catastrophe that befell Sindbad the sailor somewhere thereabouts. But we shall not follow Mr. Palgrave into Omān. Any one who may desire accurate information regarding that part of Arabia will find it in Wellsted.

Before concluding, we desire to say, that had we considered Mr. Palgrave's *Central Arabia* an ordinary book of travels in the East, we should not have taken the trouble to examine it

so much in detail, or to point out the errors to which we have directed attention. It is because we consider Mr. Palgrave no ordinary traveller, and no ordinary writer, that we have deemed it right to deal with him as we have done. So far as we are aware, this is his first effort ; we sincerely hope it will not be his last ; and that, when he next comes before the public, it will be with a full appreciation of the serious responsibility incurred by every man who undertakes to instruct his fellows. We hope that the success of his first venture will not mislead him ; that he will not be content to be read and laid aside like the last new novel or romance ; that by abating his confidence and recognising the necessity for careful investigation and diligent research in order to get at the 'truth of fact,' and by not appreciating beyond its value the 'truth of imagination,' he may yet give us a book of travels of the highest class. We believe he has it in him, if he can but resist the temptations which have prevented him from accomplishing that object in the attractive book which we now close.



## ART. II.—A JACOBITE FAMILY.

DID you ever, when journeying along a road at night, look in curiously at some cottage window, and, like a happier Enoch Arden, watch unseen the bright life within, and all the *naïve* ongoings of the household?

Such a glimpse of the inner life of a Jacobite family in the latter half of last century we have had the privilege of enjoying, and we wish we could tell our readers half as vividly what it has told to us. We shall try.

On the river Don, in Aberdeenshire—best known to the world by its Auld Brig, which Lord Byron, photography, and its own exceeding beauty have made famous—is the house of Stoneywood, four miles from the sea. It was for many generations the property of the Lords Frazer of Muchals, now Castle Frazer, one of the noblest of the many noble castles in that region, where some now nameless architect has left so many memorials of the stately life of their strong-brained masters, and of his own quite singular genius for design.

Stoneywood was purchased near the close of the sixteenth century, from the Lord Frazer of that time, by John Moir of Ellon, who had sold his own estate, as tradition tells, in the following way:—Bailie Gordon, a wealthy Edinburgh merchant, made a bargain with the Laird of Ellon, when in his cups, to sell his estate at a price greatly under its value. The country folk, who lamented the passing away of the old family, and resented the trick of the bailie, relieved themselves by pronouncing their heaviest malediction, and prophesying some near and terrible judgment. Strangely enough, the curse, in the *post hoc* sense, was not causeless. A short time after the purchase an awful calamity befell Mr. Gordon's family.

Its story has been told by a master pen, that which gave us *Matthew Wald* and *Adam Blair*, and the murderer *M'Kean*. We give it for the benefit of the young generation, which, we fear, is neglecting the great writers of the past in the wild relish and exuberance of the too copious present. It will be an evil day when the world only reads what was written yesterday, and will be forgotten to-morrow.

'Gabriel was a preacher or licentiate of the Kirk, employed as domestic tutor in a gentleman's family in Edinburgh, where he had for pupils two fine boys of eight or ten years of age. The tutor entertained, it seems, some partiality for the Abigail of the children's mother, and it so happened, that one of his pupils observed him kiss

the girl one day in passing through an anteroom, where she was sitting. The little fellow carried this interesting piece of intelligence to his brother, and both of them mentioned it by way of a good joke to their mother the same evening. Whether the lady had dropped some hint of what she had heard to her maid, or whether she had done so to the preacher himself, I have not learned; but so it was, that he found he had been discovered, and by what means also. The idea of having been detected in such a trivial trespass was enough to poison for ever the spirit of this juvenile Presbyterian—his whole soul became filled with the blackest demons of rage, and he resolved to sacrifice to his indignation the instruments of what he conceived to be so deadly a disgrace. It was Sunday, and after going to church as usual with his pupils, he led them out to walk in the country—for the ground on which the New Town of Edinburgh now stands, was then considered as *the country* by the people of Edinburgh. After passing calmly, to all appearance, through several of the green fields, which have now become streets and squares, he came to a place more lonely than the rest, and there drawing a large clasp-knife from his pocket, he at once stabbed the elder of his pupils to the heart. The younger boy gazed on him for a moment, and then fled with shrieks of terror; but the murderer pursued with the bloody knife in his hand, and slew him also as soon as he was overtaken. The whole of this shocking scene was observed distinctly from the Old Town, by innumerable crowds of people, who were near enough to see every motion of the murderer, and hear the cries of the infants, although the deep ravine between them and the place of blood, was far more than sufficient to prevent any possibility of rescue. The tutor sat down upon the spot, immediately after having concluded his butchery, as if in a stupor of despair and madness, and was only roused to his recollection by the touch of the hands that seized him.

‘It so happened that the magistrates of the city were assembled together in their council-room, waiting till it should be time for them to walk to church in procession (as is their custom), when the crowd drew near with their captive. The horror of the multitude was communicated to them, along with their intelligence, and they ordered the wretch to be brought at once into their presence. It is an old law in Scotland, that when a murderer is caught in the very act of guilt (or, as they call it, *red-hand*), he may be immediately executed, without any formality or delay. Never surely could a more fitting occasion be found for carrying this old law into effect. Gabriel was hanged within an hour after the deed was done, the red knife being suspended from his neck, and the blood of the innocents scarcely dry upon his fingers.’<sup>1</sup>

The boys were the sons of the new Laird of Ellon. It adds something to the dreadfulness of the story that it was the woman who urged the wretched youth to the deed. We remember well this *Gabriel's Road*, the lane leading up past

<sup>1</sup> *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, vol. ii.

'Ambrose's,' the scene of the famous *Noctes*. It is now covered by the new Register Office buildings.

But to return to the ex-Laird of Ellon. Mr. Moir, having lost one estate, forthwith set about acquiring another, and purchased Muchalls, its Lord having got into difficulties. The lady of the Castle, loath, we doubt not, to leave her 'bonnie house,' persuaded Mr. Moir to take instead, the properties of Stoneywood, Watterton, Clinterty, and Greenburn, on Don side, which were afterwards conjoined under the name of the barony of Stoneywood. The grateful Lady of Frazer sent along with the title-deeds a five-guinea gold piece—a talisman which was religiously preserved for many generations.

The family of Stoneywood seem from the earliest record down to their close, to have been devotedly attached to the house of Stuart. In the old house there long hung a portrait of Bishop Juxon, who attended Charles I. on the scaffold, and through this prelate must have come a still more precious relic, long preserved in the family, and which is now before us, the Bible which the doomed King put into the hands of the Bishop on the scaffold, with the word 'Remember,' having beforehand taken off his cloak and presented it and the insignia of the Garter to the same faithful minister and friend; this is one of our glimpses. We have the sacred and royal book before us now,—a quarto, printed in 1637, bound in blue velvet, and richly embroidered and embossed with gold and silver lace. There is the crown and the Prince of Wales' feathers, showing it had belonged to Charles II. when prince. He must have given it to his hapless father, as the C. P. is changed into C. R. Though faded it looks princely still.

One of its blank leaves, on which was written 'Charles Stuart ano. dom. 1648,' was, along with the gold piece, pilfered as follows :—

'Miss Moir, who was rather of an unaccommodating temper, remained alone at Stoneywood for a year longer, and in fact until the sale had been completed, and it became necessary to quit. The retired and solitary life she led during this last period was taken advantage of by a woman in her service, of the name of Margaret Grant, to commit various thefts, with the assistance of a paramour, who happened unfortunately to be a blacksmith. By his means they got the charter-chest opened, and abstracted thence the prophetic gold piece, gifted by Lady Fraser two hundred years before, and also Bishop Juxon's valuable legacy of King Charles's Bible, presented to him on the scaffold. The gold piece was readily made available, and was, of course, never recovered, but the Bible proved to be a more difficult treasure to deal with, it being generally known in the county to be an heirloom of the Stoneywood family, and accordingly, when she offered

it for sale in Aberdeen, she became aware that she was about to be detected. She took the precaution to abscond, and suspecting that mischief might come of so sacrilegious a theft, she came by night to Stoneywood, and deposited the Bible at the foot of a large chestnut tree which overshadowed the entrance of the front court of the house, where it was found next morning. However, it did not return altogether unscathed by its excursion, for a bookseller in Aberdeen, to whom it had been offered for sale, had the cunning, or rather the rascality, to abstract the blank leaf on which the royal martyr's autograph was inscribed, which he managed to paste upon another old Bible, so dexterously as not to be easily discovered, and actually profited by his fraud, in disposing of his counterfeit Bible to the Earl of Fife for a large sum of money, and in whose library it now figures as King Charles's Bible, while the original still remains in the possession of the representative of the family to whom it descended by inheritance, and in its appearance bears ample testimony to its authenticity.'

To go back to Stoneywood. The Laird is now there; his eldest son, James, has married Jane, eldest daughter of Erskine of Pittoderie, and the young bride has got from her mother a green silk purse with a thousand merks in it, and the injunction never to borrow from the purse except in some great extremity, and never to forget to put in from time to time what she could spare, however small, ending with the wish, 'May its sides never meet.' The daughter was worthy of the mother, and became a '*fendy* wife,' as appears by the following picturesque anecdote. Young Moir was going to the neighbouring village of Greenburn to the fair to buy cattle; the green purse was in requisition, and his wife, then nursing her first child, went with him. While he was making his market, she remained outside, and observing a tidy young woman sitting by the roadside, suckling her child, she made up to her and sat down by her side. Waiting, she soon got as hungry for her own baby as doubtless it was for her, so proposed to comfort herself by taking the woman's child. This was done, the young mother considering it a great honour to have a leddy's milk for her baby. Mrs. Moir, not wishing to be disturbed or recognised, had the woman's cloak thrown over her head, she setting off into the fair to see what her husband was about. She was hardly gone, when a man came suddenly behind Mrs. Moir, and hastily lifting up the corner of the plaid, threw something into her lap, saying, 'Tak' tent o' that!' and was off before Mrs. Moir could see his face. In her lap was the green purse, with all its gear untouched!

Embarrassed with her extempore nursling and cloak, she could not go to her husband, but the young woman returning, she went at once in search; and found him concluding a bargain

for some cows. He asked her to wait outside the tent till he settled with the dealer; in they went; presently a cry of consternation; in goes the purse-bearer, counts out the money, tables it, and taking her amazed 'man' by the arm, commanded him to go home.

What a pleasant little tale Boccaccio, or Chaucer, or our own Dunbar would have made of this!

From it you may divine much of the character of this *siccar* wife. Ever afterwards when the Stoneywood couple left home they confided the purse to their body servant, John Gunn; for in those days no gentleman travelled without his purse of gold; and although we have a shrewd guess that this same John was in the secret of the theft and the recovery of the purse on the fair day, he was as incorruptible ever afterwards as is Mr. Gladstone with our larger purse.

This John Gunn was one of those now extinct functionaries who, like the piper, were the lifelong servants of the house, claiming often some kindred with the chief, and with entire fidelity and indeed abject submission, mingling a familiarity, many amusing instances of which are given in Dean Ramsay's book, and by Miss Stirling Graham. John, though poor, had come of gentle blood, the Gunns of Ross-shire; he went into the army, from which, his Highland pride being wounded by some affront, he deserted, and joined a band of roving gipsies called Cairds.<sup>1</sup> His great strength and courage soon made John captain of his band, which for years levied black-mail over the county of Aberdeen.

John got tired of his gipsy life, and entered Stoneywood's service, retaining, however, his secret headship of the Cairds,

<sup>1</sup> We all remember Sir Walter's song; doubtless, like 'ta faliant Fhairshon,' our John Gunn was 'a superior person,' but there must have been much of the same fierce, perilous stuff in him, and the same fine incoherence in his transactions:—

'Donald Caird can lilt and sing,  
Blithely dance the Highland fling;  
Drink till the gudeman be blind,  
Fleece till the gudewife be kind;  
Hoop a leglan, clout a pan,  
Or crack a pow wi' ony man;  
Tell the news in brugh and glen,  
Donald Caird's come again.

Donald Caird can wire a maukin,  
Kens the wiles o' dun-deer staukin;  
Leisters kipper, makes a shift  
To shoot a muir-fowl i' the drift:  
Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers,  
He can wauk when they are sleepers;  
Not for bountith, or reward,  
Daur they mell wi' Donald Caird.

Donald Caird can drink a gill,  
Fast as hostler-wife can fill;  
Ilka ane that sells gude liquor,  
Kens how Donald bends a bicker:  
When he's fou he stout and saucy,  
Keeps the cantle o' the causey;  
Highland chief and Lawland laird  
Maun gie way to Donald Caird.

Steek the awmrie, lock the kist,  
Else some gear will sune be mist;  
Donald Caird finds orra things  
Where Allan Gregor fand the tings:  
Dunts o' kebbuck, taitis o' woo,  
Whiles a hen and whiles a soo;  
Webs or duds frae hedge or yard—  
'Ware the wuddie, Donald Caird!'

and using this often in Robin Hood fashion, generously, for his friends. So little was this shady side of his life known in the countryside, that his skill in detecting theft and restoring lost property, was looked upon as not 'canny,' and due to 'the second sight.'

On one occasion Mr. Grant, younger of Ballindalloch, was dining at Stoneywood. He was an officer in the Dutch Brigade, and had come home to raise men for a company, which only wanted twelve of its complement. He was lamenting this to Mr. Moir, who jocularly remarked, that 'if John Gunn,' who was standing behind his chair, 'canna help ye, deil kens wha can.' Upon which John asked Mr. Grant when he could have his men ready to ship to Holland. 'Immediately,' was the reply. 'Weel a weel, Ballindalloch, tak' yer road at aince for Aberdeen, tak' out a passage for them and twelve mair, and send me word when ye sail, and, if ye keep it to yoursell, ye'll find your ither men a' ready.' Mr. Grant knew his man, and made his arrangements. The twelve men made their appearance with John at their head. When they found what was their destination they grumbled, but John, between fleecing and flyting, praised them as a set of strapping fellows; told them they would soon come back again with their pockets full of gold. They went and never returned, finding better quarters abroad, and thus John got rid of some of his secret confederates that were getting troublesome.

Another of John's exploits was in a different line. Mr. Moir had occasion to go to London, taking John with him of course. He visited his friend the Earl of Wintoun, then under sentence of death in the Tower for his concern in the rebellion of 1715. The Earl was arranging his affairs, and the family books and papers had been allowed to be carried into his cell in a large hamper, which went and came as occasion needed. John, who was a man of immense size and strength, undertook, if the Earl put himself, instead of his charters, into the hamper, to take it under his arm as usual, and so he did, walking lightly out. Lord Wintoun retired to Rome, where he died in 1749.

On 'the rising' in the '45 John joined young Stoneywood, his master's son, but before telling his adventures in that unhappy time, we must go back a bit.

The grandson of old Stoneywood, James, born in 1710, was now a handsome young man, six feet two in height, and of a great spirit. As his grandfather and father were still alive, he entered into foreign trade; his mother, our keen friend of the green purse, meantime looking out for a rich marriage for her son, fixed on Lady Christian, daughter of the Earl of Buchan, and widow of Fraser of Fraser; but our young *Tertius* liked

not the widow, nor his cousin of Pittoderie, though her father offered to settle his estate on him; Lord Forbes's daughter with a tocher of 40,000 merks was also scorned. And all for the same and the best reason. He was in love with his cousin, Margaret Mackenzie of Ardross. It was the old story,—*liebend und geliebt*. But their 'bright thing,' though it did not in the end 'come to confusion,' did not for a time 'run smooth.' Thomas, his brother, a sailor, was likewise bewitched by the lovely cousin. He was refused, found out the reason, and in his rage and jealousy intercepted the letters between the lovers for three long miserable years, James living all the time at Stonewood, and she far away in Ross-shire. The unworthy sailor made his way to Ardross, asked Margaret and her sister why they didn't ask for James, and then told them he was just going to be married to Miss Erskine of Pittoderie, and to have the estate. Margaret, thus cruelly struck, said, 'Thomas, ye know my bindin', I have been aye true; I have angered my father, and refused a rich and a good man, and I'll be true till James himsel' is fause,' and like a frozen lily, erect on its stem, she left them—to pass her night in tears.

James was as true as his Margaret; and his grandfather and father agreed to his marriage, under a singular condition: the bulk of the rents were settled in annuity on the two seniors, and the estate made over to the young laird in fee-simple. The seniors did not long cumber him or the land; they both died within the year. Straightway James was off to Ardross to claim his Margaret. He came late at night, and 'rispit at the ring.' Murdo, the young laird, rose and let him in, sending a message to his sister to get a bedroom ready for his cousin Stonewood. Miss Erskine of Pittoderie was in the house as it so happened, and old Lady Ardross, in her ignorance, thinking young Moir was after her, wrathfully sent word to him that he must not disturb the family, but might share Murdo's bed. Poor Margaret said little and slept less, and coming down before the rest in the early morning to make ready the breakfast, she found her cousin there alone: they made good use of their time, we may be sure, and the cruel mystery about the letters was all cleared up.

James and Thomas never met till they were both on the verge of the grave; the old men embraced, forgiving and forgiven.

The lovers were married at Ardross in September 1740, and they came to Stonewood, where our stern old lady gloomed upon them in her displeasure, and soon left them, to live in Aberdeen, speaking to her son at church, but never once noticing his lovely bride. For all this he made far more than up by the tenderest love and service. We quote the touching words of

their descendant: 'With the only recollection I have of my grandfather and grandmother in extreme old age, their sedate and primitive appearance, and my veneration for them, makes the perusal of the very playful and affectionate letters which passed betwixt them at this early period of their lives to me most amusing and comic.' But between these times there intervened long years of war, and separation, perils of all kinds, exile, and the deaths of seven lusty sons in their youth.

We have seen a portrait of Mrs. Moir in her prime, in the possession of her great-grandson; it shows her comely, plump, well-conditioned, restful, debonnair—just the woman for the strenuous, big Stoneywood's heart to safely trust in.

Soon after his marriage, young Stoneywood had a violent fever; the mother and the cold sister came to his bedside, never once letting on that they saw his wife; and Annie Caw, an old servant, many years after, used to say that 'her heart was like to break to see the sweet young leddy stannin' the hale day in silence, pretendin' to look out at the garden, when the big saut draps were rinnin' doon her bonnie cheeks.' The old dame returned to Aberdeen at night without one word or look of sympathy. They had a daughter,—still the old lady was unmitigated, but a son made all sweet.

Then came the stirring, fatal '45. Stoneywood, when laid up with a severe burn of the leg, received an express from the Countess of Errol, desiring his immediate attendance at Slains Castle. Lame as he was, he mounted his horse and rode to Slains, where the Prince gave him a commission as lieutenant-colonel; he found Gordon of Glenbucket there, having come from France, where he had lived in exile since the '15, his son with him, and though he was blind he joined the cause, so that there were then three generations of John Gordons under the Prince's banner, as sings the Jacobite doggrel:—

'Nor, good Glenbucket, loyal throughout thy life,  
Wert thou ungracious in the manly fight,  
Thy chief degenerate, thou his terror stood,  
To vindicate the loyal Gordon's blood.  
The loyal Gordons, they obey the call,  
Resolved with their Prince to fight or fall.'

Stoneywood, from his great strength and courage, and his entire devotedness to the cause, was a man of mark. Walking down the Broad Street of Aberdeen, he was fired at from a window by one Rigg, a barber. Mr. Moir called up to him to 'come down, and he'd have fair play afore the townsmen,' an invitation *à la Barbieri* declined. Before joining the Prince, Stoneywood, with characteristic good sense and forethought, took a step



which, if others had done, the forfeiture and ruin of many families would have been spared: he executed a formal Commission of Faculty over his whole lands in favour of his wife. On the utter collapse of the enterprise at Culloden, he made his way from Ruthven, near Kingussie, through the wilds of Braemar, and reached his own house—then filled with English troops—at midnight. Leaping over the garden-wall, he tapped at his wife's window, the only room left to her, in which slept the children, and her faithful maid, Anne Caw. She was lying awake,—‘a’ the lave were sleeping,’—heard the tap, and, though in strange disguise, she at once knew the voice and the build to be her husband’s. He had been without sleep for four nights; she got him quietly to bed without waking any one in the room. Think of the faithful young pair, not daring even to speak, for Janet Grant, the wet-nurse, was not to be trusted—a price was on his head!

Stoneywood left late the next evening, intending to cross the Don in his own salmon-boat, but found it drawn up on the other side, by order of Paton of Grandholm, a keen Hanoverian. Stoneywood called to the miller’s man to cross with the boat. ‘And wha are ye?’ ‘I’m James Jamieson o’ Little Mill,’ one of his own farmers. ‘Jamieson’ was a ready joke on his father’s name.

Stoneywood made for Buchan, where he lay for months, being hunted day and night. Here he was joined by our redoubtable friend John Gunn, who, having left his father’s service some time before, had gone into his old line, and had been tried before the Circuit Court at Aberdeen, and would have fared ill had Stoneywood not got an acquittal. This made John more attached than ever. He said he would stick to his Colonel, and so he and his gipsy wife did. She continued to carry letters and money between Stoneywood and his wife, by concealing them under the braiding of her abundant black hair. So hot was the pursuit, that Stoneywood had to be conveyed over night to the house of a solitary cobbler, in the remote muirland. His name was Clarke. Even here he had to make a hole behind the old man’s bed, where he hid himself when any one came to the door. It shows the energy of Stoneywood’s character, and his light-heartedness, that he set to work under the old cobbler to learn his craft, and to such good purpose, that his master said,—‘Jeems, my man, what for did ye no tell me ye had been bred a sutor?’ ‘And so I was, freend, but to tell ye God’s truth, I was an idle loon, gey weel-faured, and ower fond o’ the lassies, so I joined the Prince’s boys, and ye see what’s come o’ t!’ This greatly pleased old Clarke, and they cobbled and cracked away cheerily for many an hour. So much for brains and will.

On one occasion, when hard pressed by their pursuers, Mr. Moir turned his cobbling to good account, by reversing his brother Charles's brogues, turning the heel to the toe, a joke requiring dexterity in the walker as well as in the artist. After many months of this risky life, to which that of a partridge with a poaching weaver from West Linton on the prowl, was a species of tranquillity, our gallant, strong-hearted friend, hearing that the Prince had escaped, left for Norway in a small sloop from the coast of Buchan, along with Glenbucket and Sir Alexander Bannerman.

It was when living in these wilds that a practical joke of John Gunn's was played off, as follows:—

'After the battle of Culloden, James Moir lurked about in the wildest parts of Aberdeenshire to escape imprisonment. One day the Laird of Stoneywood, with a small party of friends and servants, was on the hill of Benochie engaged boiling a haggis for their dinner, when they were suddenly aware of a party of soldiers coming up the hill directly towards them. Flight was their only resource, but before leaving the fire John Gunn upset the pot, that their dinner might not be available to their enemies. Instead of bursting on the ground, the haggis rolled unbroken down the hill, towards the English soldiers, one of whom, not knowing what it was, caught it on his bayonet, thereby showering its contents over himself and his comrades, on seeing which termination to the adventure, John Gunn exclaimed, "See there! even the haggis, God bless her, can charge down hill."'

Sir Walter Scott must have heard the story from the same source as ours, and has used it in *Waverley*, as follows, missing of necessity the point of the bayonet and of the joke:—

'The Highlanders displayed great earnestness to proceed instantly to the attack, Evan Dhu urging to Fergus, by way of argument, that "the *sidier roy* was tottering like an egg upon a staff, and that they had a' the vantage of the onset, for even a haggis (God bless her!) could charge down hill.''

The Duke of Cumberland, on his way north, quartered his men on the Jacobite chiefs. A troop of dragoons was billeted on Stoneywood, where their young English captain fell ill, and was attended during a dangerous illness by the desolate and lovely wife. As soon as he was able, he left with his men for Inverness-shire, expressing his grateful assurance to Mrs. Moir, that to her he owed his life, and that he would never forget her. Some time after, when she was alone, one evening in April, not knowing what to fear or hope about her husband and her prince, a stone, wrapt in white paper, was flung into the darkening room. It was from the young Englishman, and told briefly the final disaster at Culloden, adding, 'Stoneywood is safe.'

He was then passing south with his men. She never saw him or heard of him again, but we daresay he kept his word: that face was not likely to be forgotten.

Stoneywood, before leaving his native country, thanked, and as he could, rewarded, his faithful and humble shelterers, saying he would not forget them. And neither he did. Five-and-twenty years afterwards, he visited Bartlett's house, where he lay before he took to the cobbler's. He found he had died. He took the widow and five children to Stoneywood, where they were fed and bred, the boys put to trades, and the girls given away when married, by the noble old Jacobite as a father.

As for John Gunn, his master having gone, he took to his ancient courses, was tried, found guilty this time, and closed his life in Virginia. So ends his lesson. A wild fellow with wild blood, a warm heart, and a shrewd head, such a man as Sir Walter would have made an immortal, as good a match and contrast with the princely Stoneywood, as Richie Moniplies with Nigel Oliphant, Sam Weller and Mr. Pickwick, Sancho and the Don, and those other wonderful complementary pairs, who still, and will for ever, to human nature's delectation, walk the earth.

We need not follow our Ulysses through his life in Denmark and Norway. He carried thither, as Mr. James Jamieson, as into the cobbler's hut, his energy and uprightness, his cheery and unforgetting heart, his strong sense and his strong body. He prospered at Gothenburg, and within a year sent for his Penelope; he went at the King's request to Sweden, was naturalized, and had conferred on him a patent of nobility.

Meantime he was arraigned in his own country before the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh, and though he was known by all the country, and had been in most of the actions fought, only two witnesses appeared against him, and their testimony went to prove his having always kept his men from violence and plunder, which drew down from Lord Justice Miller the remark, that this was more to the honour of the accused than of the witnesses.

In 1759, Mrs. Moir, out of fifteen children, had only two sons and two daughters surviving. She came across to Scotland, and settled in Edinburgh for their education. Her husband, broken in health and longing for home, after some difficulty obtained royal permission to return to Stoneywood, which he did in 1762. He died in 1782, aged seventy-two years, leaving his dear Margaret with her two daughters, all his seven sons having gone before him.

Our beautiful old lady lived into this century, dying in 1805, at the age of ninety-six, having retained her cheerfulness and good health, and a most remarkable degree of comeliness, to

the last. Her teeth were still fresh and white, and all there, her lips ruddy, her cheeks suffused with as delicate a tint as when she was the rose and the lily of Ardross, gentle in her address, and with the same contented evenness of mind that had accompanied her through all her trials. We cannot picture her better than in her kinsman's loving, skilful words :—

‘ Accustomed as I was to pass a few hours of every day of my frequent visits to Aberdeen during a good many of the latter years of the worthy old lady's life, the impression can never become obliterated from my recollection, of the neat, orderly chamber in which, at whatever hour I might come, I was sure to see her countenance brighten up with affection, and welcome me with the never-failing invitation to come and kiss her cheek. And there she sat in her arm-chair by the fire, deliberately knitting a white-thread stocking, which, so far as appeared to me, made wondrous slow progress in its manufacture. Her ancient maid, Miss Anne Caw, who had been seventy years in her service, and shared all the ups and downs, and toils and dangers, of her eventful life, sat in a chair on the opposite side, knitting the counterpart to my grandmother's stocking, and with equal deliberation. Every now and then the maid was summoned from the kitchen to take up the loops which these purblind old ladies were ever and anon letting down. A cat (how much their junior I do not know) lay curled up on an old footstool, and various little rickety fly-tables, with mahogany trellis-work around their edge supporting a world of bizarre-looking china-ornaments, stood in different corners of the room. Every article of furniture had its appointed position, as well as the old ladies themselves, who sat knitting away till the arrival of two o'clock, their dinner-hour. The only thing which seemed at all to disturb the habitual placidity of my grandmother, was on being occasionally startled by the noise Miss Caw unwittingly made; for the latter, being as deaf as a post, was quite unconscious of the disturbance she at times occasioned, when, in her vain attempts to rectify some mishap in her knitting, she so thoroughly entangled her work as to be far beyond the power of her paralytic fingers to extricate, she would touch the bell, as she conceived, with a respectful gentleness, but in fact so as to produce a clatter as if the house had caught fire. My grandmother, too blind to perceive the cause of this startling alarm, would gently remonstrate, “ Oh, Annie, Annie, you make such a noise !” to which the ancient virgin, who was somewhat short in temper, seldom hearing what was addressed to her, generally answered quite at cross purposes, and that with a most amusing mixture of respect and testiness, “ Yes, meddam, dis yer leddieship never let down a steek !” My grandmother's memory, although rather confused as to the later events of her life, was quite prompt and tenacious in all the details of her early history, particularly the agitating period of 1745, the circumstances of their long exile, and in fact everything seemed clear and distinct down to her husband's death, which was singularly marked as the precise point beyond which she herself even seemed to have no

confidence in the accuracy of her recollection. But as the early portion was far the most interesting, it became the unfailing theme on which she seemed to have as much pleasure in dilating as I had in listening to her tales.

'I found it necessary, however, to be cautious of alluding to the present reigning family, which always discomposed her, as to the last she vehemently protested against their title to the throne. I was in the habit, when dining out, of occasionally paying an afternoon visit to her on my way to dinner, which was after tea with her, when she had entered upon the second chapter of her day's employment. For as regularly as the hour of five came round, the card-table was set out, with all its Japan boxes of cards, counters, and Japan saucers for holding the pool, etc., and my grandmother and her old maid sat down to encounter each other at piquette, and so deliberate was the game as to occupy a considerable portion of the afternoon, as the war was not carried on without frequent interlocutory skirmishes, which much prolonged the contest. The one combatant being so blind as to be incapable of ever distinguishing diamonds from hearts, or clubs from spades, while her opponent, who saw sharply enough through a pair of spectacles, so balanced on the tip of her nose, as to be a matter of never-ending wonder to me how they kept their place, was so deaf as to have to guess at the purport of whatever was addressed to her, and as they both blundered each in their own way, it gave rise to *contretemps* of never-ending recurrence, as the property of each trick was disputed. "Oh, Annie, Annie, ye are so deaf and so stupid." "Yes, meddam, it's a sair pity ye are so blind." "Well, well, Annie, I would rather be blind as deaf." "Yes, meddam, it's my trick." But with all her testiness, there never was a more devoted creature to her mistress, and to the Stoneywood family, than that worthy old woman, Miss Caw. She was a meagre, ill-favoured looking little personage, much bent with old age, dressed in a rusty black silk gown, marvellously short in the skirt, but compensated by a lanky, weasel-shaped waist of disproportionate length, from which was suspended my grandfather's watch, of uncommonly large size, which had been left to her by legacy, and was highly valued, and on the other side her scissors and bunch of keys. These garments were usually surmounted by a small black bonnet, and, trotting about with her high-heeled shoes, which threw the centre of gravity so far forward, her resemblance to a crow, or some curious bird of that class, was irresistibly striking, but having been once considered handsome, she was too jealous of her appearance ever to suffer me to use my pencil on so tempting a subject. She was the sister of a person of some note, Lady Jane Douglas's maid, whose evidence was so influential in the great Douglas Cause, and I think she informed me that her father had once been Provost of Perth, but that their family had after his death got reduced in circumstances. She had passed almost the whole of her life, which was not a short one, in the service of the Stoneywood family. As to my grandmother, she was a perfect picture of an old lady of the last century. Her fair comely countenance was

encircled in a pure white close cap with a quilled border, over which was a rich black lace cap in the form in which several of Queen Mary's pictures represent her to have worn, a grey satin gown with a laced stomacher, and deeply frilled hanging sleeves that reached the elbow, and over her arms black lace gloves without fingers, or rather which left the fingers free for the ornament of rings, about her shoulders a small black lace tippet, with high-heeled shoes, and small square silver buckles; there were also buckles in the stomacher. From her waistband also was suspended a portly watch in a shagreen case, and on the opposite side was a wire-sheath for her knitting. Such was old Lady Stoneywood.'

And now we must leave our window and our bright glimpse into the family within, and go our ways. We might have tarried and seen much else, very different, but full of interest; we might have seen by and bye the entrance of that noble, homely figure, the greatest, the largest nature in Scottish literature, whose head and face, stoop and smile and *burr* we all know, and who has filled, and will continue to fill, with innocent sunshine the young (ay, and the old) life of mankind. Sir Walter would have soon come in, with that manly, honest limp;—and his earliest and oldest friend would be there with him, he whose words have just painted for us these two old companions in their cordial strife, and whose own evening was as tranquil, as beautiful, and nearly as prolonged, as that of the dear and comely lady of Stoneywood.

As we said before, what material is here for a story! There is the crafty Bailie and the 'ower canty' Laird of Ellon; the Sunday tragedy; the young loves and sorrows of James and Margaret; the green purse and its gold pieces shining through, and its 'fendy' keeper; the gallant Stoneywood, six foot two, bending in Slains before his Prince; John Gunn with his Cairds, and his dark-eyed, rich-haired wife; the wild havoc of Culloden; the wandering from Speyside to his own Don; the tap at the midnight window, heard by the one unsleeping heart; the brief rapture; the hunted life in Buchan; the cobbler with his 'prentice and their cracks; '*Mons. Jacques Jamieson*,' the honoured merchant and Swedish nobleman; the vanishing away of his seven sons into the land o' the leal; Penelope, her Ulysses gone, living on with Annie Caw, waiting sweetly till her time of departure and of reunion came. We are the better of stirring ourselves about these, the unknown and long time dead; it quickens the capacity of receptive, realizing imagination, which all of us have more or less, and this waxes into something like an immediate and primary power, just as all good poetry makes the reader in a certain sense himself a poet, finding him one in little, and leaving him one in much.

So does any such glimpse into our common life, in its truth and depth and power, quicken us throughout, and make us tell living stories to ourselves; leaves us stronger, sweeter, swifter in mind, readier for all the many things in heaven and on earth we have to do; for we all have wings, though they are often but in bud, or blighted. Sad is it for a man and for a nation when they are all unused, and therefore shrivel and dwine and die, or leave some sadly ludicrous remembrancer of their absence, as 'of one that once had wings.'

If we grovel and pick up all our daily food at our feet, and never soar, we may grow fat and huge like the Dodo,<sup>1</sup> which was once a true dove, beautiful, hot-blooded, and strong of wing, as becomes Aphrodite's own, but got itself developed into a big goose of a pigeon, waddling as it went, and proving itself worthy of its extinction and of its name,—the only hint of its ancestry being in its bill.

But even the best wings can't act *in vacuo*; they must have something to energize upon, and all imagination worth the name must act upon some objective truth, must achieve for itself, or through others, a realized ideal or an idealized reality. Beauty and truth must embrace each other, and goodness bless them both;

'For Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters  
That doat upon each other,—friends to man,  
Living together under the same roof,  
And never to be sundered without tears.'

<sup>1</sup> This is a real bit of natural history, from the Mauritius. The first pigeons there, having plenty on the ground to eat, and no need to fly, and waxing fat like Jeshurun, did not 'plume their feathers, and let grow their wings,' but grovelled, got monstrous, so that their wings, taking the huff, dwarfed into a fluttering stump. Sir T. Herbert thus quaintly describes this embarrassed creature:—'The Dodo, a bird the Dutch call Walghvogel, or Dod Eerson; her body is round and fat, which occasions the slow pace, so that her corpulence is so great as few of them weigh less than fifty pounds. It is of a melancholy visage, as though sensible of nature's injury, in framing so massie a body to be directed by complimental wings, such, indeed, as are unable to hoise her from the ground, serving only to rank her among birds; her traine three small plumes, short and unproportionable; her legs suiting her body; her pounce sharp; her appetite strong and greedy; stones and iron are digested.'—1625. We have in our time seen an occasional human Dodo, with its 'complimental wings'—a pure and advanced Darwinian bird—its earthly appetites strong and greedy; 'an ill-favoured head;' 'great black eyes;' 'its gape huge and wide;' 'slow-paced and stupid;' its visage absurd and melancholy—very.

- ART. III.—1. *Geschichte Oesterreichs seit dem Wiener Frieden, 1809.* Von ANTON SPRINGER. In zwei Theilen. Leipzig: S. Hirzel, 1865.
2. *Drei Jahre Verfassungsverstreit. Beiträge zur jüngsten Geschichte Oesterreichs.* Von einem UNGAR. Leipzig: Brockhaus, 1864.
3. *Die Sonderstellung Ungarns vom Standpunkte der Einheit Deutschlands.* Leipzig: Brockhaus, 1860.
4. *Hungary and Transylvania: with Remarks on their Condition, Social, Political, and Economical.* By JOHN PAGET, Esq. Murray, 1839.
5. *Researches on the Danube and the Adriatic; or, Contributions to the Modern History of Hungary and Transylvania, Dalmatia, and Croatia, Servia, and Bulgaria.* By A. A. PATON, F.R.G.S. London: Trübner & Co., 1862.
6. *Transylvania: its Products and its People.* By CHARLES BONER. London, 1865.
7. *Land und Leute in Ungarn.* Von Dr. ERASMUS SCHWAB. Leipzig, 1865.
8. *Die Nationalitäten-Frage.* Von Josef Freiherrn von Eötvös. Aus dem ungarischen Manuscripte übersetzt. Von Dr. MAX FALK. Pest, 1865.

MR. BONER, in the first chapter of his very agreeable book on Transylvania, tells us that he went one day into a bookseller's shop at Vienna, and asked for a map of that country. On examining the one which was handed to him, he observed to the bookseller, 'that the different divisions of the districts were not marked.' 'That is no matter,' said the man, quite gravely; 'in a week perhaps all may be changed. If I were to give you the map you want, before you reached Transylvania, very likely everything might be altered.'

The answer was a sensible one enough, and the bookseller's words hold good not only of the boundaries of Transylvanian districts, but of almost everything in the Austria of to-day, except the natural features of the land. All is in a state of chaos,—a chaos out of which, we ardently hope, and half believe, that a new and far fairer empire may arise, but a chaos which no one would attempt to describe in detail, and the ultimate outcome of which no wise man would attempt to predict, except in the broadest and most general terms. It can hardly be doubted, however, that all through 1866, the affairs of Austria will engage the earnest attention of all those for whom European politics have any interest, and in this belief we have thought it not undesirable to lay before our readers such a sketch of recent Austrian history, as may enable them to judge for themselves



as to the bearing of the events which will follow each other in that country, through the successive months of a year, which can hardly fail to determine whether Austria is, or is not, during the remainder of the nineteenth century, to have any claim to her traditional epithet of 'Felix.'

We shall not, of course, shrink from expressing our opinions upon the most important questions relating to the Empire, which are now demanding, or will soon demand, solution; but we shall express those opinions with the utmost diffidence, and in the fullest conviction that the statesmen who shall conduct Austria happily through the next two decades of her history, will have to deal with a succession of problems as difficult as any which have ever called forth political genius and administrative ability.

An attempt to sketch the recent history of Austria has been much facilitated by the publication of the *Geschichte Oesterreichs seit dem Wiener Frieden*, 1809, by Professor Springer of Bonn, the second volume of which appeared a few months ago. This elaborate and most able work terminates with Görgei's surrender at Vilagos in August 1849, and we have used it as our guide down to the Revolution of 1848. The period from 1849 to the present day is hardly yet historical, but there is, of course, no lack of information with regard to it in pamphlets and articles, some of the best of which we have either noted above, or will refer to in the proper place. Upon Hungary, which is at this moment the most interesting part of the Empire, the English reader is fortunate in possessing two works, written by no common men, from very different points of view. These are the travels of Mr. Paget and of Mr. Paton. The first of these books was published in 1839, and the author looks at the politics of that period like a Hungarian Whig, if, indeed, we can properly apply a term taken from our own party warfare, to that of a country so dissimilar. Numerous and important as are the events which have occurred in Hungary since Mr. Paget's volumes were given to the public, they still deserve to be read; and it is strange that so useful a work should not have sold more extensively than we have reason to believe it has done.

Mr. Paton, so well known for his travels in the Eastern peninsula, visited Hungary immediately after the surrender at Vilagos, and remained a considerable time in the country. His book is extremely useful as a corrective to the one-sided accounts which were so freely supplied to our press by the Kossuthian propagandists in London. He is by no means disposed to justify the violent measures of centralization which were introduced under the auspices of M. Bach; but his sketches of that politician, as well as of Schwartzenberg, appear to us much too favourable.

At the same time, we think that no one who attempts to form an opinion about recent Austrian history, exclusively from English authorities, would do at all wisely to neglect a careful perusal of what this most intelligent, painstaking, and well-informed author has to say upon the unpopular side.

Mr. Boner writes rather as a traveller and observer of manners than as a politician, but in all that he says about politics he evidently desires to be thoroughly impartial, and his observations must be taken as 'evidence to go to a jury,' in favour of the system which prevailed from 1861 till last September. Great insight into the real wants of the Hungary of to-day is given by the work of Dr. Erasmus Schwab, of which, so far as we are aware, only the first volume has appeared. This gentleman was for eight years a schoolmaster in Northern Hungary, during which period he not only came to know intimately the district in which he was settled, but travelled on foot in various parts of the country, and became familiarly acquainted with all ranks and classes. The book is full of conversations, which bear the stamp of truth, and is a most valuable contribution to our knowledge.

The modern history of Austria may, for our purpose, be considered to commence with the reign of Joseph II. The imperial philosopher had drunk long and deep at the fountains of eighteenth-century enlightenment, and hastened, as soon as he became the sole ruler of his hereditary dominions, to carry his revolutionary ideas into effect. He saw around him an array of provinces connected with each other by their common allegiance to himself, and by the influence of long habit or artificial arrangements. Scattered across Europe from the English Channel to the half-barbarous regions where the Crescent and the Cross carried on a ceaseless warfare, the possessions of the House of Austria were bound to each other by few of those links which usually hold together a body politic. The critical eye could distinguish only one feature which was common to them all. They were all behind the age; they were all governed rather by custom than by right reason. Everywhere there was a clergy, always obscurantist, always jealous of the civil power, and but too often inclined to persecute. Everywhere there was a nobility, penetrated sometimes with rays from the sun of Paris, but for the most part thinking of little except the preservation of its own privileges. Everywhere there was a peasantry, oppressed and unhappy, subject, in some districts, to feudal exactions, and in others bound by customs different from, but not less unjust than, those of feudalism. Into this world of unreason and of wrong the Emperor determined to introduce regularity and common-sense. That he may have been influ-

enced to some extent by personal motives, we do not care to deny; nay, rather, we have no doubt that he expected his own position to be materially improved by the change. Still his motives, although mixed, were mainly good, and he has hardly yet received from his countrymen, or from Europe, as much praise as he merits. In laying his plans, however, Joseph II. characteristically omitted to allow for the disturbing influence of two forces,—the blind attachment of ignorance to old usages, and that regard for traditional rights, even when they work ill, which is one of the best features of half-civilized communities. These two forces were quite enough to break up the whole of his elaborate scheme for the reconstruction of Austria, the former acting chiefly in the Germanic and Germanized provinces, the latter in Hungary.

In that country the fierce and intractable spirit of the ruling class showed itself immediately, but in the other Crown lands the storm did not burst in its full fury until the Emperor was in his grave, although he had to recall most of his acts. It was left for Leopold to receive from all the assemblies of the Germanic and Germanized provinces earnest representations as to the ruinous consequences which would follow if the peasants were not replaced in their old state of vassalage, if the privileges of the nobles were not extended and increased, if the Jews, Freethinkers, Protestants, and foreigners were not once more oppressed, if pilgrimages were any longer discouraged, if the schools were not again put under the control of ecclesiastics, and if the old privileges in matters of taxation were not immediately restored.

To some of these representations the Government listened with pleasure, to others it turned a deaf ear, and in all cases it acted on the principle of keeping as much as possible of the Josephine legislation, when that legislation was favourable to the central authority, but surrendering as much of it as it well could, when what it surrendered was favourable to popular rights and the freedom of opinion.

The movement in Hungary was far more serious, for here the Government had to do, not with discontented nobles, but with an angry nation. The popular belief as to the relations between the king and the people of Hungary was summed up in the phrase—'*Princeps est qui jurat, qui jurata servat, et qui coronatus est.*' Now Joseph II., intending to introduce great changes in Hungary, and not wishing to incur the charge of perjury, had never taken the oaths, and had never been crowned. Many of the changes which he had introduced were excellent, but in introducing them he had not only altogether exceeded his powers, but had given a fair colour to the assertions of those who main-

tained that, under the circumstances, it was no longer necessary that the Hungarian crown should rest on the brow of a prince of the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine. The Emperor wisely yielded on most points, and agreed even to the assembling of the Diet in 1790. Before it came together he had breathed his last. His two successors had much to do to calm the agitation which he had caused, but they succeeded for a time, and the real results of the reaction from his centralizing legislation did not appear till the winds were loosed in the days of the Emperor Ferdinand.

The liberal innovations of Joseph II. had been the result of his personal convictions, and these were by no means shared by the counsellors who surrounded his successor. It did not suit them, however, to allow the nobility to reap the full advantage of the reaction, and to get into their hands a large share of the power which had been hitherto vested in the high officials. They fell back accordingly upon the venerable Austrian maxim, '*Divide et impera*,' and checked the rising ambition of the Provincial Estates by favouring the pretensions of the peasants. By this policy they contrived to bring back things to a state of stable equilibrium; and to careless observers, the Empire, when it passed into the hands of Francis, in 1792, did not appear materially different from that which had acknowledged the sway of Maria Theresa. Those who could look deeper saw that the legislation and the general principles of government were full of inconsistencies and contradictions, the Josephine maxims and ideas coming into perpetual collision with the State traditions. It was not till the days of Schwarzenberg and Bach, that, as we shall see hereafter, a consistent and logical attempt was made to expel the liberal poison which had been introduced by Joseph II. Leopold, Francis, and Ferdinand all lived upon expedients; and the more intelligent of their servants saw, every day more and more clearly, that sooner or later a crash would come. The time, however, was not yet, and the echoes of the first French Revolution in Austria were not very loud or long-resounding, while the war which followed afforded ample excuse for letting internal reforms alone.

The policy of Leopold, as might have been expected from his antecedents in Tuscany, only seems illiberal when compared with that of his immediate predecessor; but it was succeeded by a policy, consciously and intentionally illiberal in the highest possible degree. During the first eighteen years of his long reign, the Emperor Francis was, perforce, obliged to entertain the plans of military or other reform, of which the Archduke Charles was at one time the conspicuous advocate. But his knowledge of the treachery of so near a relative was not likely

to predispose him to favour any of his views; and after the treaty of Vienna in 1809, and still more conspicuously after the pacification of Europe, the political wisdom of the rulers of Austria inclined them ever more and more to the maintenance of that state of things which was known to friends and foes as the SYSTEM.

But what was the SYSTEM? It was the organization of doing nothing. It cannot even be said to have been reactionary: it was simply *inactionary*. About the contemporary proceedings of the restored tyrant in Piedmont, when he sent for a copy of the old Court almanac, and had everything arranged on the pre-revolutionary model, there was, it must be admitted, a certain foolish vigour; but in Austria there was nothing of the kind. 'Mark time in place' was the word of command in every Government office. The bureaucracy was engaged from morning to night in making work, but nothing ever came of it. Not even were the liberal innovations which had lasted through the reign of Leopold got rid of. Everything went on in the confused, unfinished, and ineffective state in which the great war had found it. Such was the famous SYSTEM which was venerated by the ultra-Tories of every land, and most venerated where it was least understood.

Two men dominate the history of Austria during this unhappy time—men who, though utterly unlike in character and intellect, were nevertheless admirably fitted to work together, and whose names will be long united in an unenviable notoriety. These were the Emperor Francis and Prince Metternich. The first was the evil genius of internal politics; the second exercised a hardly less baneful influence over foreign affairs.

The Emperor Francis was born at Florence in 1768. His slender natural abilities received little aid from education during the first sixteen years of his life, but in 1784 he was summoned to Vienna, to be trained, under the eye of Joseph II., for the great office to which his birth had destined him. An account of his hopeful pupil, by the Emperor's own hand, still remains to us; and it would be difficult anywhere to find a more pungent satire. The selfishness, the falsehood, the dislike of intellectual exercise, the love of all things mean and trifling—which are the principal features in the imperial portrait, as traced by the hands of his guardian—grew with his growth, and were not corrected by his misfortunes. True it is, that whereas in youth he shunned all public business, he worked in age with the assiduity of a laborious *employé*, but this was only because he had discovered that public as well as private affairs have their trifling side. In later life he liked to have as many documents as possible accumulated in his cabinet; but it was

always the important ones which lay for weeks upon his table, and the unimportant ones to which he attended. In every part of his empire, as in his own *entourage*, he loved to repress whatever was vigorous or noble, to promote what was commonplace and insignificant. 'I want,' he said to the Professors at Laybach, 'obedient subjects, and not men of learning.' '*Totus mundus*,' he declared at Pesth, '*stultizat et vult habere novas constitutiones*;' and although this sally was coupled with a compliment to the ancient franchises of Hungary, his conduct amply showed that he hated them as heartily as the bran-new charters of Cadiz or of Paris. His natural love of what was vulgar led him to prefer the Vienna dialect; and he was cunning enough to see that he could, by indulging this taste, obtain no little popularity in the capital. His fancy for busy idleness made him delight in giving audiences; and during a single journey in Italy he is said to have received 20,000 people. This habit gained him the approbation of the unreflecting, who forgot that the time spent in useless activity was stolen, not from the amusements or pageants of the Court, but from the real duties of the monarch—duties which, had he honestly sought to discharge them, would have overwhelmed a far abler man; for he had concentrated in his hands the management, or mismanagement, of the whole of the Home Department and of the Police. This last was his favourite branch of administration, because the reports of his agents supplied him with all the gossip of the Empire,—a pleasure which he purchased, as all rulers do who have similar tastes, by becoming a puppet in the hands of the vilest of mankind. Such a character and such a system of government naturally resulted in driving the best men far away from Court, and in giving a premium to worthlessness and servility. Some idea of the state of things may be formed from the fact that one of his prime favourites was the infamous Kutschera, who, when in the height of his influence, got into trouble with the police for appearing, of course in the most primitive of all costumes, at one of the so-called Adamite balls in Vienna,—a proceeding which was passed over by his master, with a remark which had rather the character of a jest than of a reprimand. Yet the private life of the monarch was correct, and he may be not unreasonably suspected of having encouraged the prevailing vices of those around him with the express object of degrading them.

The father of Prince Metternich had left the service of the Elector of Treves for that of the Emperor, and had been employed in various diplomatic missions, chiefly amongst the small Courts of the Rhine-land. His son, born at Coblenz in 1763, won in his earliest days the character which he preserved to the

end, and was '*fin, faux, and fanfaron*' before he passed out of boyhood. Throughout life he preserved the impress of the gay and joyous life which characterized the capitals of the small potentates, whom the revolutionary period swept away; and long as he lived in Vienna he never became an Austrian, or understood the vast and heterogeneous empire with which his name is so closely connected. Neither at the University of Strasburg nor elsewhere does he seem to have received more than a superficial culture, and his first success was gained while acting a part in the ceremonial of the imperial coronation at Frankfort, rather by the elegance of his manners and his good looks than by any more solid acquirements. He soon passed into the imperial service, and was sent as Minister to the Court of Dresden, when only eight-and-twenty. Here there was little to do, but Berlin, to which he was presently removed, offered a wider field for his fine powers of intrigue. He managed so dexterously to recommend himself to his French colleagues, that it was soon intimated at Vienna that his presence as Austrian minister in Paris would be agreeable to Napoleon, and immediately after the battle of Wagram, he took, as the supposed representative of French interests, the reins of the Foreign Department, which he held till they dropped from his hands in the grand overturn of March 1848. His relations to his suspicious master must have been at first extremely difficult, but his great tact soon enabled him to make himself indispensable, and the pair thoroughly understood each other. '*Sinere res vadunt ut vadunt*,' was the motto of the Emperor in all internal affairs; and for the external policy of Prince Metternich, the first and most necessary condition was, that Austria should give to Europe the impression of fixed adherence to the most extreme Conservative views. So for many years they worked together, Prince Metternich always declaring that he was a mere tool in the hands of his master, but in reality far more absolute in the direction of his own department than the Emperor was in his. For Prince Metternich, although by no means a man of very great intellect, or deep and broad culture, was at least '*par negotiis*,' while his master, potent in details and inefficiently active, was constantly being led, in important matters, by men who appeared to be the humblest of his creatures. Prince Metternich had the power of making the most of all he knew, and constantly left upon persons of real merit the impression that he was a man of lofty aspirations and liberal views, who forced himself to repress such tendencies in others because he thought that their repression was a *sine quâ non* for Austria. The men of ability who knew him intimately thought less well of him. To them he appeared vain and superficial, with

much that recalled the French noblesse of the old *régime* in his way of looking at things, and emphatically wanting in every element of greatness.

With the outbreak of the Greek insurrection in 1821, began a period of difficulty and complications for the statesmen of Austria. There were two things of which they were mortally afraid—Russia and the Revolution. Now, if they assisted the Greeks, they would be playing into the hands of the second; and if they opposed the Greeks, they would be likely to embroil themselves with the first. The whole art of Prince Metternich was therefore exerted to keep things quiet in the Eastern peninsula, and to postpone the intolerable '*question d'Orient*.' Many were the shifts he tried, and sometimes, as just after the accession of Nicholas, his hopes rose very high. All was however in vain. England and Russia settled matters behind his back; and although the tone which the publicists in his pay adopted towards the Greeks became more favourable in 1826-7, the battle of Navarino was a sad surprise and mortification to the wily Chancellor. Not less annoying was the commencement of hostilities on the Danube between Russia and the Porte. The reverses with which the great neighbour met in his first campaign cannot have been otherwise than pleasing at Vienna. But the unfortunate success which attended his arms in the second campaign soon turned ill-dissembled joy into ill-concealed sorrow, and the treaty of Adrianople at once lowered Austria's prestige in the East, and deposed Metternich from the commanding position which he had occupied in the councils of the Holy Allies. It became, indeed, ever more and more evident in the next few years that the age of Congress politics, during which he had been the observed of all observers, was past and gone, that the diplomatic period had vanished away, and that the military period had begun. The very form in which the highest international questions were debated was utterly changed. At Vienna, in 1814, the diplomatists had been really the primary, the sovereigns only *secondary* personages; while at the interview of Münchengratz, between Nicholas and the Emperor Francis, in 1833, the great autocrat appeared to look upon Prince Metternich as hardly more than a confidential clerk.

The dull monotony of servitude which oppressed nearly the whole of the Empire was varied by the agitations of one of its component parts. When the Hungarian Diet was dissolved in 1812, the Emperor had solemnly promised that it should be called together again within three years. Up to 1815, accordingly, the nation went on giving extraordinary levies and supplies without much opposition. When, however, the appointed



time was fulfilled, it began to murmur, and very soon the Government discovered that, instead of dealing with a single Diet assembled at Presburg, it was engaged in the still more hopeless task of attempting to coerce a miniature Diet in every county of the kingdom. The inhabitants of more civilized portions of the monarchy—the Viennese themselves, for example,—could be amused and kept in good humour without thinking of politics; but to the Hungarians the excitement of political life was a necessity. It was as hopeless to try to eradicate from their minds the desire for free political discussion as it has been found in many districts of Western Europe to root out the attachment to particular forms of religion, which were not to the taste of the ruling powers. Year by year the agitation went on increasing, till at last the breaking out of the Greek revolution, and the threatening appearance of Eastern politics, induced Prince Metternich to join his entreaties to those of many other counsellors, who could not be suspected of the slightest leaning to constitutional views. At length the Emperor yielded, and in 1825, Presburg was once more filled with the best blood and most active spirits of the land, assembled in Parliament.

Long and stormy were the debates which ensued. Bitter was, from time to time, the vexation of the Emperor, and great was the excitement throughout Hungary. In the end, however, the Court of Vienna triumphed. Hardly any grievances were redressed, while its demands were fully conceded. The Diet of 1825 was however not without fruit. The discussion which took place advanced the political education of the people, who were brought back to the point where they stood at the death of Joseph II., that is, before the long wars with France had come to distract their attention from their own affairs. The hands of the party which, while it wished to preserve the old constitution as against Austria, saw that that constitution required amendment, were greatly strengthened, and France and England were taught for the first time to sympathize with the liberal aspiration of a country which had most truly, up to that time, been 'Terra Incognita.'

Sharp as was the contest between the Government and the people in Hungary, it caused little excitement in the provinces on the western bank of the Leitha. The tranquil surface of the public mind was, however, rippled by the Greek revolution. There was too little classical knowledge in Austria to call forth such enthusiasm as was excited in England, or even in North Germany, but some memories of the Turkish wars remained, and in Prague the Czechish population, which was beginning to awake from a sleep of two centuries, did not forget that in Bosnia, in Serbia, and in other districts of the eastern Peninsula,

men, of blood and language nearly allied to their own, were suffering under a yoke from which they had themselves only been saved by the exploits of a Slavonic hero—the gallant John Sobieski. There were not wanting, also, in the Germanic provinces, persons of a conservative turn of mind, who dreamt of compensating the losses of the mediatized princes by cutting up Roumelia, Bulgaria, and other such outlandish districts, into little principalities for those injured potentates, while others, who thought that the only two things which the well-disposed in Central Europe wanted were ‘the Word of God and a navy,’ fancied that both those good things might be brought to them if only the Turk could be driven back ‘to his old Asian seats.’ For the first four years of the war, the Austrian Government spared no pains to show its contempt for these illusions. Ypsilanti was shut up in Munkacs. No phil-Hellenes were allowed to pass through Austria to the scene of the conflict, and Austrian subjects were protected against the Greek cruisers in carrying contraband of war to their enemies, while the utmost publicity was given in the official organs to every piece of news which was calculated to influence public opinion against the Greeks. All this, as we have seen, was slightly modified in the last years of the war, but the general result was that the Greek revolution had very little effect in stimulating a desire for liberty in Austria.

Far more formidable was the wave of sentiment which was propagated over the country by the Polish struggle of 1831. In Hungary the storm rose very high, and the county meetings offered large supplies in men and money to the Government if it would take the field on the side of the insurgents; but Hungary did not stand alone, and more especially in Bohemia the public mind was very deeply stirred. In that province the successes of the Poles were considered as national glories by a population which, while it dreamt of a great Pan-Slavic future, amusingly enough forgot that this was, from a Pan-Slavic point of view, but a civil war,—one portion of the illustrious and high-destined family cutting the throats of the other. The Austrian Government secretly encouraged the Revolution of 1831, just as it encouraged the more recent Revolution which we have so lately witnessed. So good an opportunity of weakening the Colossus which overshadowed the Empire, it was not in human nature to lose; but even if it had not wished well to the movement, it would have found it difficult openly to take the side of Russia. The hopes and sorrows of the Poles touched a chord in Austria which no other revolution had struck there. We see in this the first great political result of that spirit of nationality, which was evoked in many of the provinces by the essentially German

legislation of Joseph II. Of this we shall have more to say hereafter. For the present, the effect was only a wave of sympathy, which rolled across the Empire. The slumbers of Austria were not yet over. The SYSTEM dragged its slow length along. Little or nothing was done for the improvement of the country. Klebelsberg administered the finances in an easy and careless manner. Conspiracies and risings in Italy were easily checked, and batches of prisoners sent off from time to time to Mantua or Spielberg. Austrian influence rose ever higher and higher in all the petty Courts of the Peninsula; and even Nicholas, in his hatred of revolution, was induced, contrary to the old traditions of Russia, to aid the advance of Austrian garrisons farther and farther towards the south. In other regions, Russia or England might be willing to thwart him, but in Italy Prince Metternich might proudly reflect that Austria was indeed a 'Great Power.' The French Revolution of 1830 was at first alarming; but when it resulted in the enthronement of a dynasty which called to its aid a 'Cabinet of repression,' all fears were stilled. The Emperor Francis continued to say, when any change was proposed, 'We must sleep upon it,' and died in 1835 in 'the abundance of peace.'

The masses of Vienna, when they raged against Prince 'Mitternacht' in 1848, were under a great mistake—a mistake which they shared with their betters in most countries. They fancied that he was the pivot round which the whole State machine revolved, and that without him it could not exist. In truth, however, the period of Prince Metternich's highest influence in European politics extends from 1814 till the rising of the twin, but adverse stars of Canning and of Nicholas. The liberal policy of the one, and the purely *bayonet* policy of the other, were both fatal to the ascendancy of a system which was based upon diplomatic intrigue. As far as Austria herself was concerned, Prince Metternich's influence was unimpaired, within his own department, up to the death of the Emperor Francis, in 1835; and although the testament in which that monarch recommended the veteran statesman to his successor, as the most faithful of his adherents, turned out to be a forgery, it doubtless expressed his real opinions.

It was no secret in Vienna that the harmless and amiable Ferdinand, who, at the age of forty-two, succeeded his imperial father, was quite unequal to the duties which absolute power imposes upon him who wields it. The necessity of providing some substitute had been long foreseen, but had, characteristically enough, not been provided for, as anything seemed better than agitating the minds of men by a premature announcement to all the Empire of the sovereign's weakness. After many

months spent in discussion and intrigue, Prince Metternich, Count Kolowrat, and the Archduke Louis were formed into a triumvirate, and became for a time the virtual rulers of Austria. Kolowrat had long been the right-hand man of the Emperor Francis in the management of internal affairs, and the imagination of the multitude had quite erroneously invested him with a halo of liberalism, so that he passed for the antithesis of Metternich, whose name had been long a byword for his opposition to all reform. In truth, Kolowrat, although more educated than his master, shared the narrow views of the Emperor, and was little better, as far as his *public* character was concerned, than the civil equivalent of Kutschera, the notorious adjutant, whose name we have already mentioned. The Archduke Louis had no higher idea of governing than to take care that everything should be done as it had been done in the time of his brother, whose passion for inefficient activity in the details of administration he fully shared. It was under the auspices of these three personages that the old order in Austria dragged itself towards its doom. The SYSTEM, which two of them had done much to create, they kept to the end. Day by day it became less suited to the wants of the time, and day by day the gulf between the people and their governors became wider and wider. As years passed on, it seemed as if the noisy but wholly ineffective clatter of the State machine had lulled those who managed it into sleep. Metternich, more especially after his diplomatic mishaps in the year 1840, became quite superannuated, and the real business of his office passed into the hands of Ficquelmont and other secondary persons.

Meanwhile dissatisfaction, and even insubordination, were spreading in the most diverse shapes over every province. In the Tyrol, it was the clergy who felt themselves sufficiently strong to force the Government to come to terms. The Emperor Francis, it must be remembered to his honour, had, while he professed, and doubtless entertained, highly orthodox opinions, walked in the paths of Joseph II., so far as the relations of the Church and the State were concerned, and asserted his own supremacy with sufficient sternness. The reins were now somewhat looser, and the wary ecclesiastics soon saw their advantage. It was in 1837, two years after the death of Francis, that the eleven years' contest about the Protestants of the Zillertal ended in those unfortunate persons accepting the hospitality of the King of Prussia, and leaving their own beautiful valley to seek an asylum in Silesia, after undergoing a long course of molestation, which was equally opposed to the Josephine laws and to the federal obligations of the Austrian Empire. The conduct of the Government in this matter was

determined rather by weakness than by evil will, and it showed itself almost equally powerless in dealing with opponents of a very different kind.

Long before the death of the Emperor Francis, the national spirit in Hungary had, as we have seen, become thoroughly roused; but in the Diet, which assembled in 1832, and continued to sit till 1836, symptoms of a far more serious kind became visible than any which had been seen in 1825. The old patriotic party, which had only thought of defending the ancient constitution, with all its merits and abuses, against the encroachments of the Kaiser, was now pushed aside by a new party, which aimed at procuring for Hungary a series of reforms which should make her a liberal State after the Western model. It was in this Diet that the grievances, which had been formalized by the Diet of 1790, first came on for serious debate. These were, according to Paget, who was himself in Hungary at this time—

‘That Dalmatia, Transylvania, Galicia, and Lodomeria should be re-incorporated with Hungary; that the military frontiers should be placed under the command of the Palatine, and governed by Hungarian laws; that the duty on salt should be reduced; that the edicts of Government to officers of justice should be discontinued; that the laws respecting the taxes on the clergy should be observed; that the Hungarian Chancery should be made really, not merely nominally, independent of the Austrian Chancery; that the coinage should bear the arms of Hungary, and that the exportation of gold and silver should be prevented; that the paper money should be abolished, and a return made to a metallic currency; that the Hungarian language should be used in all official business; that the fiscal estates, such as have fallen to the Crown on the extinction of the families to whom they were granted, should, as the law directs, be given only as the reward of public services, and not sold, as at present, to the highest bidder; and, lastly, that spies should not be employed and trusted by the Austrian Government.’

But the discussion of grievances was not all. New names and new projects appeared. It was now that Kossuth first made himself conspicuous, not by his speeches—for his subordinate position, as the mere delegate of a magnate’s widow, did not give him the right to vote, and hardly the right to speak,—but by the system of reporting which he organized. It was in this Diet too that the good Stephen Széchenyi first proposed the building of a chain-bridge to unite Pesth with Buda, a proposal which, unimportant as it appears at first sight, contained the germ of a complete political and social revolution. Some of our readers may remember the long bridge of boats which in the summer of 1847, and perhaps for some time later, connected

the two halves of the Hungarian capital. If so, they must have observed that while most of the persons whose dress and appearance showed that their position in society was a humble one, paid toll as they passed the bridge, most of those who appeared to belong to the higher ranks passed without challenge. The immunity which the Hungarian *nobilis*, who was in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred in no respect what we call a noble, but merely a freeman, or member of a privileged class, and indeed often a pauper, enjoyed at this bridge, was a type of the immunity which he boasted from all dues and taxes whatever which were borne by the *misera contribuens plebs*. Szechenyi proposed that, with a view to defray the expense of the new bridge, the nobles should abdicate, as far as it was concerned, their special privilege; and it was clear that when such a privilege was abandoned in any one instance for the sake of the public weal, its final abolition was only a matter of time. The proposition was carried, as were also several other measures of reform, and with this Diet the preparation for the Hungarian Revolution may be considered to have begun. The flowing tide of liberal sentiment in Hungary was soon aided by an agitation, chiefly amongst the Magyar population of Transylvania, which in 1834 forced the Government to convoke the Transylvanian Diet, which had, contrary to law, been left unsummoned for twenty-three years. The leader of the patriotic movement in Transylvania, the impetuous Wesselyeni, the true son of his father, who had been shut up for four years in Kufstein for storming the castle of an obnoxious neighbour, soon passed beyond safe limits, and was imprisoned by the Government, a fate which also befell Kossuth, and some young men who had tried to walk in his steps. But these measures only tended to increase the unpopularity of the ruling powers, and to sow disaffection wider. The lead in the movement was taken by the Magyars, who comprised a very much larger portion of the privileged class than any of the other numerous nationalities which inhabit Hungary. Unfortunately for them, their pre-eminence was too undisputed, and day by day the agitation assumed more of a Magyar character, while it became evident that the victory of the movement party would be anything but a triumph for the Slave, or the Rouman population. A national revival which had taken place amongst the Slavacks, or Slaves of north-western Hungary, had taken the form partly of a passive resistance to the exaggerated claims of the Magyars, partly of a controversy with the Czechs of Prague, as to the respective merits of the Slavack and Czechian dialects. But the linguistic enthusiasm of the Croats, another branch of the great Slave family, soon became more formidable. For generations there had existed a party in Croatia which re-

sisted what it considered the exaggerated claims of the Presburg Diet, and aimed at giving greater power to the minor Diet which assembled at Agram. A long controversy had been waged about the relations to Croatia and Hungary respectively, of the district between the Save and the Danube, which is usually known as Slavonia, and about the port of Fiume in the Adriatic. These, and other ancient matters of dispute, were of course called into new life when the Magyars proposed to abolish the use of the Latin, which had for ages been the language of business in Hungary, and to oblige every one who wished the smallest possible public office throughout the whole of Hungary to speak Magyar, thereby confining in practice the use of all other languages to the family circle. It is possible that the reaction in favour of their own nationality among the Croats might not have reached a dangerous height if it had not been for the efforts of Louis Gai, a journalist of great talent, who, after having been brought up at a German university, returned to Croatia, and started a newspaper, with the view of advocating the claims of his countrymen to become the leaders of a great Illyrian movement, which was to embrace not only Dalmatia, Croatia, and Slavonia, but also a large portion of European Turkey. Increased experience of the world soon showed Gai that his dreams were at least premature, but he roused an enthusiasm which was artfully taken advantage of by men who were looking nearer home, to excite the Croats to resist the encroachments of the Magyar majority in the Presburg Diet. When, therefore, that majority succeeded, in 1844, in getting the Vienna authorities upon their side, and in making Magyar the official language of the whole of Hungary, the irritation of the Croats became very bitter, and they were in consequence a ready instrument in the hands of the Austrian Government, some years later, in opposing the ultra-Magyar party, by force of arms, although there is no evidence to show that, at the moment of which we are speaking, the policy of Vienna was dictated by any views about the use to which the Croats might be put if the worst came to the worst in Hungary. Indeed, the evidence is all the other way. The men of the SYSTEM followed their wonted habit, and thought of nothing but keeping things quiet. 'If the Hungarians were to ask for the moon,' it was truly said at this time, 'I verily believe that the Austrian Government would not refuse their request, but would only say that the matter required mature consideration.'

While the linguistic controversy was inflaming the passions of the Magyars, and exciting anti-Magyar feelings through all the non-Magyar populations of Hungary, a number of other irritating questions were being discussed in successive Diets, in

the county meetings, and in the press, which last, chiefly through the instrumentality of Kossuth, had suddenly grown into a great power. There was the question of the religious education to be given to the children of mixed marriages,—a most important matter in a country where the Protestants are so numerous. This subject of dispute, after a long struggle with the Ultramontanes, was settled in a liberal sense. There was the question of the abolition of the immunities of the *nobles* in matters of taxation, of the increase of the political power of the urban communities, of the better ordering of the counties, of the criminal law, of improving the material condition of the country, with many others. Discussion gradually opened the eyes of nearly all politicians to the necessity of making vast changes in Hungary, and three parties slowly separated themselves and fell into rank. These were (1.) the Conservatives, led by the Chancellor Apponyi, who wished for a strongly centralized government of the absolutist kind, the driving-wheel of which should be in Vienna; (2.) the Liberals, led by Deak, who wished for a government of the constitutional kind, based on a reform of the old institutions of Hungary, the driving-wheel of which should be the Diet; (3.) a party whose views were as yet indeterminate, but which became, in 1848-49, the revolutionary and democratic party, and which, in the Diet of 1847, was led by Kossuth. Count Stephen Széchenyi became a little before this time identified with the Conservative party, much in the same way in which we have seen M. Michel Chevalier gradually become an out-and-out imperialist, because he thought that through the Conservatives and the Vienna government his plans for the material amelioration of the country would best be carried out.

An important section of the second party was led by Baron Joseph Eötvös, who, possessing a far deeper knowledge of political science than most of his countrymen, and entitled, from his wide and varied knowledge, to take rank among the best of his contemporaries, looked with impatience on the many follies and atrocities of the old Hungarian system, which he has satirized in *The Village Notary*, and would have desired to govern Hungary on a more centralized system, the driving-wheel of which should be the Diet, amended and made into a parliament after the English manner.

These parties met in the Diet of 1847, and in its discussions were being gradually shaped and moulded. What forms they all, and especially the third, might ultimately have taken if the Revolution had not, in February 1848, broken out in Paris, it is impossible to say, but that event acted in Hungary, as in so many other places, like a torch in a powder magazine. On the 1st of March 1848, Kossuth rose and said, 'There are moments



when the Legislature must not only demand reforms, but also ward off dangers.' With these words the curtain fell upon the old party contests.

The interest which attaches to all that is passing in Hungary at the present moment, has induced us to trace the course of events in that country at far greater length than it will be necessary to do those of the rest of the Empire.

The assemblies of the nobles in the provinces on this side the Leitha, more especially in Bohemia and Lower Austria, began also during this period to show symptoms of discontent. Their efforts were, as was perhaps natural, chiefly directed to obtain greater liberty, and some substantial share of political power for their own class; but their members were by no means unaffected by the liberal aspirations of more advanced countries. Many of them were more or less familiar with French and English literature, or had travelled in Western Europe; and their efforts, if barren of immediate political advantage to themselves, nevertheless cast further discredit upon the SYSTEM, by showing not only its inapplicability to modern exigencies, but, in some cases, its distinct opposition to still unrepealed laws.

The nobility was the only class which could give voice to its complaints, but the professional and commercial classes suffered at least equally. The SYSTEM had succeeded in repressing, but not in crushing, the intelligence of the Empire. There grew up after the year 1815, very slowly and gradually, a race of men to whom the articles of the Court journalists and the verses of the Court poets were wholly intolerable. There was a time when the self-satisfied saying,

's' ist nur a Kaiserstadt s' ist nur a Wien,'

represented the creed of all the German-speaking subjects of the Kaiser; but that delusion had hardly outlived the Emperor Francis, and by the year 1840 had quite vanished away. The censorship was now felt to be an evil which was only endurable because it was so constantly evaded. It had become, indeed, to a great extent inoperative; for so surely as a work was pronounced harmless by the censor, the public refused to buy it, and so surely as a work printed in Leipzig or Hamburg obtained the distinction of a 'damnatur,' it was sure to be smuggled in scores over all the northern frontiers. Instead of the literature of the Romanticists, some of whom had looked lovingly to Austria, and had even selected it for their habitation, there were now the spirit-stirring verses of Count Auersperg (Anastasiu Grün), whose *Spaziergänge eines Wiener Poeten* attacked the existing state of things in no measured way. The Government itself was obliged to call in the assistance of strictly pro-

hibited journals, if it wished to defend itself with effect; for to the statements of the authorized organs no credence at all was attached. The schools were everywhere in an utterly wretched condition; and the few Austrian subjects who could boast of any superior acquirements, had either obtained them abroad, or only after a laborious course of study at home, the first step of which was to blot out from their memories nine-tenths of what they had acquired from their teachers.

The last blow was given to the tottering edifice by the events which took place in the Polish provinces in 1846. For some months it had been manifest to all who had eyes to see, that the Poles of the emigration were about to make a new attack upon their enemies. Warsaw was their principal object, but they proposed to begin operations in Posen and Galicia. The little independent republic of Cracow, the last remnant of ancient Poland which had not been seized by the spoiler, was the centre of their patriotic but foolish machinations; and the 21st of February 1846 was destined for the outbreak of the insurrection. The Austrian Government, although quite aware of what was intended, took its measures so badly as to allow General Collin, who had marched into Cracow at the request of the representatives of the three partitioning powers, to be overwhelmed and driven out,—the honour of the Austrian flags being only saved by the courage and conduct of Benedek, whose name became then for the first time famous. The same carelessness which the rulers showed in not sufficiently strengthening the hands of Collin, led them to neglect giving specific orders to the officials who were scattered through the Polish provinces. The result of this was, that when the insurrection broke out, and the Ruthenian peasants came to ask what part they should take, they were too often, it is to be feared, directed by men who were in panic fear for their own lives to secure the persons of their disaffected Polish landlords, living or dead.

How far the Vienna authorities were accessories before the fact to the hideous massacres which followed, it is very difficult to decide. Certain it is, that after the insurrection had broken out, rewards were paid by Austrian *employés* to the men who were engaged in the massacres. And on the heads of those whose culpable negligence permitted such things to happen, must rest an amount of reprobation, but little inferior to what would have been their due, if, as was loudly asserted by the Poles, and very generally believed throughout Europe, they had deliberately planned out for the assassins their bloody and terrible work.

Before the end of the year 1846 Cracow was seized by Austria, in spite of the hostile attitude of France and England,—a pro-

ceeding for which there is but one excuse, and that is, that Prince Metternich knew perfectly well that if Austria hesitated to do the deed, Russia was determined not to be so scrupulous. The massacres had excited the people against Austria all through Western Europe. The incorporation of Cracow was not less successful in alienating statesmen. By that act Metternich stultified his whole life, threw ridicule upon the treaty of Vienna, and illustrated once more the true words of the poet—

‘Quam temere in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam,’

by affording an admirable precedent to be followed in the case of Lombardy.

Such were the effects of the occurrences in Austrian Poland upon the foreign relations of the Empire, but they were hardly less momentous in their influence upon its internal condition. The detestation with which the Ruthenian peasants regarded their Polish landlords was the result not only of differences of race and of religion, but of long ages of oppression. It was quite clear that the relations between the owners and cultivators of the soil in those provinces must be materially altered; but no sooner was the idea of an important alteration *anywhere* introduced, than the leading idea of the SYSTEM was shown to be unsound. From the moment that changes began to be made in the landed tenures of the Polish provinces, partial and ineffective though those changes were, the desire for change seized the one class which had hitherto been on the side of the Government, from Bodenbach to Orsova. The stupid Conservatism of the peasants was at an end, and one more element of confusion was introduced.

Those who were politically or pecuniarily interested in Austria, will not soon forget with what anxiety they watched for the first news of the effect which should be produced in that country by the news of the February revolution in Paris. No one could have visited any part of the Empire, during the course of 1847, without perceiving that everywhere a most dangerous spirit was at work. The question which no stranger who had not enjoyed very exceptional opportunities could answer, was, how far will it be in the power of the Government to put down firmly and finally any troubles that may break out? For as to the certainty of troubles breaking out there really could be no doubt, unless, indeed, in the minds of Prince Metternich and his friends, who seem to have foreseen nothing, and provided against nothing.

The first effects were seen in Presburg, but the echo of the words of Kossuth, to which we have alluded above, died away before they reached our shores, and Englishmen first learned

that a storm was about to burst when they heard of the disturbances in the Austrian capital upon the 13th of March, followed, as they soon were, by the resignation and flight of Prince Metternich.

The words of Kossuth on the 1st of March marked, as we have seen, the end of 'the old order.' From that moment the great agitator abandoned himself to the impulses of the moment, and, partly acted on by events, partly exercising a reflex action upon them, hurried along his strange and meteoric course, till the day when, in the great church at Debreczin, amidst the plaudits of a multitude which had gone wild with excitement, he proclaimed the dethronement of the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine and the independence of Hungary.

The events of the 1st of March 1848 at Presburg were followed by six weeks crowded with events of the most exciting and important character, the array of which was closed by the Emperor's going in person to that city, and formally sanctioning a series of resolutions of a highly revolutionary character, which had been passed under the influence of the orator, who had attained in a few days a world-wide reputation. These are the laws of 1848, about which we have heard so much. We give a *précis* of them, taken from the work called *Hungary and its Revolutions, with a Memoir of Kossuth*, which affords, on this head, more detailed information than the work of Professor Springer.

'The substance of the resolutions passed in this Diet, and confirmed by the King, was as follows :--That the executive power should be exercised through the Ministry alone. That the Palatine, in the absence of the King, should be invested with all royal power, excepting the appointments of the dignitaries of the Church, officers of the army, the high barons of the kingdom, and the disposal of the army when out of Hungary. That every member of the Cabinet should be responsible for his official acts, liable to impeachment by the Chamber of Deputies, and to be tried by a committee from the Chamber of Magnates. That the sessions of the Diet be held at Pesth, and the laws sanctioned during the session by the King. That perfect equality of rights, as well as of public burdens, should be established among all the people of Hungary, without distinction of class, race, or denomination. That the franchise should be extended to every man possessing property to the value of three hundred florins, or an income of one hundred; to every one who had received a diploma in a university; and every artisan who employed an apprentice. That with the concurrence of both countries, Hungary and Transylvania, and their Diets, should be incorporated. That the number of representatives

sent by Croatia to the Diet should be increased from three to eighteen, and the internal institutions of that province remain the same as before. That the military frontiers of Hungary, or border troops, should be placed under the authority of the Hungarian Minister of War.'

We do not propose to enter into any detail as to the events of the revolutionary period, which occupied nearly the whole of 1848 and 1849. The direct influence of the transactions which then occurred upon the history of Austria, during the last sixteen years, has not been so great as might have been expected, and if we were to attempt to describe with any minuteness the elements which then came to the surface, and which may be expected to work in various ways during the years that are coming, we should be carried far beyond the limits to which even the longest article can be extended. Through the complications of the eventful months which followed the flight of Prince Metternich, we know no more sober guide than Professor Springer, and for no period of recent history is a sober guide more wanted. Greater issues were decided before Sebastopol, far larger masses of men were hurled against each other in the American civil conflict, but no war of our time has ever approached in romantic interest that which was waged in 1848 and 1849 upon the plains of Hungary.

The English public was plentifully supplied, from 1850 to 1854, with the narratives of rival generals, and with the pamphlets, sometimes disguised in the form of history, of the contending parties; but we know no narrative and no political treatise in English, referring to these events, which we could venture to recommend, without advising the reader to follow up its perusal with that of a work of diametrically opposite tendency.

The two great gains which the moral earthquake of 1848 brought to Austria were, that through wide provinces of the Empire, and more especially in Hungary, it swept away the sort of semi-vassalage in which the peasantry had been left by the *Urbarium* of Maria Theresa, and other reforms akin to, or founded upon it, and introduced modern in the place of middle-age relations between the two extremes of society. Secondly, it overthrew the policy of do-nothing,—a surer guarantee for the continuance of abuses than even the determination, which soon manifested itself at head-quarters, to make the head of the State more absolute than ever.

After the taking of Vienna by Windischgrätz, the National Assembly had, on the 15th of November 1848, been removed from the capital to the small town of Kremsier, in Moravia. Here it prolonged an ineffective existence till March 1849, when

the Court Camarilla felt itself strong enough to put an end to an inconvenient censor, and in March 1849 it ceased to exist. A constitution was at the same time promulgated, which contained many good provisions, but which was never heartily approved by the ruling powers, or vigorously carried into effect, —the proclamation of a state of siege in many cities, and other expedients of authority in a revolutionary period, easily enabling it to be set at naught. The successes of the reaction in other parts of Europe, and above all the *coup-d'état* in Paris, emboldened Schwartzenberg to throw off the mask; and on the last day of 1851, Austria became once more a pure despotism.

The young Emperor had taken '*Viribus unitis*' for his motto; and his advisers interpreted those words to mean that Austria was henceforward to be a State as highly centralized as France, —a State in which the Minister at Vienna was absolutely to govern everything from Salzburg to the Iron Gate. The hand of authority had been severely felt in the pre-revolutionary period, but now advantage was to be taken of the revolution to make it felt far more than ever. In Hungary, for example, which had, as we have seen, always proved intractable, even when the Germanic provinces were living in contented servitude, it was fondly imagined that there would be no more trouble. The old political division into counties was swept away; the whole land was divided into five provinces; and the courtiers might imagine that from henceforth the Magyars would be as easily led as the inhabitants of Upper Austria. These delusions soon became general, but they owed their origin, partly to the enthusiastic ignorance of those who were at the head of the army, and partly to two men, about whom we must say a word. The first of these was Prince Schwartzenberg, the son of the generalissimo of the Allied Armies in the campaign of 1814. Bred to diplomacy, he was the Austrian Minister at Naples when the revolution broke out in that capital, then served for a short period under the imperial flag in northern Italy, and shortly afterwards returned to the centre of affairs, to animate the drooping spirits of the Court. Several of his sayings will be remembered, and they show a certain amount of shrewdness and insight; but there is nothing recorded, either of his words or actions, which bears evidence of a high capacity for statesmanship, to say nothing of wisdom or matured political ability. He had energy and power of will; nor would it be difficult to draw a parallel between him and Count Bismark, although we are bound to say that the latter has given much greater proof of talent. In audacity, however, there is little to choose between them; and in the '*Systole and Diastole*' of German politics, the Prussian

statesman played in 1865, to the disadvantage of Austria, just the same part which the Austrian statesman played in 1850 to the disadvantage of Russia. Those who are tempted to attach too much importance to such triumphs of audacity should remember how much easier it is to cut knots than to unravel them, and wait to see the end.

Whether Prince Schwartzenberg might have developed any higher powers if his life had been prolonged, we cannot say. He died suddenly in April 1852.

'More space to develop his energies,' we might almost say 'More rope to hang himself,' was given to Alexander Bach, who succeeded the conservative, but able, and by no means bigoted Stadion, when the health of that statesman broke down in 1849. Bach was born in 1813, and was the son of a provincial *employé* under the department of Justice, who, however, eventually removed to the capital, where he established a thriving business as an attorney. His son began life as a clerk in his father's office, studied the law with success, and became a *Doctor Juris*. He then travelled, and ultimately succeeded his father. Before 1848 he was so conspicuous, both as a jurist and as a reformer, that he was called to take the portfolio of Justice in the Ministry which came into power in May 1848. His behaviour in this office gave much offence to the extreme revolutionary party; and during the disturbances which marked the month of October in that year, his life was in some danger. Whether it was that the experiences of that stormy time cooled his reforming ardour, or whether it was that the temperature of that ardour had been always exaggerated,—or whether, as his enemies assert, he distinctly changed sides to further his own purposes,—or whether again he was gradually led further than he meant to go down the slope of reaction,—we need not here inquire; but certain it is, that after the first successes of the Court he soon became one of its most trusted agents. His two leading ideas were to cover the whole Empire with a German bureaucracy, and to draw closer the ties which connected the Court of Vienna with that of Rome. In his view, and in that of the ecclesiastics who acted with him, much of the evil that prevailed in the Empire could be traced to the anti-religious influences which had acted on the mind of Joseph II.; and it was under his auspices, and those of Count Leo Thun, that Austria made that extraordinary retrograde movement which was announced to Europe by the conclusion of the Concordat. If absolutism in Austria had a fair trial from the 31st of December 1851 to the Italian war, it is to Bach that it was owing; and if it utterly and ludicrously failed, it is he more than any other man who must bear the blame.

Already, in 1849, the bureaucracy had been re-organized, but in 1852 new and stricter regulations were introduced. Everything was determined by precise rules,—even the exact amount of hair which the *employé* was permitted to wear upon his face. Hardly any question was thought sufficiently insignificant to be decided upon the spot. The smallest matters had to be referred to Vienna, if their settlement had not been provided for in the instructions previously issued. The higher officials were directed to keep an accurate record of the political dispositions of their subordinates, and the non-official citizens were subjected almost as completely to the despotism of these subordinates, as *they* were to that of their superiors. The result of all this was, that in spite of many improvements upon the pre-revolutionary system in matters of detail, and a greatly increased vigour at head-quarters, the internal affairs of the Empire soon fell into hopeless confusion. The finances, which had been thrown into terrible disorder by the events of the Revolution, and by the expenses attendant on the menacing attitude adopted towards Prussia in 1850, showed no tendency to recovery. The new Communal organization was put off from year to year, and was at last promulgated in 1859, only to be found absurd and unworkable. The new criminal code, which was one of the few things actually accomplished during this period, revived obsolete punishments, was particularly severe upon the press, and in all respects disgraceful. The same may be said of the Concordat, concluded in 1855, of which the best that can be told is, that it has never been so fully carried out as its promoters desired, and that it was a most efficient instrument in exciting hatred against the party to which it owes its origin. The best thing between the pacification of Hungary and October 1860, was the remodelling of the system of public instruction by Count Leo Thun,—a statesman who, although his opinions led him to promote the views of the Ultramontane party, had yet sufficient firmness not to let it drag him further than he wished to go, and sufficient enlightenment to see that the state of the Austrian schools and universities was simply disastrous and intolerable. In general, however, the politicians of the reactionary period showed themselves singularly incapable of translating their ideas into accomplished facts, partly, perhaps, from want of ability, but much more because the task which they had set themselves was absurd and impossible. It was a time of great activity in the public offices, of endless instructions, counter-instructions, revised counter-instructions, and so forth; and when we learn that between 1849 and 1860 the medical department of the army was re-organized four times, the artillery and engineers three times, the Judge-advocate's depart-



ment three times, and the War Office at least four times ; when we learn, further, that the same spirit prevailed in other branches of the administration, we can hardly be surprised that the great ruin of the Italian war brought down with a crash the whole edifice of the reaction.

While the internal affairs of the Empire were going from bad to worse, its external affairs were by no means prosperous. All those who understood the German question saw that the triumph gained at the expense of Prussia in 1850 could only be of temporary importance. There were fewer who were aware that Louis Napoleon had been on the very point of declaring war against Austria, immediately after the news of the battle of Novara had reached Paris, or who felt certain that the day would ere long arrive, when France would break with a strong hand the web of treaties which Metternich had woven around the limbs of Italy. A quarrel with Switzerland, and another with Piedmont, came to embitter public opinion in Europe against the Cabinet of Vienna, already roused by the exaggerated, but eloquent declamations of Kossuth, as well in the New as in the Old World. The mission of Count Leiningen to Constantinople on the subject of Montenegro was by many supposed to be a diversion in favour of Russia ; and although this has never been proved, and is in itself improbable, it did not tend to make Austria more popular either in France or England. Her uncertain attitude during the Crimean War alternately flattered and dashed the hopes of the West ; and although the diplomatist can hardly blame her, the opinion of intelligent Europe was not gained to her side, while she became to Russia the object of the most deadly hostility. Thus, at the table of the Congress in Paris, she had hardly a single real friend, and men began to watch, with all the pleasures of malevolence, the struggle between her and the wily Genevese-Italian, who was destined to rob her of all she had won in the Peninsula by the labours and the crimes of more than forty years.

The isolated position in which Austria was placed after the conclusion of the Russian war, had a very unfavourable influence upon her internal politics. The watchword of the new system was, as we have seen, '*Viribus unitis*,' but now the wielders of these 'united forces,' the Ministers at Vienna, at length thoroughly awake to the fact that their system was a failure, began to throw the blame upon each other. Bruck, the one man of real insight amongst them, occupied his high position as Finance Minister solely in virtue of his merit, and had none of those powerful connexions which are necessary to one who would carry through great reforms without popular support. He passed his time making one concession here, another

there, in the vain hope of getting something useful done. It was all in vain. From the beginning of 1849 to the end of 1858, the public debt rose from 1200 million florins to 2292 million florins, and every source of taxation had in the meantime been strained to the uttermost. The years 1857 and 1858 passed in peace, but without producing any important improvements in the state of things; and at last in 1859 the long-deferred retribution came.

There was no violent outbreak of disaffection, and although Kossuth accompanied the Emperor in his Italian campaign, ready to do what he could to raise Hungary as soon as the French flag appeared on Hungarian soil, he prudently insisted upon its appearance there as a condition precedent. It is of good augury for the non-resurrection of absolutism in Austria that it was not overthrown, but died a natural death. Bach was dismissed in August 1859, and was succeeded by Count Goluchowski, a man of much inferior ability, who had been Governor of Galicia, but who did not do anything as Minister to justify the respectable reputation which he brought into the Government. M. de Hübner became at the same time Minister of Police, and showed, during his short tenure of office, far more consideration for the press, and far more desire for reform, than his predecessor. Both he and the Foreign Minister, Count Rechberg, are believed to have seen, even at this period, that concessions to Hungary had become absolutely necessary. Indeed, M. de Hübner is said to have resigned his portfolio in consequence of the rejection of his plans for effecting something in this direction.

It must be borne in mind that all through the reactionary period the so-called 'Old Conservative party' (whose name, be it remembered, has nothing now to do with the sort of questions which divide our Liberals and Conservatives) amongst the Hungarian magnates, had been protesting as ardently against the system of M. Bach as they had protested against the ideas of Kossuth in 1848. Those who would follow the outs and ins of their long struggle—and no one, we are persuaded, can follow them without having his impression of the political capacity of the Magyars considerably raised—should read the earlier pages of the work called *Drei Jahre Verfassungstreit*, the author of which is well known, and is a person whose possession of the best information can be relied upon.

The resolution to break with the system of M. Bach was not, however, taken in a day, and even after his dismissal things went on for a time in the old fashion. Numerous commissions were called into life, charged to advise the Government, but nothing decisive was done, except by a Hungarian Commission,

which refused to report, and reminded the rulers that if they wanted advice about Hungary, the best plan would be to obey the laws and summon the Hungarian Diet. Abroad, the Austrian diplomatists fought hard to recover the ground which they had lost in Italy, and are said to have arranged the preliminaries of a grand Catholic league, which they fondly believed would replace them in their old position, and which would perhaps have given serious trouble if it had not been for Garibaldi's timely landing at Marsala. At home, the reactionists obtained a triumph by driving Bruck to commit suicide, not, however, before he had publicly pointed out that the whole system of government in Austria was rotten to the core.

The first step in advance was made in the end of May 1860, by calling together the assembly which was known as the 'Verstärkte Reichsrath' (strengthened Council of the Empire). Ever since 1851 there had existed a Reichsrath, but this was a mere Governmental board, remarkable for nothing, unless it were that it was a shade more illiberal than the other public departments. The new Reichsrath was an assembly of notables from all parts of the Empire, chiefly, but not exclusively, composed of men of very high rank. What the Government expected from the Reichsrath was advice as to what was to be done in the dire perplexity into which want of money, Hungarian disaffection, and its other misfortunes, had thrown it; but of specific advice it succeeded in getting very little. On the other hand, the Reichsrath thoroughly condemned the existing state of things, and begged the Emperor, in his omnipotence, to find out and apply a remedy. Nothing was further from its views than to make an energetic demand for a constitution, and the Saxon Transylvanian, M. Maager, who ventured to pronounce that dreaded name too loudly, was no doubt thought by the majority of his colleagues a very dangerous person. The chief difference of opinion which was manifested in the Reichsrath, related to the amount of centralization and de-centralization to be maintained in the re-organized Empire. The opinion of the de-centralizing or federalist party prevailed, and the Government proceeded, a week or two after the four months' session of the 'strengthened Council of the Empire' came to an end, to issue the Diploma of the 20th October 1860. The broad difference between the system of M. Bach, and that inaugurated by the October Diploma, was this,—that, while in the Bach system everything was, as we have seen, regulated, down to the minutest detail, by the Government offices at Vienna, acting under the pressure of unmitigated despotism, in the system inaugurated by the October Diploma, a broad distinction was drawn between those general concerns of the Empire which had

to be regulated at Vienna, and those particular concerns of the provinces, which had to be regulated by the provincial assemblies. Further, a sort of modified system of representation was introduced, by the creation of a new sort of Reichsrath, consisting of one hundred persons, whose members were to be selected by the Emperor from the provincial assemblies.

This was well, so far as it went, but it did not go far enough. Hungary, indeed, had her Diet, which could immediately be called together, and could, if the nation were so minded, proceed to take its share in working this new system. Hungary, however, positively refused to do anything of the sort, and the measures taken to enable it to elect members to the Diet, in the manner customary before the Revolution, wholly failed to lead the country to give up its determination to stand firm in its legal position, and to have the laws of 1848, or nothing. The difficulty in the Germanic or Germanized provinces was different, but not less great. In them there were no provincial assemblies at all adequate to modern necessities, and when Count Goluchowski was rash enough to publish the scheme of provincial assemblies devised by M. Bach, in the height of the reaction, retaining as it did many of the worst features of the pre-revolutionary period, he was met with a shout of derision, and soon afterwards retired from office, having made himself 'impossible' on both sides of the Leitha.

His successor was M. Schmerling, of whom we shall have more to say presently, but in the meantime we may observe that it was in the winter of 1860-61, that the two parties which at this moment divide the Empire began to take a definite shape. The nucleus of these two parties, respectively, were the Hungarian advisers of the Court, who thought that if Hungary could only be fully conciliated, other things would in the end come right of themselves, and those German advisers, who thought that if the Germanic or Germanized provinces could be fully conciliated, Hungary might be coerced, and obliged to take its part in working a new system, the driving-wheel of which should be a parliament at Vienna, acting under *moderate* pressure on the part of the sovereign,—a parliament in which the non-Germanic provinces should indeed be fairly and liberally represented, but in the eye of which even Hungary should be merely a province like the Vorarlberg, and not a kingdom connected with the rest of the Empire by the link of the Pragmatic Sanction.

One of the most important incidents of this period was the summoning to Vienna of Baron Nicholas Vay, the leader of the Hungarian Protestants, in their struggle against the encroachments of the central authorities, which was one of the many

results of the unlucky policy which was inaugurated by M. Bach. Vay had been three times tried by Haynau's military commissions; twice he was acquitted, but at last convicted, and imprisoned for two years in Theresienstadt. At this moment he was the most popular man in Hungary; for the religious contest had been really a political one, and had engaged the sympathies, not only of the Protestants, but of other confessions also. This man was now made Chancellor of Hungary, and exerted a most important influence, until he was obliged to retire in the summer of 1861. He is understood to have been one of those most instrumental in raising M. Schmerling to power, probably because, knowing his ability, and miscalculating the strength of his Germanism, he thought that he would understand and be equal to the situation.

It soon became clear, however, that it was not to the views of Baron Vay that M. Schmerling would give his support.

There ought, indeed, as it seems after the event, to have been little doubt as to the scale into which the new Minister would throw his influence. Born in 1805, of a family which belonged originally to the Rhine-land, but which settled last century in Lower Austria, he had passed his early manhood and middle life in the bureaucracy, and is before all things a bureaucrat liberal in the ends he pursues,—not liberal in the means by which he would compass them. A decided opponent of the SYSTEM, he had made himself observed in the provincial assembly of Lower Austria before 1848, and had been sent in the spring of that year to represent Austrian interests at Frankfort. There he took a conspicuous place in the ranks of the Gross-Deutsch party, and combated with all his might the idea of the Prussian Hegemony. On his return to Vienna he became a member of Prince Schwartzemberg's Ministry, but retired from it when it began to move fast down the steep of reaction.

A man with these antecedents was not likely to yield without a struggle to the pretensions of Hungary. If the Hungarians could make good their claims, farewell for ever to the idea of a great united Germany, to which Vienna should give the word of command! The views of the new Minister were no secret to his colleagues, and the breach between him and those who represented the interests of Hungary in the Government became every day wider and wider.

The first result of M. Schmerling's activity was the Patent of February 26th, 1861. This document was in form an addition to the Diploma of October 1860, but in reality it amounted to a new constitution. Instead of the Reichsrath of a hundred members, sitting in one chamber, it created a much larger Reichsrath, sitting in two chambers; and whereas the Diploma of October

contemplated a federalist organization, the Patent of February contemplated a centralized organization, worked by a real Parliament, which might eventually grow to be as powerful as our own. There is nothing in such a conception that can be otherwise than agreeable to an Englishman. But that is not the question. The question is, are the circumstances of Austria such as to make it possible to create and to work such an organization? The events of the last five years have answered that question for us, but in the early spring of 1861 it was not so easy to answer. The experiment was of course to the last degree hazardous; but one can hardly blame a statesman who held M. Schmerling's views with regard to Central European politics, if he determined to make a fight for it.

The first thing to be done was to call together the Hungarian Diet, which had not met since the Revolution, and to try whether it could not be induced to come to terms. The next step was to summon the new Reichsrath, in the constitution of which an arrangement was introduced for turning it into a 'special or restricted Reichsrath,' for the discussion of the affairs of the German and Germanized provinces, so that its activity would not necessarily be suspended, even if the Hungarians were to prove obstinate.

The Hungarian Diet met upon the 6th of April; at first in Buda, and immediately afterwards in Pesth. Some time was occupied with the verification of the elections, and then the struggle of parties commenced. The point debated was whether the Diet should reply to the Crown by an address or by a resolution. The moderates, led by Deak, preferred an address; the extreme party, led by Count Teleki, preferred a resolution, taking their stand upon the undoubted fact that the Emperor was not, according to the laws of the pre-revolutionary period, *de jure* king of Hungary; for, as we have already seen, according to the old view, '*Princeps est qui jurat, qui jurata servat, et qui coronatus est.*' Just at this crisis Count Teleki committed suicide, having found himself in a position from which he thought he could not escape without either being false to his political convictions or breaking a promise which he had given to the Emperor. The views of the 'Address party' in the end prevailed, but they made some concessions to the views of their opponents, and amongst other things omitted the title of 'Imperial Royal' in addressing the Emperor. This was objected to at Vienna, and the address was finally voted unanimously in the form in which it was originally proposed by Deak.

It is far from impossible that, if the Government had shown itself disposed to make concessions to Hungary, it would have

got better terms than it is now likely to have to put up with; but concession was the last thing of which it thought. The jurists in the service of M. Schmerling answered the Hungarian address, and showed, at least to their own satisfaction, that Hungary had no shadow of right to stand upon, that the Revolution had swept away all her old franchises, and that she was in no better position than any other province of the Empire. Between parties so diametrically opposed as those of Deak and Schmerling, it was evident that there could be no *rapprochement*, and so in August the Diet was dissolved, and the Cabinet of Vienna determined to break the spirit of the nation, by reinvigorating for the countries beyond the Leitha the worst maxims of M. Bach.

The day will come, we hope, when the story of the stern resistance of Hungary, during the period of four years which intervened between the dissolution of the Diet and the issuing of the manifesto of the 20th of last September, will be fully told to Western Europe. There would, we think, be material in it for many pages like the best of those in Baron Eötvös's *Village Notary*. We are far from wishing to assert that such a record would contain only pages creditable to Hungary. At the county meetings, held previously to the meeting of the Diet in 1861, much appears to have been said and done which was quite unjustifiable, but the Hungarians were right in the main, and we must forgive, in a people which has been so misgoverned, many excesses which would be unpardonable if the ordinary march of affairs had not been broken by revolution and counter-revolution. Mr. Boner's chapters on Transylvanian politics show the effect that the vehement one-sidedness of the Magyars produced on the mind of a friendly observer, who was not persuaded of what we believe to be true, that, namely, the system attempted to be carried out in Hungary after the dissolution of the Diet could lead to no good result.

We may now return to Vienna, where the Reichsrath assembled a week or two later than the Hungarian Diet, and was opened by a speech of great vigour, in which a breach with the old absolutist system was distinctly promised. The place of meeting was but badly filled, for neither Hungary, Croatia, Transylvania, Galicia, Venice, nor Istria had sent deputies, and of the three hundred and forty-three members who ought to have attended, only some two hundred were there. It soon became clear that of these two hundred about two-thirds were distinctly Centralist and Governmental in tone, altogether opposed to the ideas of the Federalist, or, as they have been called,

State-right party. In the Upper House, too, the Governmental majority was decisive. The tone of these majorities, as shown in their first debates, had a bad influence, it would seem, upon Ministers, or, if this was not the case, the traditions of the Bach system and of the pre-revolutionary period, were too strong to be overcome, for certainly very little was done during the years in which M. Schmerling enjoyed power, even for the Germanic and Germanized provinces. Trade was still in fetters, the transgressions of the press were punished by long and cruel imprisonments, no right of association for political purposes could even be dreamt of, and societies formed for non-political purposes were always in danger of being suppressed, if they strayed at all too near the charmed boundary. During its later period the Reichsrath showed itself far less complaisant to ministers, and they had to endure very sharp criticisms; but a dispassionate observer will hardly consider that the results of the working of the February Patent in Austria were such as to make him very much regret the suspension of the sort of constitutional life which was enjoyed under it.

Ever since the dissolution of the Hungarian Diet, and the retirement of Vay and Szechen, close relations had been kept up between the Hungarian 'Old Conservatives' and the Federalist section of the Reichsrath. They showed, on the other hand, great attention to Deak, and endeavoured to come to an understanding with him, as the leader of the moderate Hungarian Liberals. At last, about Easter 1865, a highly conciliatory article appeared in his organ at Pesth, and that was speedily followed by three letters from Pesth, which appeared in the *Debatte*, setting forth authoritatively the programme of the moderate Hungarian Liberals. The *Debatte*, acting in the interest of the 'Old Conservatives,' claimed for these remarkable letters a careful and candid perusal, which they obtained in very wide circles, nor can we doubt that they contributed materially to prepare the way for a good understanding.

The principal points laid down in these letters are, that, without the retirement of M. Schmerling, no good understanding between Hungary and Vienna could be dreamt of; that Deak was in the habit of speaking in the most friendly terms of the Lower House of the Reichsrath; and that his friends were generally in favour of a conciliatory policy. They then go on to point out that the Hungarians take their stand upon the Pragmatic Sanction, and that to leave so firm a standing-ground would be impossible. Looking, then, to the Pragmatic Sanction as the ultimate authority on all questions between Hungary and its monarch, the writer asks—



1. Are there any affairs which are common to all the lands of the Austrian Empire?

2. If so, what are they?

3. How should they be managed?

The first of these questions was answered by the laws of 1848 and the addresses of the Diet in 1861.

*There are affairs which are common to all the lands of the Austrian Empire.*

The answer to the second question can easily be deduced from the Pragmatic Sanction, if we suffer ourselves to be guided by the principle, that all affairs which are common to all the lands of the Austrian Empire, are so only in so far as their being treated as common affairs is *necessary to the safety of the monarchy*.

The Pragmatic Sanction, then, contemplates all the Austrian lands as belonging to one common ruler. The first common affair is then the *keeping up the position and dignity of the common ruler*. Next, the Pragmatic Sanction binds the several lands to *mutual support*. That mutual support must be of a twofold kind, peaceful and warlike—that is, diplomatic and military. *Hence the management of foreign relations and of the army are common affairs*. The management of foreign relations must necessarily be entirely common, and guided by one hand. Not so the army. The command of the army, and all that relates to its internal management, must belong to the Emperor; but the right of determining all matters relating to Hungarian troops, which it is not necessary to the *idea of a common army, should belong to one hand*, must belong to the Diet. This refers to such matters as time of service, recruiting, amount of force, billeting, and so forth. Of course, there is nothing in this demand to exclude common deliberation as to the quota of troops to be furnished by Hungary.

Another common affair is *the providing of money for all common affairs*, and it would be the duty of the Hungarian Finance Minister to furnish to the Imperial Finance Minister, Hungary's proper quota; but he would at the same time manage the finances of the nation, in so far as they were not common affairs, according to the pleasure of the Diet. So, too, *the highest and broadest questions of commercial policy* must also, in the nature of things, be common affairs, and a good understanding about them can hardly be difficult to arrive at when we remember that the tendency of the age is in all countries towards uniformity.

The answer to the last question is more difficult, and the writer speaks, when he comes to deal with it, with more diffi-

dence. His leading principles are : that a central Parliament is impossible ; that a separate Hungarian Ministry is indispensable ; and that the countries east and west of the Leitha must be considered as two aggregations of lands, having a *parity* of rights. Into his other suggestions we need not go, for they have, to a considerable extent, been already left behind by the progress of events ; but we have analysed his first two letters in some detail, because they form the very best *short* answer which we have met with, to the question : What is it precisely that the Hungarians want ?

We ought, perhaps, to say something of the man to whom all Hungary is now looking, and whose views are supposed to be embodied in these letters.

Francis Deak was born in the year 1803, on an estate belonging to his father, in the county of Szalad. He studied at Raab, and, like most of the Hungarian gentry, began to attend the county meetings as soon as he was of age. There he soon became conspicuous, and acquired the goodwill of the Cortes, or electors, in so high a degree, that he had no difficulty in succeeding his elder brother as their deputy to the Diet, which sat from 1832 to 1836. By 1840, his position as the leader of the Liberal party was acknowledged, and he had become known beyond the limits of his country, for his profound acquaintance with her laws, as well as for his wisdom, political tact, and conciliatory temper. He was not a member of the Diet of 1847, but held a portfolio in Count Louis Batthyani's first Cabinet, in 1848. This he resigned when Kossuth and his immediate supporters seemed bent upon pushing matters to extremity ; and his last public appearance during the revolutionary period was as a negotiator in the camp of Windischgrätz, when that commander was marching upon Pesth. After the Revolution, the Government of Prince Schwartzemberg tried to induce him to aid them in their plans for re-arranging the institutions of Hungary. Although, however, the changes which he had proposed to introduce as Minister were very great, their leading ideas were so utterly different from those which were entertained at this period in Vienna, that he declined the advances made to him, and lived as a private citizen, till the events of 1861 brought him, as we have seen, once more into prominence. And now, again, 'the wheel has come full circle,' and he stands before Europe as the first man of his people. If his wise and moderate policy succeeds, no one now living will better deserve the title of '*pater patriæ*.'

Even before the reconstruction of the Cabinet last summer, the royal visit to Hungary, the retirement of M. Schmerling, and

other symptoms, showed that a change of system was in contemplation. Of the new Ministers who were gathered under the wing of Count Mensdorff-Pouilly, whose importance is not in connexion with the internal affairs of the Empire, Count Belcredi became Minister of the Interior for all the provinces not linked with the Crown of Hungary. Of Italian descent, he has property in Moravia, has been Statthalter of Bohemia, and is favourably known as a good administrator, averse to the 'Zopf' of the old bureaucratic system; Count Larisch, a nobleman of good intentions, but by no means a Gladstone, as a weekly contemporary has described him, took charge of the Finances; while George von Majlath, an extremely able man and a good patriot, became Chancellor of Hungary. The name, however, which has been chiefly mentioned in connexion with the overthrow of the Schmerling policy, is that of Count Maurice Esterhazy, who has been in the Government ever since the retirement of Baron Vay, and this name, it must be admitted, associated as it is in the minds of many with intrigue and Jesuitry, has been anything but a tower of strength to his colleagues.

The overthrow of the Schmerling policy was finally announced to the Empire by the imperial manifesto of the 20th September 1865. Whether we agree or disagree with the views which dictated it, it is difficult to read that document without feeling that the intentions of those who framed it were honest. By it the Emperor declares his intention of falling back upon the Diploma of 20th October 1860, suspending the effect of the Patent of the 26th February 1861, with all its consequences. In fact, he admits, in effect, that the system of centralization by which M. Schmerling had attempted to work out and to modify the ideas of the October Diploma, had been an utter failure, and that upon the foundation of that Diploma a new system must be erected, carrying out its ideas without any modification, at least in a Centralist sense.

The effect produced upon public opinion in Vienna by this proclamation was of course very great; and those who, like the writer of this paper, chanced to be upon the spot, heard the most diverse opinions. 'The situation,' said one, 'is as *triste* as possible. The Ministry stands alone, and has really no party, except in Hungary.' 'Why do you come here at present?' said a second; 'you can learn nothing now. All that was has disappeared, and nothing has been put in its place.' 'The present position of affairs,' said a third, 'is very puzzling, and the Germans are not unnaturally irritated; but the change of system having been once announced, there is nothing for it but to help it to work. The new Ministers are honourable men—men of

the world, aristocratical in tendency, and hence unpopular with the German party, which is essentially of the middle class.' 'Talk of governing Austria by the Hungarians!' said a fourth; 'talk of governing England by the gipsies!' Some there were who thought that the irritation of the Emperor against certain members of the Reichsrath had had much to do with the suspension of its powers. Others, again, looked at the whole matter from a very different point of view. 'Of course,' they said, 'for Liberals to rejoice at the suspension of a constitution has an ugly look; but if that constitution is only laid aside in order to put something better in its place, they are surely right in rejoicing. The recent change was the only thing possible.'

This chaos of opinions still continues, and will continue; and while we range ourselves on the side of the new Ministers, we do so with the full consciousness that some of the most impartial and best-informed observers of Austrian politics have taken the other view.<sup>1</sup>

To our thinking, then, it would be infinitely desirable that the idea of that Austrian Guizot, M. Schmerling, should be carried out, and that there should be in Vienna a Parliament whose decrees on all subjects should be as much respected in Essek and Sissek, in Debreczin and Kronstadt, as those of our own are from London to Unst or St. Kilda; but that seems to us just one of the many desirable things which are simply impossible. We can well understand how painful it is to the members of the 'Great-Austrian party,' to be obliged to give up a brilliant and cherished dream; but they must learn, we fear, to recognise the limitations of existence, and to say, with the philosophy which distinguishes their race, '*Es ist nun einmal so.*' There may be a time far off when their dream shall become a reality; but it must be at a period so remote, as to lie quite beyond the ken of the politician.

It is but too true, that even if the question which now divides opinions in Austria were settled in the most satisfactory manner, and if the Hungarian Diet, and the Central Assembly at Vienna, were working side by side, with most of the minor provincial assemblies, from the Lake of Constance to Cattaro, following suit, the Empire would still be an object of considerable anxiety to all politicians. It is hardly possible that such a state of concord can be perpetual; nothing, at least, has ever occurred

<sup>1</sup> At the moment of our going to press the situation remains, in its main features, unaltered. Our last accounts from Pesth, public and private, give much hope, but afford no certainty, of a favourable issue to the pending negotiations; and the tone of the Hungarian Address, laid before the Diet upon the 8th of February, is as firm as ever.

in the world's history to entitle us to cherish so bright a hope. The best, perhaps, to which we can look forward is, that some day or other, under circumstances different, and far more favourable than the present, it may be given to some statesman to turn the *personal* union which Deak now conceives to exist between Austria and Hungary; or the *real* union which Wheaton and other publicists see in their connexion; or the *unnamed union* between a *real* and a *personal* union, for which the author of *Drei Jahre Verfassungsstreit* contends,—into an *incorporative union* like that which exists between England and Scotland. The increase of railways and other means of communication may make this come quicker than seems possible at present, but it must still be very far away.

There is in this mighty Empire the strangest intermingling of society as it was in the seventeenth century, with society as it is now in the most highly advanced nations. How difficult it is to believe that the scenes which Mr. Boner describes in the Transylvanian Saxon-land, are going on at this moment; or that in the Rouman nation, which is called to equal rights with the most civilized populations of the Empire, there should be only about 150 educated men!

The difficulties which have been entailed upon the present rulers of Austria by the follies, crimes, and neglects of many generations, are so great, that we ought to judge particular acts, if they continue as now to be clearly animated by honest intentions, with the greatest forbearance, and give much weight to what such writers as Mr. Paton and Mr. Boner have to say about the doings of Austrian *employés*, even at the worst and most painful moments of recent years. We hope that if the questions which at present agitate the Empire can be in any way tolerably arranged, the next few years will be given, as much as possible, to material improvement. Much, even since we first saw Hungary, nineteen years ago, has been done for the improvement of that magnificent country; but millions of capital must still be expended before her resources are even half developed; and we cannot help thinking that Mr. Boner is right in pointing to Transylvania as a very profitable field for English enterprise.

A most wise beginning has been made by the present Ministers of Austria in the Commercial Treaty with England, a measure which, as has been truly said, marks a turning-point, not only in the policy of their country, but in that of ours: in the policy of their country, because they give up the prohibitive system in which they have so long delighted; in that of ours, because, far more decidedly than in the French Treaty, we come forward as the assertors of the principle that for a nation to re-

fuse to exchange with us those commodities which can be exchanged with mutual advantage by both nations, is an unfriendly, semi-hostile act, and because we give it distinctly to be understood, that far from thinking it necessary to buy 'concessions' by 'concessions' on our part, we think that by persuading the Austrians to make these 'concessions' we are conferring at least as great a benefit upon them as on ourselves. The 'concessions' which it is understood we are to make with regard to the timber duties, and to the duties on wines in bottle, are really no equivalents at all for their 'concessions,' for not only are they trifling in themselves, but we should very soon have made them for our own purposes. In fact, their being treated as 'concessions' at all, is only an accommodation to the weakness of half-converted neophytes.

The history of this Treaty is a curious one. Springing out of the anti-French sympathies of a small knot of English politicians, becoming complicated with questions of a loan and the private arrangements of capitalists, looked on very coldly by the Foreign Office, it gradually slipped into the hands of the two men most fitted to carry it to a successful issue, Mr. Morier, one of the ablest of that not too numerous class of diplomatists who take *au sérieux* their noble profession, and Mr. Mallet of the Board of Trade, whose great knowledge of mercantile affairs; wide sympathies and high political ability, are known and appreciated by all who have watched our commercial progress in the last ten years. Great credit is also due to Mr. Somerset Beaumont for having originated the idea of a Treaty with Austria, and for having paved the way for it at the cost of infinite time and trouble—efforts which have as yet by no means been, in our opinion, sufficiently appreciated. These three gentlemen should divide between them most of the praise which accrues to England from this transaction, although other figures flitted across the negotiations, and were sometimes helpful enough. On the Austrian side all credit is due to Count Mensdorff and Baron Wüllerstorff, especially to the former, whose conduct was loyal and honourable in the highest degree.

The direct effects of the Treaty in promoting trade between Austria and this country will not be very great or very immediate, although we need hardly say that the average of the new duties will be far below the maximum of 25 per cent. A very large trade between Austria and Switzerland, and Austria and Italy, may presently be expected to arise, and when any impulse is given to the general trade of Europe, we shall not be long without reaping great indirect advantage.

The finances of Austria may be expected to improve under

this judicious change of system, and we may trust that in twenty years the least advanced of Austrian economists will look back with astonishment on the fact which Count Larisch lately announced to the world, that the State lotteries brought into his coffers more than half as much again as the Customs. Still we must not expect to see the fruit of all this late wisdom ripen too soon. Austria is terribly poor, and it will be long before she feels in all her members the vivifying influence of a just commercial legislation.

It must not be forgotten, that even if the relations of the lands of the Hungarian Crown to the rest of the Empire were definitively settled, much tact and good sense would be required on the part of Hungarian statesmen to prevent the outbreak of those jealousies of nationality which proved so fatal to Hungarian aspirations in 1848 and 1849. Doubtless, the tyranny of the Bach period, by showing all the nationalities that they had a common enemy in the centralizers of Vienna, did a good deal to destroy the memory of old feuds. 'The Croat,' said a man in the neighbourhood of Agram to the writer, in 1851, 'put down the Hungarian, but he will take uncommonly good care not to do it again.' A very little manifestation, however, of the old ultra-Magyar spirit would soon make the Roumans or the Ruthenians more unwilling to take laws from Pesth than even from Vienna, if, indeed, the former will not be hostile to any Magyar ascendancy, however beneficent. Baron Eötvös, who shows in his recent pamphlet, *Die Nationalitäten-Frage*, that he thoroughly understands the force, while he does not estimate too highly the wisdom, of the nationality cry, takes a hopeful view of this subject, and thinks that many of the difficulties which are involved in the question of Hungarian nationalities will be got over, if only the State will leave as much play as possible to individual liberty; and without pronouncing any opinion upon a question about which no one who has not lived long in the country, and transacted business in many parts of it, has a right to speak, we would fain accept the views of one who is at once a patriot and a man of enlightenment.<sup>1</sup>

The question of Venetia is extremely difficult—far more difficult than it appears at first sight to most of our countrymen. In the first place, the military reasons which have been so fully stated in England by Mr. Bonamy Price in favour of the reten-

<sup>1</sup> For a more formal statement of the views of Hungarian Liberals on this subject, see the translation of the Second Address of the Diet of 1861 in Mr. Horne Payne's Collection of Documents illustrative of Hungarian history in that year.

tion of the Quadrilateral, deserve serious attention ; secondly, the pride of the Austrian army appears to be engaged in favour of not surrendering this piece of Italian soil without a struggle ; thirdly, the Emperor is himself understood to feel very strongly on the subject ; fourthly, a very large number of persons in the Germanic provinces would consider the abandonment of Venetia as a heavy blow, and a great discouragement ; fifthly, there is no evidence that the Hungarians, if their own demands were satisfied, would not be willing to fight against Italy.

To these various considerations we may reply, first, that if Italy becomes reasonably powerful, there is little chance of French armies repeating against Austria the tactics of Napoleon's Italian campaigns, while it is hardly probable that the Italians, if once they have Venetia, will allow themselves to listen to those zealots who would teach them to clamour for Istria and other suchlike *revendications*. The second and third objections are serious, and we confess we do not see how anything but the *ultima ratio regum* is likely to overcome them. To the fourth, we answer that we do not believe the majority of persons in the Germanic provinces would allow, when it came to the point, their passions to overcome their interest, in a matter which is capable of being translated into a question of figures. We have heard a prominent member of the most essentially German section of the Reichsrath, admit that the question of Venetia must one day be settled against Austria, although not without a war. To the fifth objection, we hardly see what to reply, but trust that the argument of the purse might, at the critical moment, not be without its influence on the other side of the Leitha.

When we balance these considerations, we may well doubt whether Austria is at all likely to sell Venetia, but hold it to be more than probable that, if she does not do so, she will ere long lose it by war. Much depends on the course that things take in Italy. If the new kingdom becomes gradually consolidated, if its miserable finances are put in order, if the brigandage which makes people almost long for the rule of the Dukes and the Bourbons is effectually put down, if the Roman question is solved, and the country begins to be respected rather than patronized, public opinion in Europe, and common sense at home, may possibly become too strong even for the pride of the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine, and the susceptibilities of that devoted army to which it owes so much. In one way or another, however, we cannot doubt that Italy must eventually possess Venetia, and that Austria must make up her mind to the loss, if loss indeed it be.



The future position of Austria with regard to Northern and Central Germany, is another question of even greater difficulty. The relations of Austria to Germany have been treated at great length, in a very interesting work, by Baron Eötvös. His thesis is that the unity of Germany is necessary to the peace of Europe, and that the legislative separation of Hungary, and her connexion with the rest of the Empire by a merely personal union, is a necessary condition of German unity. Unlike Baron Eötvös, we should prefer to see Austria altogether divorced from her connexion with the Bund, although we are, of course, not insensible to the grand features of the so-called Gross-Deutsch idea, and to the maimed and truncated appearance which Germany would present if she lost all the fair and historic German-speaking lands which are politically connected with Austria. Looking, however, not to what is abstractedly desirable, but to what is not wholly impossible, we pronounce for the view which finds favour in Prussia. So vast, however, are the difficulties which lie in the way of any such solution of the German question, so much has the popular sentiment in the Middle States been damped by the succession of follies which have characterized the reign of the present King of Prussia, so fiercely will a hundred menaced interests fight each for their own hand against the Klein-Deutsch solution of the problem, that it may well be that many decades may pass before any revolution in Germany comes about. German patriots pray for sages on the throne of Prussia, and fools on all the minor thrones, but as yet their prayers do not meet with any very satisfactory answer.

There are some who say, and we can well believe them, that the Austrian dynasty will give up anything rather than its hold upon Germany. Venetia may go, Hungary may go—anything and everything—rather than the old recollections of Frankfort. Nothing is more natural than that the Kaiser should think the felicity of reigning over any given number of Roumans, Bulgarians, or Bosnians, would be dearly bought by the loss of even a single German province; and if we look at the latest information from Northern Turkey in Europe, the little work lately edited by Mr. H. Sandwith for two enterprising English ladies, we shall see great reason to doubt whether the prospect of only exchanging Turkish for Austrian rule would excite any particular enthusiasm on the southern side of the Save. If this be so, however, and if it be true, as we fear it is, that the Austrian occupation of the Principalities has left behind it more bitter recollections than either the Russian or the Turkish, what is the idea of an Austria whose centre shall be Pesth, and which

shall extend all down the Danube valley, but a pleasant dream? We say this with sorrow, and should like nothing better than that some one might prove to us that we are too desponding; for since the resignation by the Emperor Francis of the imperial German crown, with all its shadowy and sublime prerogatives, this has seemed the natural and logical solution of many of the great difficulties of Central Europe.

We do not wonder, then, that the policy of the modern statesmen of Austria with regard to Turkey should be, and has been, a Conservative one. They have quarter-barbarians enough of their own to manage without the addition of a few millions semi-barbarians from the spoils of Turkey; and considering the powers of national deglutition and digestion which Russia has shown, they may well fear that the death of the Sick Man would add far too largely to her inheritance.

The views which any one will form about the Polish question in its bearings upon Austria, will of course depend upon his views of the far larger question as to the future of Poland, which has recently been discussed in this Journal. Nothing that has occurred since August 1864 has led us to speak with more hope of the affairs of that unfortunate country. The Russian Government is evidently determined to consider the struggle between itself and the Poles, at least in the Western Provinces of Russia, as one of life or death; and the moderate proposals of Schedo-Ferroti which have been published, and the characteristically fair and wise suggestions of Mr. Nicholas Tourgueneff—which are, we believe, not yet published, but which we have seen in manuscript—are hardly, we fear, likely to influence a Government whose traditions are not in favour of moderate counsels, even when it is clear that such counsels could be safely adopted. The literature of the subject, which English politicians should not forget, although it no longer fills the columns of the newspapers, has recently been supplemented by the extremely interesting work of Mr. Sutherland Edwards, *The Private History of a Polish Insurrection*, which we wish, in passing, to recommend to those students of contemporary politics who have not already seen it.

When we remember how bitterly hated the Austrian Government was in this country only a few years ago, it is satisfactory to see with how much good feeling our press has recognised the efforts which it has recently made to improve the institutions of the Empire. There are, however, still persons among us who can only look at Austria through Italian spectacles, and who believe that out of her no good thing can come. We are, we need hardly say, of a very different opinion. There is no

country of the Continent for whose prosperity we feel more anxious. This Europe in miniature, comprising in itself more contrasts of climate, of scenery, of race, of language, of religion, of civilisation, than any other region of equal extent in this quarter of the globe, can hardly fail to excite the interest and conciliate the good-will of every one who makes a study of her affairs. We cannot name any country which affords so many facilities for experiments of living under unfamiliar but not unfavourable conditions. That out of her disorder may come a many-sided order, that out of her discouragement may come cheerfulness, and out of her errors wisdom, is our fervent hope; but as we close the review of her recent history—by no means the darkest portion of her annals—we cannot help counting up the sins of her rulers, and asking ourselves whether it is not but too possible that for those sins there may yet come a day of reckoning, even worse than that of 1848. How often, during the period through which we have been conducting our readers, must not the wisest observers of what was passing at Vienna have been tempted to exclaim with the poet—

“Aber sie treiben's toll;  
Ich fürcht', es breche.”  
Nicht jeden Wochenschluss  
Macht Gott die Zeche.’

ART. IV.—*Faust: A Dramatic Poem, by Goethe*. Translated into English Verse by THEODORE MARTIN. Second Edition. W. Blackwood and Sons, 1866.

It was in the spring 1770 that Goethe, then a young student of twenty, conceived at Strasburg the design of writing his *Faust*. Sixty-two years after, in the spring of the year 1832, he died at Weimar, finishing at the same time his life, and the poem of his life. A poem which thus has occupied for sixty-two years the greatest poet of modern times, has naturally excited deep interest. It has been translated repeatedly into all European languages, and imitated by great and little poets; it has given subjects to the most eminent painters,—to Cornelius, Ary Scheffer, Lacroix, Retzsch. And after all, each successive commentator sends his readers back to the book itself, and confesses his inability to do it justice. *Faust* groans under the weight of its commentators as much as the *Divine Comedy*. So much has been written about it, that it seems almost impossible to say anything new. To some extent all writing on *Faust* must be a kind of mosaic. There are so many interpretations of every controverted passage, that the great difficulty is to choose the interpretation which will produce the most harmonious effect with what precedes and follows.

The myth of Faust had its origin in the Reformation, and embodies the popular thoughts and feelings about that event. It is an epitome of the tendencies of the Reformation. Protestant and Catholic alike have contributed to fashion it, as the work of the Reformation proceeded. We can clearly trace how this legend was step by step refined by poets and romancers of different countries, of various religious and political creeds, until Goethe gave such an expression to the ideas shadowed forth by it, that *his* Faust became *the* Faust.

The man, around whom this mythology of modern times groups itself, was himself no myth. Johann Faust was born at Kundlingen, in Swabia, four miles from Bretten, the birthplace of Melanchthon, with whom he was personally acquainted. He probably was a teacher of Greek, but chiefly excelled as a professor of witchcraft, which he had studied in the University of Cracow, where sorcery was taught during the middle ages as a liberal art. As a *scholasticus vagans* he wandered from university to university, but Wittenberg, the seat of the Reformation, is fixed on by tradition as the scene of his most remarkable necromantic exploits. This in itself is a most significant fact. Melanchthon, who, like all his contemporaries, believed in sorcery and the possibility of a bond with the devil, exhorted

Faust to leave off his wicked pursuits ; but, instead of listening to the advice of the gentle Reformer, he even threatened to play off his practical jokes on Luther ; wherefore Master Philippus greatly rejoiced when a warrant for his apprehension was issued by the Elector of Saxony, which caused the sorcerer to decamp. Melancthon told his pupil, Johannes Manlius, how this *cloaca multorum diabolorum* had boasted to him of having by his witchcraft obtained all the victories of the Emperor in Italy. But, adds he, when he announced at Venice that he would fly right into heaven, the devil lifted him only to a considerable height, and then dropped him, so that he barely escaped with his life. Also, of his lamentable end, he speaks in the same believing spirit. Johannes Gast, a Protestant clergyman in the Palatinate, relates, in his *Sermones conviviales*, how he dined one day with Faust in the College of Basle, and marvelled at some strange specimens of poultry which he committed to the care of the cook. This worthy pastor saw that self-same black dog and horse, which were Faust's constant companions, and doubted not in the least that they were disguised devils. In various towns and colleges—at Leipzig, Ingolstadt, Wittenberg, Nuremberg—Faust exhibited the black art, and at his lectures conjured before his audience Paris and Helen, and all the heroes of the Trojan War. Widely spread are the traditions of the inroads he used to make on the wine-cellars of prelates and innkeepers, generally disappearing, after a jolly bout, riding upon a wine-cask. All these incidents have been skilfully woven into his poem by Goethe. Gast, and many other contemporaneous writers, dwell upon his sad end, how, after exhausting every species of dissipation and devilry, he was torn to pieces by Satan. For the most part, the old Faust-books represent him as a bragging mountebank, who employed his profound knowledge of sorcery in obtaining the means of pleasure, who delighted in practical jokes, ran into debt, and cheated his creditors from sheer love of mischief. And this man, nevertheless, was to be the hero of all the popular plays for nearly three centuries to come.

Divesting both the historical and mythical Faust of all accidental fiction, we recognise in him a *doubter*. His whole subsequent career was a consequence of his doubt. He is dissatisfied with the result of science and of his own studies. This class of doubters was entirely unknown to the ancients, and in this respect Faust is the representative of the modern sceptic. In the small States of antiquity every man soon found his level, and, having found this, he could without difficulty see and enjoy the results of his labours, the effects of his individual activity on the body corporate. But as the theatre of history

is widened, as the seven Saxon kingdoms are, with numerous dependencies, amalgamated into one great empire, as the little Greek republics are merged into one monarchy, and as a boundless prospect is opened to the student of science, then it becomes more difficult to take in at a glance the whole scene of action; the individual becomes bewildered, and complains 'that science moves but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to point.' Thus Faust is a type of those who cannot perceive that 'through the ages one unceasing purpose runs, and the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.'

This doubt of Faust implies a breaking with the past. All the theology and philosophy of the preceding ages is worthless and hollow; he will no longer deal in idle words and teach what he does not know; he will betake himself to magic, whether through the power of the spirit many a mystery may not become known to him; whether he may learn what holds the world together in its inmost core, and see all the springs and seeds of production. *Faust throws off authority, and enters on free inquiry.* Did not the reformers throw off the authority of creeds and councils and proclaim the liberty of conscience at the same time that the people fashioned this legend? Did not Bacon and Descartes break the authority of Aristotle and the scholastics, and assert the right of free inquiry? Did they not begin with the *doubt*? Was not, to speak with Jules Simon, doubt the method of Descartes? And finally, what a part has scepticism played, and is still playing, in modern history! Thus Faust is to us a type of those who, unfettered by prejudice and defying authority, open to us new roads in politics, art, science, and religion. And again, Faust throws off authority, and pursues the study of magic in order to find *enjoyment*. He has neither land nor money, nor honour and rank in this world; all joy is taken from him; no dog would like to live so any longer. Also, this impulse expresses a tendency of the Reformation. The spiritualism of the middle ages had been in theory so opposed to all our claims to material wellbeing, that a reaction was inevitable. The Reformation rehabilitates those claims as not opposed to spiritual advancement; it re-introduces marriage as a divine institution for all men, and abolishes monastic life and penances. That Faust, in his character as the champion of material enjoyment, should appear weak and vacillating, was likewise necessary. The whole development of modern thought is a contest between idealism and realism, or, as the French call it, spiritualism and sensualism. The Cartesian philosophy had made a chasm between body and soul, matter and mind, and all subsequent thinkers ranged themselves on the side of the one or the other. On the one

hand, we have the idealism of Berkeley, Leibnitz, Malebranche, and Spinoza; on the other, the materialism of Hobbes, Helvetius, and Locke. Faust, who seeks a union between the two, finds satisfaction in neither, but keeps wavering between the two. This contest of idealism and realism, or spiritualism and sensualism, is represented in the character of Faust.

But how did Faust proceed to obtain this highest sensual enjoyment? In a tumult of passions, he rushes from pleasure to pleasure, till at last he becomes calmer, in the all-absorbing pursuit of Helen, the flower of female beauty. This is a very significant trait of the myth. The tradition went amongst the people, how Faust was so enamoured of Helen, when he saw her returning from the shades, that he married her, and had a son by her, called Justus Faustus, who, together with his mother, vanished on the night that Faust met his doom. Helen represents symbolically in this legend the revival of classical learning by Erasmus, Reuchlin, Melanchthon, and Hütten. Part of the obloquy which is poured out on Faust by early writers, we may safely interpret as an expression of the distrust and hatred which were excited by the men who re-introduced the study of Greek.

To sum up this inquiry: The Faust legend is a popular expression of a belief in the power of individual effort; of the victory of free inquiry over authority; the vindication of realism as opposed to idealism, or of sensualism as opposed to spiritualism; and of the revival of classical art and literature. Of these invisible realities, the Faust legend is the visible shadow.

Widespread and popular is the error that the wizard Faust was the same with the inventor of printing. This is of considerable importance. The humble people felt distinctly enough that the black art of the necromancer and the black art of the printer were at the bottom identical. The art of printing was the powerful machine by which the destruction of the old, and the construction of the new was principally carried on. It was the philosopher's stone, by which the religious revolution of Luther and Melanchthon was to be transmuted into the philosophical reformation of Kant, Fichte, and Hegel, and the political reformation of Mirabeau and Danton.

As time went on, new additions were made to the fable. America was discovered, and the minds of men, already directed by the Christian religion to something beyond, and longing for a better land where there would be no such turmoil and uproar, were pleased in hearing of these strange and wondrous countries. Books of travel, such as that of *Sir John Mandeville*, became rapidly popular. Faust, already endowed with magic means of locomotion, was made to see all distant lands and nations, and to go through every conceivable adventure. Thus the legend

was fitted to become the frame in which the richest and most varied life might be set by the poet.

As the Faust fable was the only one which the people fashioned since the Reformation, so it was their favourite subject for plays. At all fairs, not only in Germany, but also in England, nay, even in Spain and the south of France, *The Doctor Faustus* was performed by strolling players; and the spectators felt a pious horror, when they heard an ominous voice crying the quarters of Faust's last hour: 'Fauste, Fauste, præpara te ad mortem! Fauste, Fauste, accusatus es! Fauste, Fauste, judicatus es!' and finally, 'Fauste, Fauste, in æternum damnatus es!' Numerous lives of him were written, setting forth his wicked deeds and terrible end as a warning to the faithful. Of these, the best known are Wiedman's *Faust*, and the life of the *Christlich Meynenden*. The remnants of the puppet plays have been edited by Professor Simrock of Bonn, and in Schaible's *Kloster*, so that we have now a complete *apparatus criticus* for studying this remarkable tradition.

In Calderon's *Magico Prodigioso* (which, though the wizard be St. Cyprian, is the same tradition), the magician defeats in the end the cunning of the devil, and dies as a martyr of the Catholic Church. Thus, one of the earliest dramas entirely mistakes the character and contents of the myth, and naturally could be only a failure. In the old Faust-books, he appears mostly as a sceptic running into sensualism, and perishing in it. Marlowe was the greatest of all Goethe's forerunners. With him Faust is a bold speculator, who oversteps the boundaries prescribed to the finite understanding, and thus becomes the prey of the devil. But nevertheless he is represented as a noble and learned man, worthy to be mourned for by the whole university—as a scholar; and the chorus express it in the closing scene of the play:—

'*Scholar*. Well, gentlemen, though Faustus' end be such  
As every Christian heart laments to think on;  
Yet, for he was a scholar once admired  
For wondrous knowledge in our German schools,  
We'll give his mangled limbs due burial;  
And all the scholars clothed in mourning black  
Shall wait upon his heavy funeral.

*Chorus*. Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,  
And burned is Apollo's laurel-bough,  
That sometime grew within this learned man.  
Faustus is gone! Regard his hellish fall,  
Whose fiendish fortune may exhort the wise  
Only to wonder at unlawful things:  
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits  
To practise more than heavenly power permits.'



On Marlowe's play most of the pantomimes were founded, which were so popular throughout Europe, and one of which Goethe saw played whilst yet a child, and which gave him the first impulse to his great poem.

Now, let us see under what peculiar circumstances the Faust-poem burst forth in full blossom. As the flower of a plant develops itself in a higher sphere than its germ, so is it with the thoughts of man. The legend of Faust received its final shape at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century. In that time the French broke with everything antiquated in society, getting rid of the mediæval and feudal lumber, whilst the Germans did the same in philosophy, science, and literature. Kant was the philosophical Robespierre around whom the Jacobins of Germany gathered. He was succeeded by Fichte with his *Ego*, the Napoleon of philosophy, whose reign was brilliant, but short. After them came Oken, Werner, and Humboldt, all destroying preconceived notions in science, and opening a new and deeper insight into nature. And amidst all this political hubbub and scientific turmoil, men's minds, again directed to a land beyond the sea, hopefully contemplating the rising in America, whence Lafayette came with his argonauts, bringing home the golden fleece of the rights of men,—this political and scientific revolution,—that was the time, if there ever was to be one, in which this legend of the Reformation could receive a new and more perfect shape. This was rightly felt and done by Goethe. And that this poem is not the work of Goethe's brain alone, but a production to which all Europe contributed, and which was worked out in the unconscious heart of the people, is proved by the most superficial glance at the state of European literature. Every line of Shelley and Byron breathes that Titanic spirit which found its truest expression in the *Faust* of Goethe. The *Sturm-und Drang Periode* of German literature is as the distant roll of the thunder, which comes nearer and nearer, till in *Faust* we are terrified by the simultaneous lightning and thunder-clap. Nearly every poet in Germany was working at a Faust-poem. Lessing, Lenz, Klinger, Chamisso, Heine, Grabbe, Lenau, all wrote a *Faust*. But Goethe's *Faust* became and remains THE *Faust*. Whilst others were suffering from that fever of doubt, and thirst for higher knowledge and purer enjoyment, Goethe alone succeeded in realizing his aim. He was patient and physician at the same time. These words, which were originally spoken of his *Werther*, apply with equal force to every one of his masterpieces. Niebuhr, at the appearance of the first part, testified how the common pent-up feelings of every thinking man in Europe found here suddenly word and utterance, how he and every one with

him felt inclined to write a continuation. What Niebuhr wisely refrained from doing, a host of young men attempted; but, as Goethe himself said, all these so-called continuations were but repetitions. It was for the great master alone, who had so clearly stated the problem in the first part, to bring about a final solution, which would leave the reader satisfied that all individual exertion is not in vain, and that higher activity, purer knowledge and enjoyment might be gained without detriment to either body or soul.

Often, and with great truth, has it been said that *Faust* is a representation of Goethe's own life. We may read of his life in biographies and histories, yet in none do we see the inner working of his mighty mind so faithfully delineated as in *Faust*, arising from those wild tones of the first scene to the gentle accords in the garden-scene; sinking down to those low unearthly octaves at the conclusion of the first part, and swelling again into that melody of wisdom in the second part; to finish in the last scene with the reconciling and triumphant chorus of the angelic host.

Let us now turn to Mephistopheles and his witches. That Mephistopheles should at first appear in the shape of a black dog, then in the guise of a travelling student, and in the second part as a court-fool, as Phorceyas, a wizard and a steward, is in accordance with the tradition. According to the belief of the middle ages, the devil could assume any shape. In one of the old plays, several devils appear before Faust muffled in long grey cloaks. 'Are you men or women?' he asks them. Whereupon they answer: 'We have no sex.' 'What form do you hide under your grey cloaks?' 'We have no form; but, according to thy pleasure, we shall always assume that form in which you wish us to appear; we shall always look *like your thoughts*.' In another play the devil appears at first in the shape of various animals, as a pig, an ox, a monkey; but Faust always tells him, 'You must look still uglier if you will frighten me.' He then appears as a roaring lion, and as a snake; but Faust is still dissatisfied. At last he appears as a well-formed man, with a red cloak on his shoulders. Faust is astonished at this, but the red cloak answers: 'There is nothing more horrible than man; he is filthy, like a pig; brutal, like an ox; ridiculous, like an ape; passionate, like a lion; and venomous, like a snake. He is a compound of all bestiality.'

Another trait of the popular devil is his skill in logic. Of this Goethe has made an excellent use. The sophistry of Mephistopheles is managed with consummate skill. In all the old documents which have been preserved to us, and which contain compacts with the devil, clauses are introduced for securing the compliance of the spirit in every case imaginable. And, after

all, he finds a loophole by which to escape and to cheat his victim. The bond of Faust and Mephistopheles is communicated at full length in Hayward's notes. The belief in the possibility of a compact with the devil is very old. The Empress Eudokia, of whose three books on the martyr Cyprian some extracts have been preserved, tells in what manner her hero succeeded in releasing himself from his obligations. Also, Gregory Nazianzen knew this tradition. Well known are the stories of Theophilus of Sicily and Pope Sylvester II. Most remarkable is the circumstance that in all the older poems the souls of these necromancers are saved, generally by the intercession of the Virgin Mary, as representative of Divine mercy. The oldest poem on Pope Sylvester II., which dates from the beginning of the thirteenth century, dilates on his repentant end and final salvation. But as the power of the devil increased in people's imagination, as the most innocent pleasures were supposed to be temptations of the evil one, and even the nightingale was suspected of being an incarnate devil as much as the phantom with horns, claws, and tail, then no intervention of the Virgin, no invocation of the name of Christ, could save the culprit. But Luther already believed in the possibility of forcing the bond from the devil. Yes, he believed that in one instance he himself had succeeded in wresting from the claws of Satan the signature of one of his students. Thus illumination and superstition go hand in hand! In Goethe's time this belief had certainly become a myth, but he was perfectly justified in making it a symbolic expression of that constant simultaneous appearance of illumination and superstition; for the age which disbelieved with the philosophers, believed also in Lavater, Gall, and Cagliostro. But there is another and equally important meaning attached to this bond; namely, that if a man once renounces reason and knowledge, and, as a confirmed sceptic, believes in the importance of man's highest powers, he must, as the only object of life, pursue sensual enjoyment. He falls a prey to the mediæval devil, who is an incarnation of sensuality. Materialism is a necessary consequence of scepticism. Since Goethe uses the compact as such a symbol, it follows, as a matter of course, that as the hero returns from scepticism to a belief in the power of good, and leaves mere sensual enjoyment for higher pursuits, the compact loses its validity. The hold which Mephistopheles has on Faust becomes gradually looser, until he finishes in the second part with being merely his steward.

We now come to the consideration of the elementary spirits and witches, about whom we have as much reliable and accurate information as the most ardent student of the aberrations of the

human mind may desire. Dr. Nicholaus Remigius, a criminal judge in Lorraine, has, in his *Démonologie*, recorded his own experiences, which are highly valuable, considering that he burned no less than eight hundred witches. Having finished his work on witchcraft, he found himself so expert an adept in the black art, that he surrendered at his own court, was found guilty, and burnt alive, a martyr to science. Goethe himself had assiduously read Theophrastus Paracelsus. The chief characteristic of German witches is, that they are stripped of everything ideal. We cannot suppose that even in the gloomy north the elementary spirits, which among all heathen nations present pleasing forms, should have been thus repulsive from the beginning. Nor were they. In the belief in witches lives to this day the old Germanic mythology. When Christianity became the ruling religion of the north, the people did not at once disbelieve the existence of their former gods. They still attributed to them an existence, but an existence shorn of beauty and glory. They continued to live as evil spirits who had lost their power by the victory of Christ. The early Church seems not to have discouraged this belief. Charlemagne made it penal to use the water of holy wells, to say prayers before miraculous stones or under sacred trees, unless a priest had blessed them. Whatever good qualities were formerly ascribed to the elementary spirits were now transferred to saints and angels, and none but works of wickedness, malice, and abomination, were put down to the account of the dethroned gods. Even the gods of Greece and Rome found a place in this popular demonology. Many were the tales told about Venus, who lived an enchanted life in the Hoerselberg, where she ensnared the knight Tannhäuser. The old German mythology attributed to distinguished women, especially to queens, the power of flying by the aid of feather dresses. These feather dresses of queens are frequently mentioned in the old Danish song-books, and play an important part in the fairy tale of the *Schwabenjungfrau*. This gave rise in the middle ages to the belief that witches could fly. But also in this instance the poetical conception of flying has been degraded to the ridiculous notion of riding upon a broomstick. Both conceptions of aerial locomotion are made use of by Goethe in his poem.

Slowly but steadily has the number of the admirers of Goethe's *Faust* increased in England. The first introduction came from Shelley, in a translation of the Prologue on the Stage and the May-day Night. The two scenes, although magnificently rendered, were little calculated to secure to the poem a popular reception from a prejudiced public. Severed from the whole, these two scenes contain many a thing likely to shock the unprepared

reader; especially the snarling tone in which Mephistopheles speaks to the Lord. Even Dr. Anster thought it necessary, in the preface to his translation, to apologize for this 'revolting language,' although he admits that it would essentially vary the character of the whole drama to disguise or to diminish this effect. Great service was done to the students of the poem by Hayward's prose translation, a service which cannot be over-rated. Here the poem was presented, stripped of the indescribable charm of its varying metres, but all the more impressive in its totality, and by the depth and truth of its thought. To give a verse-translation of the poem was attempted frequently, but all these attempts, with the exception of Blackie's and Anster's, were great failures. The translators, partly from a mistaken sense of delicacy, so shaded or altered the language of the original as to produce a false impression; partly they were wanting in poetical feeling, and that mastery in versification which is so essential a requisite in a translation of *Faust*. Throughout the dialogues, the language of Faust and that of Mephistopheles are in tone and expression so widely different, that a man who did justice to the one could hardly be expected to do so to the other. With great delight did we therefore hail the translation of Mr. Theodore Martin, who, in his translations of Horace, Catullus, and of various dramatic poems from the German, had shown a rare power of reproducing 'the mingled music of all modern bards.' Our expectations have not been disappointed. He has reproduced the musical cadence of the Goethean metres as near as translator could do it, whilst adhering closely to the meaning and wording of the original. Though we therefore unhesitatingly award the palm to Mr. Martin's translation, we must not be understood to detract from the merits of either Dr. Anster or Professor Blackie. Both these gentlemen have devoted much care and thought to their translations, and in those passages, which were especially suited to their genius, they have produced versions which are equal, in some instances superior, to Mr. Martin's. Mr. Anster chiefly fails where Mr. Martin succeeds admirably. Anster never moves with ease in short couplets, especially when they contain but half-articulated utterances of passion. He then increases the number of feet, and thus slackens the impetuous burst into a slow flow. In the lyrical portions, therefore, Martin stands without a rival, excepting perhaps Blackie's rendering of the Easter Hymn. We quote the first verse from Anster and Blackie, which the reader may compare with Martin, whom we shall quote in the analysis of the poem, only with the qualification that Mr. Blackie is far too free and easy in his version:—

## BLACKIE.

' Christ has arisen !  
 Joy be to mortal man,  
 Whom, since the world began,  
 Evils inherited;  
 By his sins merited,  
 Through his veins creeping,  
 Sin-bound are keeping.'

## ANSTER.

' Christ is from the grave arisen,  
 Joy is His. For Him the weary  
 Earth has ceased its thralldom dreary,  
 And the cares that prey on mortals :  
 He has burst the grave's stern portals ;  
 The grave is no prison :  
 The Lord hath arisen !'

In the song of the spirits in the incantation-scene, the songs of the peasants before the gate, Margaret at the spinning-wheel, the King of Thule, in these Martin is unrivalled. Anster, on the other hand, succeeds well in passages where an even stream of feeling is flowing in long metres. In quiet musings and descriptions of nature, he is particularly distinguished. Take, for instance, the beginning of the third study-scene :—

' O'er silent field and lonely lawn  
 Her dusky mantle night has drawn ;  
 At twilight's holy heartfelt hour  
 In man his better soul has power.  
 The passions are at peace within,  
 And still each stormy thought of sin.  
 The yielding bosom, overawed,  
 Breathes love to man and love to God !

When in our narrow cell each night  
 The lone lamp sheds its friendly light,  
 When from the bosom doubt and fear  
 Pass off like clouds and leave it clear,—  
 Then reason reassumes her reign,  
 And hope begins to bloom again,  
 And in the hush of outward strife  
 We seem to hear the streams of life,  
 And seek, alas !—in vain essay—  
 Its hidden fountains far away.'

We will select two more passages from Anster, which will well illustrate his peculiarities. The first is from the scene before the gate, a description of homely happiness and quiet nature. As we shall quote Martin farther on, the reader may see what a different form the same thought has assumed in passing through two different minds :—

' River and rivulet are freed from ice  
 In Spring's affectionate inspiring smile—  
 Green are the fields with promise—far away  
 To the rough hills old Winter has withdrawn  
 Strengthless,—but still at intervals will send  
 Light feeble frosts, with drops of diamond white

Mocking a little while the coming bloom,—  
 Still soils with showers of sharp and bitter sleet,  
 In anger impotent the earth's green robe;  
 But the sun suffers not the lingering snow—  
 Everywhere life—everywhere vegetation—  
 All nature animate with glowing hues—  
 Or, if one spot be touched not by the spirit  
 Of the sweet season, there, in colours rich  
 As trees or flowers, are sparkling human dresses!  
 Turn round, and from this height look back upon  
 The town: from its black dungeon gate forth pours,  
 In thousand parties, the gay multitude,  
 All happy, all indulging in the sunshine!  
 All celebrating the Lord's resurrection,  
 And in themselves exhibiting as 'twere  
 A resurrection too—so changed are they,  
 So raised above themselves. . . .  
 How the wide water, far as we can see,  
 Is joyous with innumerable boats!  
 See, there, one almost sinking with its load  
 Parts from the shore; yonder the hill-top paths  
 Are sparkling in the distance with gay dresses!  
 And hark! the sounds of joy from the far village!  
 Oh! happiness like this is real heaven!  
 The high, the low, in pleasure all uniting—  
 Here may I feel that I too am a man.'

In the second passage Mr. Martin shows his decided superiority. Anster shrinks back from the withering sarcasm of the original, whilst Martin gives us the true ring of Goethe's sneer:—

'O yes! as far as from the earth to heaven!  
 To us, my friend, the times that are gone by  
 Are a mysterious book, sealed with seven seals:  
 That which you call the spirit of ages past  
 Is but, in truth, the spirit of some few authors  
 In which those ages are beheld reflected,  
 With what distortions strange Heaven only knows.  
 Oh! often, what a toilsome thing it is  
 This study of thine, at the first glance we fly it.  
 A mass of things confusedly heaped together;  
 A lumber-room of dusty documents,  
 Furnished with all-approved court-precedents,  
 And old traditional maxims! History!  
 Facts dramatized say rather—action—plot—  
 Sentiment, everything the writer's own,  
 As it best fits the web-work of his story,  
 With here and there a solitary fact  
 Of consequence by those great chroniclers,  
 Pointed with many a moral apophthegm,  
 And wise old saws, learned at the puppet-shows.'

That Mephistopheles gave wholesome advice to the student to hold on by mere words, is proved also by a comparison of these translations—

'For from a word no jot or tittle  
Can be abstracted, much or little.'

In the nonsensical formulæ of incantations, all have acquitted themselves creditably of their task.

If Anster deviates from the metre of the original when the complets are short, Blackie does so occasionally when they appear to him too long, and that with considerable effect. The scene in which Faust signs the compact, is rendered by Blackie in a spirited manner, and the concluding lines appear to us superior to those of Mr. Martin:—

'If ever with composed mind  
Upon a bed of sloth I lay me,  
My further fate with joy I leave thee!  
Canst thou with soothing flatteries sway me  
That self-complacency I find;  
Canst with enjoyment thou deceive me,  
Then be my latest sand-grain run!  
A wager on it!  
*Meph.* Done!  
*Faust.* And done—  
When to the moment I shall say,  
Stay, thou art so lovely, stay!  
Then with thy fetters bind me round,  
Then perish I with cheerful glee!'

With Mr. Martin's guidance, we will go now carefully through the poem, making clear to ourselves the meaning of every scene, and its connexion with the preceding and following ones.

*Faust and his Study.*—All poets seem to have felt instinctively that the whole subsequent career of Faust arose from his doubt. They all therefore open their plays with a study-scene, in which we see the great scholar surrounded by his books and alchemical apparatus, complaining that, with all his academic learning, he has remained a mere dabbler in idle words. The sight of the rising moon awakens in his breast a deep longing after nature, —to be away from this litter of instruments and books, from this dungeon of a study, into which even the precious light of heaven falls dimmed by the stained glass. How different is this opening from a classical tragedy! In the latter we see man in his relation to the gods and to fate; here we see a man in his relation to the world. This is in fact the distinction between a classical and a romantic tragedy. *Faust* is in all its aspects a romantic poem, and in judging of it as a work of art, we must beware of the serious blunder of measuring it by the



standard of classical art. Taking down a volume of Nostradamus, Faust hopes by the aid of cabalistic science to enter into the mysteries of the spirit-world. On opening the book, his hopes are elated by the sight of the sign of the macrocosm—

‘Not barr’d to man the world of spirits is;  
Thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead!  
Up, student, love—nor dread the bliss—  
Thy earthly breast in the morning red!’

Gazing intently at the sign, he recalls to himself the fundamental doctrines of the Cabala—

‘How all things in one whole do blend,  
One in the other working, living!  
What powers celestial, lo! ascend, descend,  
Each unto each the golden pitchers giving!  
And, wafting blessings from their wings,  
From heaven through farthest earth career.  
While through the universal sphere  
One universal concord rings.’

Faust feels that he has been sitting in his study like an abstract spectre of mediæval spiritualism, and finds now that he has within himself another nature, which with clutching organs holds to the world, and insists on being no longer suppressed for the benefit of the mind. The mind itself has derived little satisfaction from this procedure, but the resolve is made; he will take notice of the suppressed claims of his other nature, and turn to action. But as always those who spin out magnificent systems find the greatest difficulty in passing from meditation to action, so it will also fare ill with Faust ere he restores the equilibrium between his intellectual and sensual nature, ere he unites the enjoyment of his physical and spiritual pleasures. The courage with which he calls upon the spirit of the earth to appear, is soon damped by the rebuke of the spirit. Before he can recover from his surprise he is interrupted by his famulus Wagner. This episode is admirable. Wagner considers knowledge merely as a kind of coin, in exchange for which he may get a living. He is satisfied with mere word-learning, with a knowledge of the outside of things, the possession of which causes Faust's unhappiness. Characteristically he appears ‘in dressing-gown and night-cap, the lamp in his hand.’ He thinks Faust must have been reading Greek tragedies. All the knowledge Wagner has of the emotions of the soul is derived from a study of the classics, and from the passionate cry of despair of his master he means to take a lesson in rhetoric. Had Faust been a man at peace with himself and the world, then this transition would have been humorous, but as he despises it, the transition could only be satirical. From those

deep sentimental tones of the first monologue, Faust rises at once to the height of the bitterest satire. The answer which he returns to Wagner, who thinks it a sublime joy to realize the spirit of a time, and to see to what high pass we have brought things now-a-days, is withering :—

‘ High pass ! Oh yes ! as the welkin high !  
My friend, to us they are, these times gone by,  
A book with seven seals, and what you call  
The spirit of the times, I’ve long suspected,  
Is but the spirit of the men—that’s all,  
In which the times they prate of are reflected.  
And that’s a sight, God wot, so poor, so mean,  
We run away from it as soon as seen ;  
Mere scraps of odds and ends, old crazy lumber,  
In dust-bins only fit to rot and slumber ;  
At best a play on stilts, all strut and glare,  
Gewgaws and glitter, fustian and pretence,  
With maxims strewn of sage pragmatic air,  
That, mouth’d by puppets, pass with fools for sense.

*Wagner.* Ay, but the world ! The heart and soul of man,  
Something of these, may sure be learned by all.

*Faust.* As men call learning, yes, no doubt it can !  
But who the child by its right name will call ?  
The few who something of that knowledge learn’d,  
And were not wise enough a guard to keep  
On their full hearts, but to the people show’d  
The reaches of their soaring thoughts, the deep  
Emotions that within them glow’d,  
Men at all times have crucified and burn’d.’

With his heart nearly bursting within him, the sight of this man cannot but drive Faust to despair. He courteously dismisses him ; and being once more left alone, feels doubly wretched at the sight of books from which he can only learn that mortals have been wretched everywhere.

‘ Ye instruments, at me ye surely mock  
With cog and wheel, and coil and cylinder !  
I at the door of knowledge stood, ye were  
The key which should that door for me unlock ;  
Your wards, I ween, have many a cunning maze,  
But yet the bolts ye cannot, cannot raise.  
Inscrutable in noon-day’s blaze,  
Nature lets no one tear the veil away,  
And what herself she does not choose  
Unask’d before your soul to lay,  
You shall not wrest from her by levers or by screws.’

In all his perplexity he can find no other way of deliverance than that of violently putting an end to himself. The sight of

a phial of poison, and the prospect of a speedy death, bring an unearthly calm to his breast:—

‘ I see thee, and my anguish finds a balm,  
I touch thee, and the turmoil turns to calm !  
My soul's flood-tide is ebbing by degrees.  
A viewless finger beckons me to fleet  
To shoreless seas, where never tempest roars,  
The glassy flood is shining at my feet,  
Another day invites to other shores.

Then come thou down, pure goblet crystalline,  
Out from that time-stained covering of thine,  
Where I unmark'd for years have let thee rest.  
Thou sparkled'st, when my grandsire's feasts were crown'd,  
Lit'st up the smiles of many a sad-brow'd guest,  
As each man to his neighbour pass'd thee round.  
Thy figures, marvels of the artist's craft,  
The drinker's task, to tell their tale in rhyme,  
And drain thy huge circumference at a draught,  
Bring many a night back of my youthful prime.  
I shall not pass thee now to comrade boon,  
Nor torture my invention to explain  
The quaint devices of thy graver's brain.  
Here is a juice intoxicates full soon ;  
Its current brown brims up thy ample bowl.  
Now be this draught, the last I shall prepare,  
In festive greeting quaff'd, with all my soul,  
Unto the morn, that soon shall dawn on me elsewhere !’

But whilst raising the cup to his lips, he suddenly hears the chorus of the angels:—

‘ Christ is ascended !  
Hail the glad token,  
True was it spoken,  
Sin's fetters are broken,  
Men's bondage is ended !’

The sweet remembrance of his youthful days, first called up by the sight of the ancient goblet, now comes upon him with overwhelming force at the sound of the Easter Hymn, and keeps him yet back on this earth. This beautiful transition shows how even in this life the energies of mind and body may work undividedly, as in childhood, to which the pure claims of our sensual nature are not denied, and in which the deepest wants of the soul are satisfied by faith. To restore this state of childish innocence in a peaceable manner, Faust seems to exert himself after having eaten the forbidden fruit of knowledge. Whilst casting back a lingering look on Divine love and revelation, he

begins already to speculate where success is to be found only by faith. This he feels himself bitterly :—

‘ Celestial strains, soft, yet subduing, why,  
Why seek ye me, a crawler in the dust ?  
Ring out for men more pliant-soul'd than I !  
The message though I hear, I lack the faith robust.  
Faith's darling child is miracle. I must,  
I dare not strive to mount to yonder spheres,  
Whence peal these tidings of great joy to men ;  
Yet does the strain, familiar to mine ears  
From childhood, call me back even now to life again.  
Ah, then I felt the kiss of heavenly love  
On me in Sabbath's holy calm descending,  
The bells rang mystic meanings from above,  
A prayer was ecstasy that seem'd unending ;  
A longing sweet, that would not be controll'd,  
Drove me through field and wood ; and from my eyes  
Whilst tears, whose source I could not fathom, roll'd,  
I felt a great glad world for me arise.  
This anthem heralded youth's merriest time,  
The gambols of blythe Spring : now memories sweet,  
Fraught with the feelings of my childhood's prime,  
From the last step decisive stay my feet.  
Oh peal, sweet heavenly anthems, peal as then !  
Tears flood mine eyes, earth has her child again.’

The Titan for the moment once more becomes a child, and, like a child, seeks comfort and relief in tears, which for the moment wash away his sorrow, whilst the concluding strains of the Easter Hymn pour consolation on his heart :—

*Chorus of Disciples.*

He that was buried	On earth we, His chosen,
On high has ascended ;	To suffer remain here,—
There lives in glory,	To suffer and languish
Sublimely attended.	Midst pain and annoy ;
In Heaven whilst He reigneth,	Lord, in our anguish,
For us who was slain here,	We envy Thy joy.

*Chorus of Angels.*

From the lap of corruption,	Break bread together, like
Lo ! Christ has ascended !	Sister and brother !
Rejoice, for the fetters	Preach the glad tidings
That bound you are rended !	To all who will hear you,
Praise him unceasingly,	So will the Master be
Love one another,	Evermore near you !’

*Scene before the Gate.*—That world which Faust has entirely ignored is now to be shown to us. These good promenaders who pass before us, from the mechanics and students who only

care whether their tobacco and beer are good, to the girls whose chief grief is that somebody else is walking with somebody else, and to the townsmen who grumble about the new mayor, are in striking contrast to the preceding scene. There we had the spiritual life carried to an extreme; here we see the quiet sensual vegetable life. Faust feels delighted to see these people, in whose minds has never been a discord as in his, whilst Wagner despises everything that is not akin to his pedantry. The aspect of nature on this spring-day has a soothing influence on Faust. It is a peculiarity of Goethe's, that, after every catastrophe, he brings his heroes for comfort to Nature. So we shall see Faust again after Margaret's fall, after her death (in the opening scene of the second part), and, after his parting from Helen, seeking comfort in the contemplation of Nature. This was entirely in accordance with Goethe's own feelings and practice. When a sudden end was put to his own first romance with Gretchen, he rambled through the fields and woods near Frankfort; when he broke with Lili, he went to Switzerland and Italy; when his Duke died, he retired to Castle Dornburg. Faust inhales new strength with the fresh breezes of this Easter morning:—

' Freed from the ice are river and rill  
 By the quickening glance of the gracious spring;  
 Green with promise are valley and hill.  
 Old winter, palsied and shivering,  
 Back has crept to his mountains bleak,  
 And sends from them, as he flies appall'd,  
 Showers of impotent hail, to streak  
 The fields that are green as emerald.  
 But the sun no shimmer of whiteness brooks;  
 The earth is through all her pores alive,  
 Budding and bursting, and all things strive  
 To enliven with colours their winterly looks;  
 And the landscape, though bare of flowers, makes cheer  
 With people dress'd out in their holiday gear.  
 Turn round, and from this height look down  
 Over the vineyards upon the town.  
 A motley medley is making its way  
 Out from the murky wide-mouth'd gate.  
 Blithely they bask in the sun to-day.  
 The Saviour's rising they celebrate,  
 For they have risen themselves, I ween,  
 From the close damp rooms of their hovels mean,  
 From the bonds of business, and labour, and care,  
 From the gables and roofs that oppress them there,  
 From the stifling closeness of street and land,  
 From the churches' gloom-inspiring night.  
 They all have emerged into the light.  
 But, see, how they are spreading amain

Across the gardens and fields, and how  
 The river, as far as the eye can note,  
 Is all alive with shallop and boat!  
 And look! the last departing now,  
 Laden so deeply it scarce can float.  
 Far up on the hills as the pathways run,  
 Gay dresses are glistering in the sun.  
 Hark now the din of the village! Here  
 Is the people's true heaven. With hearty glee  
 Little and great, how they shout and cheer!  
 Here I am man, here such dare be.'

But when these simple peasants gather around Faust, he feels immediately how little he is understood by them; that loneliness which the scholar feels in a world occupied with mean material enjoyment overcomes him, and his learning, instead of affording him consolation, adds to his wretchedness. What man that rises above the multitude has not felt this? Even thou, O Apollo, hast sung to the sheep of Admetus, and the sheep—went on eating grass. But when Orpheus sang, who could not sing half as well, even the rocks and trees began to dance. Alas, when we find great applause amongst vegetable humanity, we may be sure that we have not risen above mediocrity, whilst those who attain the highest excellence must be satisfied to stand alone, without finding an echo in a kindred heart! Now the poodle appears, in whom Wagner sees nothing but a poodle, as he can only perceive the outside of things. Faust's spiritual insight immediately discovers the demon. The poodle comes nearer, and follows Faust into his study, which means, that as Faust has renounced all deeper insight into, and knowledge of nature, his desires incline the more towards that sensual and material enjoyment, excited by the aspect of the people and scenery around him.

*Second scene in Faust's Study.*—On re-entering his study a sense of homeliness steals over Faust, with which he sits down to his accustomed work. He begins to translate the Gospel of St John, but the very first line re-awakens all his doubts. The much-controverted passage has been most aptly chosen. At first he translates: 'In the beginning was the *Word*,' but immediately he changes it for *Sense*, then for *Power*, and finally he writes confidently: 'In the beginning was the *Deed*.'

' "In the beginning was the *Word*." 'Tis writ.  
 Here on the threshold I must pause, perforce;  
 And who will help me onwards in my course?  
 No, by no possibility is't fit,  
 I should the naked word so highly rate.  
 Some other way must I the words translate,  
 If by the spirit I be rightly taught.

"In the beginning was the *Sense*!" 'Tis writ.  
 The first line ponder well. Is it  
 The *Sense*, which is of each created thing  
 The primal cause, and regulating spring?  
 It should stand thus: "In the beginning was  
 The *Power*!" Yet even as I write, I pause.  
 A something warns me, this will not content me.  
 Lo! help is by the spirit sent me!  
 I see my way; with lightning speed  
 The meaning flashes on my sight,  
 And with assured conviction thus I write:  
 "In the beginning was the *Deed*!"

This translation is highly characteristic of Goethe's philosophy of life. It was in activity that he sought consolation in all his afflictions. '*Vivere memento*'—remember to live—was his constantly repeated motto. What *had been* done was often uninteresting for him, but what was *being done*, wherever and by whomsoever it might be, always engaged his sympathy and his attention. 'Let the children of Nature run,' he says, 'and Mother Nature will show the way.'

That the poodle, who has been getting more and more restless, should at this passage begin to howl frantically, is likewise a masterly point. The devil will turn Faust's attention to idleness, to mere brutal enjoyment, and that he should begin to entertain such a high opinion of activity, bids fairly to destroy all his hopes of success. The demoniacal nature of the poodle having manifested itself, we are at once, by the Song of the Spirits in the passage, transferred to another sphere, where the existence of spirits becomes a reality. Faust begins to exorcise the poodle by the 'spell of the four'—an invocation of the four kinds of spirits known to the Cabala, viz., Salamandri, fire-spirits; Undinæ or Nymphæ, water-spirits; Sylvani or Sylphi, air-spirits; and Pygmæi, or earth-spirits, which latter are also called gnomes and cobbolds. The source from which Goethe drew his information on this point was Paracelsus ('*De nymphis, sylphis, pygmæis et salamandris et de ceteris spiritibus*') and Morhof's *Polyhistor* ('*De libris cabbalisticis*') and not the book of Villars, as Hayward supposes. As the poodle continues swelling, and the spirit will not yield, Faust uses a stronger incantation, in which, besides the elementary spirit, the *spiritus familiaris* is invoked, and the incubus called upon in conclusion. The third formula of exorcism, the invocation of the Trinity, forces the spirit to show himself in the person of Mephistopheles, dressed as a travelling scholar. That the devil should appear in the guise of a scholar is a bitter sarcasm on the learning of the schools, on the past studies of

Faust. The answers which Mephistopheles gives to the questions of Faust, have been ably commented upon by Professor Masson, in his Essay on 'The Three Devils,' originally published in this Review, to which we must refer the reader. Mephistopheles is not the traditional devil of the middle ages; there is nothing so very terrible about him; he is a witty and experienced man of the world, who prefers to be called 'Baron.' Nor is he the father of lies. From beginning to end he always speaks the *bitter* truth. But there is a total absence of everything good. Whilst knowing that everything is rotten to the core, that everything which has originated deserves to be annihilated, he does not endeavour to mend matters. He has all the information of Parent-Duchatelet without the loving spirit of the French philanthropist. Wherever a screw is loose, he is the man to point it out and to enjoy the discovery. Mephistopheles at first cleverly manages to persuade Faust that a bond with him is possible; and that this may be done profitably, he immediately demonstrates by the enchantment of Faust and by the bewitching song of the spirits—a song which has bewitched since many a one besides Faust, only with this difference, that he is the only one whom it has sung to sleep. First the incantation charms away the gloomy study, then the sky is cleared of clouds, so that the sun and stars may shine down brightly.

'Disappear, disappear,  
Ye dark arches drear!  
Let the blue sky of heaven  
Look down on us here,  
The beautiful blue sky  
With friendliest cheer!

Hence, clouds, begone,  
That gloomily darkle!  
Lo now, anon,  
Little stars sparkle,  
Mellower suns  
Shine in on us here.'

From this pure sky the forms of angels are seen descending, who in loving couples float down to rest on earth in blooming bowers:—

'Heaven's sons, bright  
In the spirits arraying,  
In hovering flight  
Are bending and swaying.  
Souls with a passionate  
Upward aspiring,  
View them, pursue them,  
Soaring untiring!

And ribbons gay  
Are flashing and gleaming  
Where lovers stray,  
Musing and dreaming,  
Stray on by grove  
And meadow, requiting  
Love with return of love,  
Life for life lighting!'

Heaven has now descended on earth, and an image of the most luxuriant life of nature is brought before us. The line we have marked in italics is a sad blot on Mr. Martin's otherwise most spirited rendering:—



' Bower on bower shining ! Tendrils entwining ! Grapes in huge clusters Piled o'er and o'er, Under the wine-press <i>Spurting their gore.</i> Seething and foaming,	Wines gush into rills, O'er the enamell'd stones Rush from the hills. Broaden to lakes, that Reflect from their sheen Mountains and brakes, that Are mantled in green.'
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From this happy land the chorus of the spirits carries us gently on to the blessed isles :—

' And birds of all feather, Pure rapture inhaling, Sunward are sailing, Sailing together, On to the isles That lie smiling and dreaming,	Where the bright billows Are rippling and gleaming ; Where we see jocund bands Dance on before us, Over the meadow lands Shouting in chorus.'
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All are striving in an ethereal flight towards the same blessed goal :—

' All in the free air Every way rambling ; Some up the mountains Climbing and scrambling ; Some o'er the lakes and seas Floating and swimming. Others upon the breeze Flying and skimming ;	All to the sources Of life pressing onward, Flush'd by the forces, That carry them sunward ; On to the measureless Spaces above them, On where the stars bless The spirits that love them.'
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Whilst Faust is asleep, Mephistopheles escapes. This foretaste of sensual enjoyment charms Faust so, that at his next meeting with Mephistopheles in the

*Third Study-scene*, he is driven to such a height of excitement, that he shatters and curses this world of disappointment and deception, gives up the other world in a bold wager, and severs the bond of his sensual and spiritual energies, which he had just now been so anxious to find. He casts aside all desire for knowledge and speculation, and hurls himself into the tumult of the passions, bursting all links of habit.

' There, methinks, would be *enjoyment*, more than in this march of *mind*,

In the steamship, in the railway, in the *thoughts* that shake mankind.

There the *passions*, cramped no longer, shall have scope and breathing-space :

I will take some savage woman—she shall rear my dusky race.'

And through all this raving of despair sounds the chorus of the spirits, first plaintively, then sympathizing and encouraging. With a sorrowful heart, even without a belief in the power of

the devil and the possibility of happiness, he enters on his compact with Mephistopheles. Yet he seems to have some lingering hope that he may be able to drown those feelings which he in vain craves to satisfy:—

'If e'er at peace on sluggard's couch I lie,  
Then may my life upon the instant cease!  
Cheat thou me ever by thy glozing wile,  
So that I cease to scorn myself, or e'er  
My senses with a perfect joy beguile,  
Then be that day my last! I offer fair;  
How say'st thou?

*Mephisto.* Done!

*Faust.* My hand upon it! There!  
If to the passing moment, e'er I say,  
'O linger yet! Thou art so fair!'  
Then cast me into chains you may,  
Then will I die without a care!  
Then may the death-bell sound its call.  
Then art thou from my service free,  
The clock may stand, the index fall,  
And time and tide may cease for me!'

The compact having been signed, Faust retires to prepare for his journey with Mephistopheles, who in a soliloquy, the tone of which reminds us strongly of the prologue in heaven, pointedly expresses the causes of Faust's fall, and his own designs with him:—

'Only scorn reason, knowledge, all that can  
Give strength, or might, or dignity to man,  
And let thyself be only more and more  
Besotted by the spirit of lies,  
With faith in necromantic lore,  
Its shams, delusions, sorceries,  
And thou art mine beyond recall!  
Fate to this man a soul has given  
That brooks not to be held in thrall,  
But onward evermore is driven,  
And on its own mad fancies bent,  
In earth's delights finds no content.  
Him will I drag through all the fires  
Of passions, appetites, desires.  
Through all the dull unmeaning round  
Of man and woman, sight and sound.  
Oh! he shall sprawl, be stunn'd, stick fast  
In sheer bewilderment at last.  
His longings infinite to whet,  
Dainties and drink shall dance before  
His fever'd lips; nor shall he get

The peace he'll pray for evermore.  
 Here and hereafter such as he  
 Are mark'd for doom; *and even although*  
*He had not sold himself to me,*  
*He must perforce have come to woe.'*

Mephistopheles, habited in Faust's gown, next receives a student just arrived at the university, who comes to ask the doctor's advice as to the best course of studies he is to pursue. Every line of this scene, says Mr. Lewes, is a withering sarcasm on every branch of science. And this scene is just placed there, where books are laid aside for ever, and every effort for a peaceful solution of the contest between spiritualism and sensualism is given up. Faust on returning expresses some diffidence as to his success in the world, as he wants the easy manners of society and a prepossessing appearance. But Mephistopheles assures him:—'My dear friend, all that will come of its own accord; so soon as you feel *confidence* in yourself you know the art of life.' Confidence! a quality peculiar to those who just enter life—to young men. *Faust throws off his manhood, and returns to youth, with all its strength and follies.* What Faust does now all Germany did when this scene was written. Winkelmann and Goethe diverted the nation from purely spiritualistic science to art; but whilst these two brought back the better part of a dissatisfied nation to a happy age of youth, the unruly spirits, the Fausts, rushed into the extremest sensualism. Schlegel wrote his *Lucinde*, Heinse his *Ardinghello*. But let us catch hold of a corner of Mephisto's cloak, and follow him on his journey with Faust to *Auerbach's Cellar in Leipzig*.—This scene, together with the scene in the witch's kitchen, and the May-day Night, have sorely shocked some people's sense of propriety. Coleridge, who from his preconceived notions as to how he would write a *Faust*, could not judge Goethe's poem fairly, will nevertheless be considered a well-qualified judge of the comparative excellence of the different scenes, for he knew all the tricks of the poet's craft from experience. The scene in Auerbach's cellar is perhaps the very best, he says; 'and also the one on the Brocken is very fine.' And Shelley, by preference, translated the Brocken scene. It may not be pleasant to look on brutalized humanity, but its exhibition in this place was absolutely necessary.

In the preceding scene (Mephisto's conversation with the student) we saw the academical *learning*—dead, worthless; here we see the academical *life*—low, dissipated. It is the life of German students at the time, as it has been well portrayed in Kortüm's *Jobsiade* and in Zachariae's *Renommist*. Every character in this scene, little though each of them speaks, is drawn

with such a distinctness that we could mistake each of them for the principal character. To a great poet every character is the principal character. Shakspeare draws his meanest servants as carefully and distinctly as his kings and queens. Faust throughout this scene remains taciturn. He has come to seek the highest enjoyment, and finds the lowest. Retzsch has well rendered the meaning of the poet by representing Faust as leaning abstractedly against a table, without taking any notice of the revellers. Luden, the historian, who sometimes bored Goethe by reckoning up at great length the chronology of Faust's life, said to him one day:—'I could take my oath upon it, that the scene in Auerbach's cellar was written by the student-poet during his first session at Leipzig. It is so fresh, so lifelike and true, that it can only have sprung up from and amidst the immediate influence of academic life.' But how greatly was he mistaken! Goethe wrote this scene in the greatest mental anguish, at the time that he tore himself from his Lili, and, like Faust, attempted to drown his sorrow.

It is not less characteristic, that the following scene in the *witch's kitchen*, was written at Rome, in the garden of the Villa Borghese. Here Faust passes from material grossness to spiritual grossness. The whole absurd apparatus of the witch and her craft are exhibited, the sieve, the kettle, the phials, with here and there a joke on bad poets. In reading the mad nonsense of this scene, one remembers the words of Eckermann: 'He shrugged his shoulders when they found a sense in so many a senseless thing, and did not understand so many a plain sensible thing.' German commentators have shown how difficult it is for some people to take a joke. They have sought mystic meanings in things which were intended to have no meaning, but should withal, by their strange weird sound, confuse all common sense.<sup>1</sup> The witch is to restore to Faust his youth by a magic potion. Jacob Grimm has observed how strange it is that, as well amongst ancient as modern nations, the task of rejuvenescence should be assigned to *old* women, who naturally would not hesitate to be the first to profit by the secret. Faust also sees this absurdity, and asks: 'But why the old women in particular?' However, he swallows the philter, which means, that every man, though he may ever so much abhor the low company around him, yet is infected when coming in constant

<sup>1</sup> The scene in the second part, which corresponds to the Witch's Kitchen, is Faust's descent to the Mothers. Even Mr. Lewes has taken this scene seriously, and puzzles himself what the Mothers may mean. The meaning is simply that there is no meaning, but a portentous word is uttered with the intention of bewildering the hearer. Verily, Goethe here has succeeded with a vengeance!

contact with their desires and habits. In all this grossness Faust finds one thing. In a magic mirror he perceives the form of a beautiful woman. He now is prepared to pass from the phase of mere material enjoyment to that of *sentiment*. And thus in the next scene we witness

*Faust's meeting with Margaret.*—Who is to describe the witchery of the following scenes? Painters have vied with each other in representing to our eyes the visions of the poet. The common people of England, who have never heard the name of Goethe, speak of his Poem as '*Faust and Margaret*.' And indeed we cannot be surprised that the people took out of the poem these scenes as favourites. For they are so closely connected, growing one out of the other, and so simply intelligible, that no commentary is needed. All commentators have done nothing but told the course of the story. Goethe wrote these scenes during his first happy acquaintance with Lili, and although the name was taken from his first love, yet the maiden herself is Lili. Faust, otherwise so shy, has imbibed a sufficient amount of sensuality amongst his bad companions, that he boldly offers his arm to the simple maiden, who is returning from the cathedral. But she disengages herself, and passes on with a curt reply. Mephistopheles, in the ensuing conversation, pretends to oppose himself to Faust's desire, only in order to excite his passion the more. In this he succeeds at first, but scarcely has Faust entered the sphere of his Margaret than all sensuality vanishes. In Margaret's room he feels ashamed of himself; his heart grows heavy when he thinks why he first accosted her. His feelings are purified by the contact with her, and throughout the *garden-scene* his conversation breathes the purest love. To heighten this contrast, Goethe lets each couple, Faust and Margaret, and Mephistopheles and Martha, pass three times before us, the conversation of the former couple forming a climax, that of the latter an anti-climax,—Martha, who scarcely has heard of her husband's death, already trying to ensnare Mephisto, and the judicious Mephisto, keeping clear of her snares, till at the end he finds out that men should never trifle with women; and Martha complains of not being understood. On the other hand, Margaret and Faust have arrived at understanding each other. But Faust has chosen his evil companion, and already, in the next scene, in the *summer-house*, Mephistopheles intrudes upon him, and his holiest feelings are coarsely sneered at. To escape from the tempter he flees into solitude, and we now find him in *wood and cavern*. But since men, who are not at peace with themselves, and are plagued by doubts, always suffer most in solitude, so it happens that Faust, just in his solitude, succumbs to the tempter. He cannot resist the evil thoughts crowding

upon him, and only wishes that the pang may be short. During this time Margaret has been disconsolate about the absence of her lover; no evil thoughts assail her, though she is alone with her sorrow. The simple duties of the household prevent her from falling a prey to despair, and at her *spinning-wheel* she utters her grief in a simple song:—

' My peace is gone,	His noble form,
My heart is sore;	His bearing high,
'Tis gone for ever	His mouth's sweet smile,
And evermore.	His mastering eye;
Where he is not	And the magic flow
Is the grave to me,	Of his talk, the bliss
The whole world's changed,	In the clasp of his hand,
Ah, bitterly!	And, oh, his kiss!
I sit and I ponder	My peace is gone,
One only thought;	My heart is sore;
My senses wander,	'Tis gone for ever
My brain's distraught.	And evermore.
My peace is gone,	For him doth my bosom
My heart is sore;	Cry out and pine;
'Tis gone for ever	Oh, if I might clasp him,
And evermore.	And keep him mine!
From my window to greet him	And kiss him, kiss him,
I gaze all day,	As fain would I,
I stir out, if meet him	I'd faint on his kisses,
I only may.	Yes, faint and die!

The lovers meet again in *Martha's Garden*. The simple maiden has now learned so much by her sorrow that she knows the cause of Faust's unhappiness to be want of faith. She therefore catechises him, in her simple manner, on his faith. To her all consolation seems naturally to come from a simple belief in the doctrines of the Church. But that is just what Faust has all cast aside. Nevertheless, Margaret feels that she is wholly his. There is an irresistible charm in this scene. The planet of love is on high; there is no cloud, no breath of wind; all is peace and love and happiness. Then, like a thunderbolt from the bright sky, comes the scene of *Margaret at the Well*. The simple girl is mourning for the loss of her innocence, and this prepares us for her repentance before the image of the Virgin. The scene by the well shows us Margaret in her position towards the world; the Zwinger scene shows us her position towards God. In the *Death of Valentine* is vividly depicted the position of Faust both towards God and man. Valentine is but a rough soldier, who has no nice ideas about manners; but he knows how to keep his honour, and his dear sister's disgrace

gives him the deepest heart-stab of all. From this scene of horror Margaret takes refuge in the cathedral, to which her naturally pure mind leads her. But here a full consciousness of her guilt comes upon her. She feels terrified at her own thoughts, and swoons away. Faust, on the other hand, being once sullied by crime, is hurried away to the *Walpurgis-night*. The May-day Night is clearly divisible into three parts. Ascending the Brocken, we rise from a lower scene of bestiality to a higher one. On entering the enchanted sphere, Faust is at first filled with better feelings by the aspect of nature, but these are soon suppressed by Mephistopheles, who desires nothing but a broomstick. The witch Baubo, as the representative of shamelessness, introduces them into the second circle. Baubo was the nurse of Demeter, who, by her indecent behaviour and conversation, excited the laughter of the goddess when she was mourning for the loss of her children. In the second circle, the General, Minister, and Parvenu are introduced, canting that all is vanity, and clamouring that the world should be fashioned according to their wishes, instead of accommodating themselves to it. Lilith opens the third circle, which is that of the lowest sensual enjoyment. According to the Rabbinical tradition, Lilith was a wife of Adam, whom God created of earth, before Eve. But having quarrelled with Adam, she ran away and became an evil spirit. In her beautiful hair a large number of devils are said to have taken up their abode. Goethe, as the fragments show, intended to carry out this scheme of the *Walpurgis-night*, and the final scene exists fully written out. In it Satan appears on his throne and receives the homage of his faithful, after which a human sacrifice is offered to the evil spirit. In all this mad confusion and licentiousness of the *Walpurgis-night*, Faust begins to think of his love, and this one thought prevents him, in all this degradation, from sinking entirely. He is beside himself, when he hears, in the next scene, that Margaret is a wretched prisoner under sentence of death. On magic horses he hastens with Mephistopheles to her rescue. They pass by the Ravenstone:—

*Faust*. What weave they yonder round the Ravenstone?

*Meph*. Can't tell what mess they have on hand.

*Faust*. They wave up, they wave down, they are swaying and stooping.

*Meph*. A witches' guild.

*Faust*. They strew and make libation.

*Meph*. Push on! push on!

This is like a picture by Rembrandt.

And now we come to the concluding scene, where we see Margaret for the last time. Her reason gone, conscious of guilt

and shame; and through all this, bright as when we first saw her, shines the natural innocence of her heart. She is ready to suffer, determined not to go with the man she loves, trembling to look upon him, whilst *that one* is with him.

Let us cast a final look upon this picture, which man never looked on without weeping. On the one side a man, who in his pride would know what held the world together in its inmost core, put to shame by the child on the other side, and that child guilty in the eyes of the world. What has become of Faust? Where are his mighty impulses? Mr. Martin has translated all the scenes in the Margaret with unusual truth and feeling. He has been especially felicitous in this last—giving to English readers no imperfect representation, not only of the tenderness and beauty of the original, but also of the power of the genius which can raise a peasant girl condemned for infanticide into a teacher of eternal lessons, and make her cell the scene of conflict between the good and evil influences which have power on the race of man.

We have left out the *Intermezzo*, which only interrupts the development of the drama. This *intermezzo*, a mere parenthesis, has become a very paradise for commentators. We only add the commonly received interpretation of some of the personages. The Purist is Johann Campe, of Robinson celebrity; the Weathercock alludes to the Stolbergs; Hennings was a Danish *Hofrath*, who had written against the *Xenien*, a puffing periodical which had just ceased to exist; Inquisitive Traveller, Nicolai; Crane, Lavater; Worldling, Goethe himself. The rest of the couplets apply to the various philosophical and political parties mentioned in the headings. It is apparent that each epigram is not spoken by the person indicated in the heading, but that some must be taken as reflections on that person.

It is rather curious that A. W. von Schlegel should have pretended, in conversation with Mr. Hayward, not to recollect all the allusions in the *intermezzo*. He knew them well enough, and it seems more likely that his pretended ignorance was an instance of that petty spite which he indulged in against the great poet, who had called him a jackanapes (Maulaffe).

Whether the second part of *Faust* be an elaborate mistake, as Mr. Lewes has called it, or not, the fact remains that Goethe did write a second part. We do not think that this second part is unworthy of the great poet, and in fact we think quite otherwise, and trust that Mr. Martin will yet give us a translation of the whole poem, the first part of which he has rendered in such an admirable manner.



ART. V.—*Ecce Homo: A Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ.* Macmillan & Co., 1866.

It is not too much to say that the great conflict, even of distinctively Christian faith in the present day, must be more and more, not with Theism or Deism, but Atheism itself, and Atheism of no common order,—not an Atheism that revolts cultivated men by its coarseness and alienates earnest men by its levity, but Atheism allied with manly and courageous science; Atheism contending for its right to a warm glow of spiritual feeling; Atheism speaking humbly of Nature as the great teacher; Atheism courting poetry as the fountain of all pure delight. And when we speak of Atheism, we do not mean, of course, the positive denial of a God, for all the intellectual scepticism of the day is learning true modesty, and asserting its own ignorance, rather than denying anything. Nay, many of the most learned and eminent men, whose teaching is morally and spiritually, as we believe, though not intellectually indistinguishable from Atheism—because they take the utmost pains to extinguish trust in the love of a personal Father,—earnestly deny the imputation of intellectual Atheism, which they feel to be an absurdity. Thus a distinguished man of science, to whom the world has much reason to be grateful, and by the side of whom the most eminent men may feel their inferiority, Professor Huxley, has recently been teaching working men that 'there is but one kind of knowledge, and but one method of acquiring it;' that that kind of knowledge makes 'scepticism the highest of duties, blind faith the one unpardonable sin,'—all faith being described as 'blind' which accepts anything on *any kind* of authority but that of scientific experience. He describes the true religion as 'worship, "for the most part of the silent sort," at the altar of the Unknown and Unknowable,' and proclaims 'justification, not by faith, but by verification,'<sup>1</sup> as the gospel of modern science. But Professor Huxley warmly repudiates Atheism as being at least as absurd as Polytheism, though it is clear that he does so on the intellectual ground of the marvellous unity and order of nature; for all his teaching is expressly directed to extinguish the spiritual instinct of trust, regarding the spiritual world from which Christ took the veil as a vacuum, and the kingdom of God within us, which He came to rule, as a kingdom of dreams. We should be very sorry to ignore a distinction to which the persons most concerned attach any importance, and

<sup>1</sup> See the remarkable 'Lay Sermon,' first read by Professor Huxley to a working class meeting, on Sunday evening, at St. Martin's Hall, and published in the *Fortnightly Review* for the 15th January.

it is obviously unfair to use a term supposed to convey moral opprobrium, of any one who rejects it for himself. But as regards the only aspects in which we care to discuss the matter at all, an absolute rejection of the principle of spiritual *trust* is a denial, not indeed of the God of the universe, but of the God of the human soul, and will work therefore as a total eclipse of God in all moral and spiritual concerns. Again, we find in the present day a *school*, as we fear we must call it, growing up, of refined, discriminating, and at least, for the purpose of intellectual and poetic *nuances*, very delicate criticism, the most modern tendencies of which we may take as represented by the writer, said, we believe truly, to be a young man just starting on his intellectual career, who criticised Coleridge in the last number of the *Westminster Review*. This school of thought, taking its departure from a spirit and purpose as different as possible from that of the men of pure science, indeed, expressing an almost supercilious contempt for the mob, expresses also a joy unspeakable, which its members pet in themselves, in gazing on the delicate colouring and beauty of those spiritual petals which the natures of the gifted few, who are favoured by fine soil and finer culture, put forth here and there, to distinguish themselves from the 'dim common populations.' Yet they too describe the Christian faith as an enthusiasm which is evidence only of rare moral possibilities in man, not of any God of unfathomable love. If this school is to gain ground, we shall have even 'the wonder and bloom of the world' turning against God, and preferring to trace their descent downwards to a root of clay, instead of upwards to the eternal glory of the heavens. Now, when high-minded scientific men set up their altar at Charing Cross to a not only Unknown but 'Unknowable' God, and the democratic secularists of the *Westminster Review* sacrifice their radicalism for the sake of an alliance with an intellectual aristocrat—almost an intellectual 'exquisite'—only because he has disburdened himself of God, it is time for Christians to reflect somewhat seriously how they have managed to combine against them—first, the aristocracy of science, most worthily represented by Professor Huxley—explaining, as we have seen it said, between the bursts of music selected from Haydn's *Creation*, that, in the beginning, the Spirit 'of the Unknown and Unknowable' brooded on the face of the waters, saying, 'Let light be, and light was ;'—next, the men of the working class secularists themselves, who went in numbers to hear Professor Huxley's eloquent and thoughtful scepticism ;—finally, the aristocracy of poetic feeling, as represented by the intellectual critic, who, for this purpose only, was permitted to recommend, in an able democratic Quarterly, a higher appreciation of those 'remote, refined, in-

tense feelings, existing only *by the triumph of a few* over a dead world of routine, in which there is no lifting of the soul at all.'

Of course, the true shortcomings among Christians, which render these strange phenomena possible, must be rather spiritual than intellectual; and the answer can be found in books at all only so far as the intellect reflects the deficiencies, and can therefore at times detect the deficiencies of our spiritual nature. But to this extent the author of *Ecce Homo* will give us, at least, a partial reply to our question. It is long since we have read any book that has treated the Christian faith in a more comprehensive and more truly Christian spirit, alike in relation to the claims of science, the wants of the great masses of the people, and to the more delicate graces and bloom of spiritual culture. We do not say that we think his point of view always as strong as it might be, or his adjustment of the many complex and difficult issues raised between the modern or 'relative' spirit, and the eternal revelation of God, always satisfactory. The book was not written to answer the questions we have asked, but to satisfy the writer's own mind as to what Christ claimed to do, how far He can be said to have accomplished it, and by what means? But with the instinct of true culture, he has necessarily discussed this matter with all the hostile tendencies of the modern scepticism full in his mind; and where he has not precisely met them, he has given us the means of seeing how he would meet them in his modes of statement. We think that we can best convey our strong sense of the power and truthfulness of his book, by bringing out, with this able writer's help, the true attitude of Christian faith, so far as we can clearly determine it, in relation to the scepticism of science, which finds the Christian faith an illusion, the scepticism of secular industry, which finds the Christian faith practically inoperative to help it, and the scepticism of æsthetic refinement, which finds the Christian faith in 'the absolute' far too clumsy and unmanageable an instrument for the delicate discrimination of the modern 'relative spirit.'

There is no point more powerfully brought out in *Ecce Homo* than the absolutely regal character of Christ's spiritual legislation, the infinite height from which it descends upon the hearts of His disciples, searching their most secret motives, and yet, though with an entire absence of any visible machinery for frightening or bribing them into compliance, having an unparalleled success in revolutionizing the morality, and at least as completely the religion, of ages. Mahomet, indeed, as our author points out, established a faith quite as successful, and no doubt a faith not without grandeur and truth; but then he began by founding a dynasty,—that is, by the use of influences a thousand times more vulgar,—to rivet his hold on the imagi-

nation; and he attempted, even with this aid, infinitely less; never putting forward any of Christ's imperious claims to purge the secret thoughts and hearts of His disciples, by spiritual principles the most subtle and the most universal. Christ commenced a reign infinitely more powerful in practical life than that of any dynasty of kings, or all the dynasties of all the kings of earthly empires, by the mere unsupported assertion of His authority during a year or two of obscure life. His word established *itself*, and this for centuries after His ignominious death. The question is to what to ascribe this wonderful reign of one, who, if the sceptics are right, without any pretence to supernatural power, proceeded on a false method, and asserted an illegitimate claim. 'The improver of natural knowledge,' says Professor Huxley, in the name of men of science, 'absolutely refuses to acknowledge authority as such.' And he labours to show that all that is solid in our intellectual, moral, and spiritual life, is built up on a gradual experience of facts, and a temper that vehemently challenges authority (moral no less than intellectual), and will accept nothing which it has not proved for itself. In other words, Professor Huxley maintains that the method of the inductive sciences is the only method by which any human creature can arrive at any sort of truth. If he is right, there are but two alternatives for explaining the power of Christ's inward legislation. Either it must have been legislation only in name, and be really the result of a series of accurate moral experiments, which our Lord only appeals to other human beings' experience to confirm,—experiments on the practical value of mercy, justice, purity of heart, the power of prayer, and the negation of these (for no inductive experiment can be of any force till it has tried both alternatives),—or it must have been a misleading power, succeeding by the inherent slavishness of human ignorance, and the undermining of which is the great desideratum of our day. Now, that Christ's legislation is not of the first kind, no one who has the faintest insight into it will dream of asserting,—assuredly no one who reads the delineation of it given in *Ecce Homo*:—

'In defining as above the position which Christ assumed, we have not entered into controvertible matter. We have not rested upon single passages, nor drawn upon the fourth Gospel. To deny that Christ did undertake to found and to legislate for a new theocratic society, and that he did claim the office of Judge of mankind, is indeed possible, but only to those who altogether deny the credibility of the extant biographies of Christ. If those biographies be admitted to be generally trustworthy, then Christ undertook to be what we have described; if not, then of course this, but also every other, account of him falls to the ground.

'When we contemplate this scheme as a whole, and glance at the execution and results of it, three things strike us with astonishment. First, its prodigious originality, if the expression may be used. What other man has had the courage or elevation of mind to say, "I will build up a state by the mere force of my will, without help from the kings of the world, without taking advantage of any of the secondary causes which unite men together—unity of interest or speech, or blood-relationship. I will make laws for my state which shall never be repealed, and I will defy all the powers of destruction that are at work in the world to destroy what I build?"'

'Secondly, we are astonished at the calm confidence with which the scheme was carried out. The reason why statesmen can seldom work on this vast scale is that it commonly requires a whole lifetime to gain that ascendancy over their fellow-men which such schemes presuppose. Some of the leading organizers of the world have said, "I will work my way to supreme power, and then I will execute great plans." But Christ overleaped the first stage altogether. He did not work his way to royalty, but simply said to all men, "I am your king." He did not struggle forward to a position in which he could found a new state, but simply founded it.

'Thirdly, we are astonished at the prodigious success of the scheme. It is not more certain that Christ presented himself to men as the founder, legislator, and judge of a divine society, than it is certain that men have accepted him in these characters, that the divine society has been founded, that it has lasted nearly two thousand years, that it has extended over a large and the most highly civilized portion of the earth's surface, and that it continues full of vigour at the present day.'

Nor is this method, whether true or false, unique. Certainly the application of it by our Lord is infinitely bolder and more successful than in any other era of human history; but it seems probable that all great constitutive and organizing influences spring into life in the same way, by the aid of an authority coming more or less from above; that nations are born out of the moral impulse given by a single commanding personality, instead of being joint-stock companies voluntarily associating for civil purposes; that civilisations are crystallized, fixed, and broken up through the vibration of a single wave of moral conviction; in a word, that societies are governed, as societies, not by scientific generalizations from particular experience, but by subduing moral principles, that, once uttered, seize upon the conscience, and inform the body politic with a living spirit. It seems nearly certain that all great past revolutions are traceable, not to correct inferences duly tested, but to discoveries of a higher life (whether human or superhuman), which is no sooner discerned than it brings the heart into captivity, and justifies itself, not 'by verification,' but 'by faith.'

Now, compare this with Professor Huxley's teaching, and we

may gain some glimpse into the true attitude of Christian faith towards the spirit of modern science. Mr. Huxley states his own view very clearly. All knowledge, he says, is of one sort, proceeding from the observation of natural facts to a study of their order, and breaking into what he calls religion at the point wherever (for the time, that is) the effort of the mind to pass the bounds set to natural knowledge fails:—

‘I cannot but think that the foundations of all natural knowledge were laid when the reason of man first came face to face with the facts of nature; when the savage first learned that the fingers of one hand are fewer than those of both; that it is shorter to cross a stream than to head it; that a stone stops where it is unless it be moved, and that it drops from the hand which lets it go; that light and heat come and go with the sun; that sticks burn away in a fire; that plants and animals grow and die; that if he struck his fellow-savage a blow he would make him angry, and perhaps get a blow in return, while, if he offered him a fruit, he would please him, and perhaps receive a fish in exchange. When men had acquired this much knowledge, the outlines, rude though they were, of mathematics, of physics, of chemistry, of biology, of moral, economical, and political science, were sketched. Nor did the germ of religion fail when science began to bud. To use words which, though new, are yet three thousand years old:—

“ . . . When in heaven the stars about the moon  
Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,  
And every height comes out, and jutting peak  
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens  
Break open to their highest, and all the stars  
Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart.”

But if the half-savage Greek could share our feelings thus far, it is irrational to doubt that he went further, to find, as we do, that upon that brief gladness there follows a certain sorrow, the little light of awakened human intelligence shines so mere a spark amidst the abyss of the unknown and unknowable; seems so insufficient to do more than illuminate the imperfections that cannot be remedied, the aspirations that cannot be realized, of man's own nature. But in this sadness, this consciousness of the limitation of man, this sense of an open secret which he cannot penetrate, lies the essence of all religion; and the attempt to embody it in the forms furnished by the intellect is the origin of all theology.’

Here then we have the strongest possible contrast of methods. The historical student of Christ's life, entering on his work, as he tells us, without having formed any clear conception of the significance of the subject he was to study, cannot avoid seeing the assumption of an amazing legislative authority over the most secret attitudes of the wills and affections of men, enforced either by no visible power at all, or by no visible power that

the modern scientific man will admit; embodied in no written code, and proceeding from lips which had scarcely uttered the new law when they were closed in death; yet he sees that this legislative authority was not nominal, but real,—that it spread from conscience to conscience and heart to heart, till it undermined the Roman power, founded institutions which all over the West are potent still, and changed the secret motives and the spiritual beliefs even more than the outward actions of those on whom it laid its grasp. The scientific student, on the other hand, tells us that doubt—the rejection of this sort of authority—is in all cases, and every department of life, 'the highest of duties'; the keenest scepticism the highest of virtues; that moral knowledge, like all other, is the product of a careful study of the consequences of different kinds of conduct; and that religious *knowledge*, properly so called, does not exist at all, religion being properly only a tone of feeling,—a name for the humility which wise men feel towards the Unknown and Unknowable.

The contrast seems to us as instructive as it is strongly marked: science reproaching history with being founded on a tissue of fable; history ignoring science through the necessity which obliges it to follow those great streams of organizing and constitutive social principles which always originate in sources above the analysis of the scientific understanding. Professor Huxley is committing the very same mistake, on behalf of the scientific principle, which Christians of all creeds, but most of all the Roman Catholic Church, have committed on behalf of the theological principle. Recognising the inherent divinity of the revelation which at once humiliates and elevates, refines and enlarges, saddens and rejoices, the heart of man, Christian theology has always been in danger of annexing to its province those accidentally connected fields of thought, by the aid of which its truths have been expressed and illustrated. As lawyers assume that a grant of land includes a grant of all the tower of space above it up to the very zenith, so theologians have assumed that the breadth of heaven measured by a Divine revelation must carry with it all the depths beneath, down to the very earth illumined by its light. And the Roman Church has gone further still, and maintained, with Dr. Newman, a principle of development which claims 'preservative additions,' as bulwarks of the ground already won, until, as in our Indian Empire, State after State is annexed, to insure the safety of what had been annexed before; and the theological principle has exiled every other from the realm of human nature. The blunder which theologians have thus made, the men of science are now retorting upon them. They have established their

principles firmly on the earth, and are now proceeding to push them up to the highest heavens, branding everything as unknown and unknowable which they cannot make known by their own method. Instead of 'preservative additions,' these thinkers really ask for 'preservative subtractions,'—negations, that is, of every other principle of knowledge,—in order that science may be left alone in the field, with a desert spreading around it on every border. Yet how would Professor Huxley propose to establish, on the scientific method, the 'knowledge' that purity of heart is one of the highest of virtues? Would he make his savage 'try' both alternatives, and embrace that which he found to be, 'by verification,' the most successful as a principle of living? How would he propose to make it clear even that the love of pure scientific knowledge, on which he is so wisely eloquent, is one of the nobler principles in the human heart, and infinitely more worthy, as he justly remarks, than that love of the mere utilitarian results of knowledge—of such useful 'toys' as the pump and the steam-engine—with which he complains of its being confounded? We suspect that in answer to either question he would be compelled to say that the intrinsic nobility of purity of heart, and of disinterested intellectual passion, as of all other noble principles, is appreciated as soon as distinctly felt; that a mind higher than our own in these respects no sooner stirs us than we recognise its rank, nay, much as he dislikes the word, acknowledge its *authority*. His highest of virtues, 'doubt,' would, if applied to all departments of life, the moral and spiritual as well as intellectual, soon do more to render the world uninhabitable than science can ever do to populate it. Imagine the child doubting whether it ought to trust, and the woman whether she ought to love, till scientific habits of mind had verified the credentials of the mother or the brother; imagine love exactly measured out in proportion to human deserts; imagine the moral influence of character repelled on the very highest scientific principles till some social anthropometer had been applied to it to verify its efficiency; imagine establishing scientifically that loving resignation is a better state of mind than stoical endurance, and gratitude than proud aversion to receive the favours of others; in short, imagine any condition of society in which the mysterious and instantaneous authority of moral and spiritual qualities should be undermined, and a scientific doubt, demanding demonstration that they were good, instead of freely acknowledging their influence, in its place, and you imagine an anarchy that no conceivable familiarity with the order of nature could convert into organization and harmony. But once grant the principle of the spiritual authority



of character, and you grant in effect the rule of the Holy Spirit, which alone can teach us that one spirit is lower than another spirit; that a spirit of *which we have made no trial*, which scientifically we could neither approve nor condemn, and which is soliciting us to make trial of it, is beneath and not above us; that another spirit, equally untried as yet, is above and not beneath us; which alone, in short, can lead our steps aright in the thicket of spiritual influences which make up human life.

But, once granting that there is this distinct source of knowledge,—for knowledge of the most valuable kind, if knowledge at all, it undoubtedly is,—and we have a clue by which to settle the true relation of theology to science. As this sort of knowledge, by its very nature and essence, comes down upon us from above, and convinces us of the existence of something higher than ourselves, which has a natural authority over us, we may trust those who tell us of such knowledge as having entered their own minds, to give us its *upward history*, as we may call it,—to show us whence it descended upon them, and what was the precise spiritual conviction which it brought. Thus we may trust profoundly the genuineness of such a testimony as Peter's: 'Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life,'—for what did it mean, except the most sincere, specific, and definite piece of testimony of which perhaps the human mind is capable, that from a certain source new moral life had been flowing in full streams into Peter's own mind, and that he knew and recognised that source? So too, with still more profound conviction, we may accept that higher testimony which said, 'The Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do;'; 'I am not alone, for the Father is with me;'; 'All things are delivered unto me of my Father, and no man knoweth the Son but the Father, nor any man the Father but the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son shall reveal him;'; and which, in sayings far too numerous to quote, ascribed to the eternal union with the Father all those deeds and words which men willfully call so 'original,' but the true power of which, according to our Lord's own mind, lies precisely in their not being original, but derivative, the faithful reflection of eternal filial love. We take it that on no point is the mind of man capable of more accurate testimony than of the origin of its own higher life. The moment, and the source, whether human or divine, whence a new and higher influence has descended upon us, are always memorable, and almost always of that precise and distinctly outlined character, that, however inward, is properly historic. That this is so, is doubtless one of the causes of that mischievous and exacting demand for a dateable 'conversion' with which some theologies pester their disciples. It is true, however, that every new

and great influence from above us, whether it dates itself accurately in time or not, and whether it is of that peculiar and sometimes morbid kind known popularly as 'conversion' or not, does bring with it the distinctest knowledge as to its mode and source. But though the upward history, as we may call it, of genuine spiritual influence, human or divine, is almost always authentic, it is by no means necessary, or even true, that the *downward* history of revelation, the history of its actual conquests and human successes, should include only the history of authentic Divine influence, and of its legitimate victories. The difference between scientific knowledge and this kind of spiritual knowledge, which is of the essence of revelation, is, that in the former there is always the strictest possible equivalence between the premisses and the conclusion into which they are 'developed ;' in the latter, as with all practical moral influences, the actual development is apt to be very much wider indeed than is warranted by the principle from which it springs. The early Church, from its knowledge of God, got a great deal of practical human authority in other matters which was often wisely and often unwisely used. It became an authority in all matters of philosophy and law, and annexed, as we have said, province after province of human life and thought to the field over which it claimed authority, till scarcely any was left out of the reach of its lateral extension. Yet a great deal of this lateral extension was of course illegitimate. We have not yet nearly got rid of the pernicious effects of the assumption of revelation to decide questions of history, science, and general expediency. The downward growth of revelation is a history of graftings of new principles upon the spiritual and moral authority of a revelation which simply claims to link us to God through Him who had lived both an eternal life with God, and in human history also. Revelation is an organizing force, and, as such, assimilates plenty of temporary material. All revelation, all downward-streaming light, in passing through stratum after stratum of our thick human atmosphere, falls upon, and touches with its own beauty, human means and instruments and temporary expedients of human energy, useful for a time perhaps, but not useful for eternity ; and many dreams, fictions, and errors which are not useful in themselves even for a time, but only seem to become so when they catch the gleam of a Divine influence ; and, lastly, earnest human thoughts, whether wholly or only partially true, which revelation has kindled and illuminated, but with which it is not to be identified. When we come to compare the scientific principle of thought, therefore, with the theological or unveiling of the Holy Spirit to men, we find the two absolutely in different planes, and unable, properly compared, to clash with

each other. But this is by no means the case with respect to the temporary materials which the theological principle has frequently embodied, and for a time successfully embodied, with itself, by virtue of the great prestige of its spiritual authority. The scientific principle has most useful work to do in disentangling again from revelation elements which have been imported into it without really belonging to it, and reclaiming them for their own proper province. Only, in attempting this, science, as we have said, is under a great temptation to mistake what it can do more fatally than theology has ever mistaken what it could do. Instead of annexing to its own fields those borderlands of thought over which it neither has nor pretends to have any right, it lays them waste, for every one who will trust it, by the bare assertion that there exists no knowledge but the scientific, and that all which claims to be knowledge not scientific in its basis, is spurious fable. As the author of *Ecce Homo*, with his usual wise moderation, well says :—

‘ To assist us in arranging the physical conditions of our well-being another mighty revelation has been made to us, for the most part in these latter ages. We live under the blessed light of science, a light yet far from its meridian and dispersing every day some noxious superstition, some cowardice of the human spirit. These two revelations stand side by side. The points in which they have been supposed to come into collision do not belong to our present subject ; they concern the theology and not the morality of the Christian Church. The moral revelation which we have been considering has never been supposed to jar with science. Both are true and both are essential to human happiness. It may be that since the methods of science were reformed and its steady progress began, it has been less exposed to error and perversion than Christianity, and, as it is peculiarly the treasure belonging to the present age, it becomes us to guard it with peculiar jealousy, to press its claims, and to treat those who, content with Christianity, disregard science, as Christ treated the enemies of light, “ those that took away the keys of knowledge,” in his day. Assuredly they are graceless zealots who quote Moses against the expounders of a wisdom which Moses desired in vain, because it was reserved for a far later generation, for these modern men, to whom we may with accurate truth apply Christ’s words and say that the least among them is greater than Moses. On the other hand, the Christian morality, if somewhat less safe and exempt from perversion than science, is more directly and vitally beneficial to mankind. The scientific life is less noble than the Christian ; it is better, so to speak, to be a citizen in the New Jerusalem than in the New Athens ; it is better, surely, to find everywhere a brother and friend, like the Christian, than, like the philosopher, to “ disregard your relative and friend so completely as to be ignorant not only how he gets on, but almost whether he is a human being or some other sort of creature.” ’

It will be replied, however, that if it is legitimate for science

to disentangle from the field of theology all that is not a link in the direct chain of spiritual influence which unites God with the lowest being capable of recognising His will and love, it is legitimate for it to disentangle all miracle properly so called, and so to leave the gospel a mere fine network of religious thought, interrupted all over by solid blocks of falsehood, the conspicuous error of which throws a whole world of doubt even over the divine lineage of its spiritual truth. But the true answer is, that though it is perfectly right to demand more evidence, and a totally different kind of evidence, for a spiritual revelation when it is mixed up with physical facts on which science throws doubt, than for a purely spiritual revelation, yet that if such facts, by their very essence, do convey a new spiritual teaching to the mind, and if the special evidence which we have a right to require is forthcoming, the scientific improbability attaching to them may weigh as nothing in the balance. No doubt, such scientific improbability ought to be clearly set forth and weighed; no doubt, it has a distinct right to be heard. But science never teaches us anything but a *method*, and does not pretend to say how that method may not or must not be modified, under the influence of new and rare causes or conditions. Now one part of the purely spiritual lesson which revelation teaches us, and teaches us by the higher method of divine impression from above, rather than by generalized experience, is the strict subordination of nature and natural laws to the spiritual purposes of God. Time, nature, and what we call accident, it asserts, are but divine influences, for the outcome of which we ought to be as ready prepared as for the gifts of the Holy Spirit itself. 'Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say?—Father, save me from this hour; *but for this cause came I to this hour*: Father, glorify Thy name,' is a spiritual, almost a *purely* spiritual lesson; and yet what it teaches is that the ordinary succession of the seasons, the whole procedure of nature is subordinate to the divine purposes of God; that

'The slow sweet hours which bring us all things good;  
The slow sad hours which bring us all things ill,  
And all good things from evil,'

are not independent of, but only the ministers of a Divine love. Indeed, science itself teaches us something analogous, in showing how the higher natural laws overrule the lower,—chemical overbearing mechanical, vital chemical, and finally moral and spiritual laws overbearing even vital laws, and the free-will of man modifying all. Hence revelation, in asserting the direct dependence of what are called physical laws on the higher purposes of God, and exhibiting those purposes as shining through them

here and there so as to transfigure them directly with its light, is keeping strictly within its sphere, though also touching a world in which it becomes properly and fairly exposed to the direct criticisms of science, and where, therefore, other and strong evidence *besides* the intrinsic spiritual evidence of the truth that is conveyed, must and ought to be demanded. But if this evidence is forthcoming,—and, as to the great central miracle of the resurrection at least, it is scarcely possible to conceive of stronger historical evidence than is afforded, not only by Peter and Paul, but by the joyful reanimation of large numbers of dispirited and ignorant disciples,—a reanimation which led them to cast away life, and many things dearer than life, in preaching the new gospel,—science has no right whatever to contradict the facts simply because she can, on her own empirical data, show an antecedent improbability about them. We do not deny the right of science to discuss the subject of miracle. Nay, we are disposed to suspect that as the connexion between the spiritual and physical life of man is more closely studied, phenomena not perhaps explaining, but nevertheless *proving*, a remarkable control exerted by the former over the latter, such as all great religious movements (the Jansenist for instance) have exhibited in some small (and often grossly exaggerated) degree, may be discovered, which will render the great miracles of the gospel somewhat less astounding to the scientific imagination, by showing that miracle, or the historically supernatural, has some definite proportion to the relative development of the spiritually supernatural,—that is, to the conscious subjection of the human soul to God. But whether this be so or not—and we speak of it only as the general drift of the teaching of many remarkable periods in history, and as at least quite consistent with all we know of science,—there can be no question but that the physically supernatural in the gospel has indefinitely strengthened the spiritual faith that nature, with all its monotony, is only the instrument of God's spiritual purposes; and this physical supernaturalism has therefore a good title to be included as of the essence of revelation, if adequately supported by historical testimony. The author of *Ecce Homo* adds another effective touch to this consideration, though it is one which we can only use subordinately, when the main question of the validity of the physically supernatural has been decided in the affirmative. He remarks very finely on the wonderful impression produced upon those who conceded supernatural power to Christ, by the extraordinary temperance and self-imposed limitations observed in its use:—

'This temperance in the use of supernatural power is the masterpiece of Christ. It is a moral miracle superinduced upon a physical

one. This repose in greatness makes him surely the most sublime image ever offered to the human imagination. And it is precisely this trait which gave him his immense and immediate ascendancy over men. If the question be put—Why was Christ so successful? Why did men gather round him at his call, form themselves into a new society according to his wish, and accept him with unbounded devotion as their legislator and judge? some will answer, "Because of the miracles which attested his divine character;" others, "Because of the intrinsic beauty and divinity of the great law of love which he propounded." But miracles, as we have seen, have not by themselves this persuasive power. That a man possesses a strange power which I cannot understand is no reason why I should receive his words as divine oracles of truth. The powerful man is not of necessity also wise; his power may terrify, but not convince. On the other hand, the law of love, however divine, was but a precept. Undoubtedly it deserved that men should accept it for its intrinsic worth, but men are not commonly so eager to receive the words of wise men nor so unbounded in their gratitude to them. It was neither for his miracles nor for the beauty of his doctrine that Christ was worshipped. Nor was it for his winning personal character, nor for the persecutions he endured, nor for his martyrdom. It was for the inimitable unity which all these things made when taken together. In other words, it was for this, that he whose power and greatness as shown in his miracles were overwhelming, denied himself the use of his power, treated it as a slight thing, walked among men as though he were one of them, relieved them in distress, taught them to love each other, bore with undisturbed patience a perpetual hailstorm of calumny; and when his enemies grew fiercer, continued still to endure their attacks in silence, until, petrified and bewildered with astonishment, men saw him arrested and put to death with torture, refusing steadfastly to use in his own behalf the power he conceived he held for the benefit of others. It was the combination of greatness and self-sacrifice which won their hearts, the mighty powers held under a mighty control, the unspeakable condescension, the *Cross of Christ*. By this, and by nothing else, the enthusiasm of a Paul was kindled. The statement rests on no hypothesis or conjecture; his Epistles bear testimony to it throughout. The trait in Christ which filled his whole mind was his condescension. The charm of that condescension lay in its being voluntary. The cross of Christ, of which Paul so often speaks as the only thing he found worth glorying in, as that in comparison with which everything in the world was as *dung*, was the voluntary submission to death of one who had the power to escape death; this he says in express words. And what Paul constantly repeats in impassioned language, the other apostles echo. Christ's voluntary surrender of power is their favourite subject, the humiliation implied in his whole life and crowned by his death.'

We may say, then, in summing up this part of our subject, that the scepticism of science is best met by first putting in the clearest possible light the imperious claims of Christ to legislate

for the spirit of man, and the marvellous concession of those claims through centuries—a concession infinitely more marvellous to any one who thinks that the miracles (which alone could have saved the three years' teaching of a Galilean peasant from oblivion) were illusions;—and pointing out that such authoritative legislation would have been simply impossible if there were no source of knowledge but scientific induction—if there were not also a natural and instantaneous source of moral authority communicated by the mere touch of a higher character to a lower. Natural science and revelation are thus seen to grow from different roots, the one dealing with principles that are exactly equivalent, neither more nor less, to the phenomena which they explain; the other with the relation of lower to higher natures, and the tracking of spiritual light from below to its source above. Again, the natural meeting-ground of science and revelation is on the question of physical supernaturalism, where both have a claim to be heard—science, because it has studied the ordinary laws of such phenomena—revelation, because it claims to show, by the special modification of those ordinary laws under the influence of a revealed Divine will, the spiritual purpose which penetrates to the very bottom even of the physical continuity of nature, and redeems it from appearing a dead purposeless monotony. Finally, in the sublime temperance and moderation of our Lord's use of the supernatural, revelation gives a glimpse not only of the absolute subordination of nature to Divine purpose, but of the reasons why that subordination is so little obtruded upon us; why it is hidden from sight, though visible to faith; why the sun shines and the rain falls alike for the just and the unjust; why the physical order of nature is so subtly and indirectly subordinated to the spiritual order, instead of being made its more direct and visible expression. Temperance in the Divine use of the supernatural is essential to the culture and independence of the supernatural will in man. Unless the Omnipotent kept the play of His spiritual judgments partially veiled behind the constancy of natural laws, there would be no sufficient room for the moral growth and discipline of a finite free will. The spectacle of love *laying aside power* for the sake of man, is the highest revelation of the supernatural; and Christ, therefore, exhibited the supernatural power chiefly to show us the higher supernatural spirit involved in laying it down.

With the scepticism of science, as we have seen, our author deals rather indirectly than directly. Nor indeed does he address himself with absolute directness to the scepticism of secularism,—a species of scepticism which is not strictly scepticism at all, but rather *indifference* to a faith, which, in our own

day, seems to have so little to say to the most urgent wants of the labouring class,—though he deals with the secular, benevolent, and philanthropic aspects of Christ's own purposes voluminously and thoughtfully. It seems strange that a faith, which was originally addressed immediately to a labouring class, and which anxiously sought out not merely the poor and miserable, but those criminal and dissolute classes who usually hem in the poor so closely, should now have lost hold, nominally at least, more completely on the highest ranks of manual labour, than on the comfortable middle class, and the luxurious aristocratic class themselves. Yet what the labouring class values more, and shows that it values more than any other living principle, is the organizing power which creates and holds together a society in practical unity; and if the Christian faith certainly generated any power at all, it was, as our author clearly points out, such an organizing power. If it developed one vital principle more than another, it was the capacity to inspire that value and respect for humanity as such, which has always been the principal craving of the poorest class, as the condition of its crystallization into an orderly society. Our author's essay is one long dissertation on the claim of Christ's legislation to inspire more than respect, 'enthusiasm,' for man as man—to sow in the heart what our author calls 'the enthusiasm of humanity,'—which bids us regard even the meanest as capable of possessing the mind of Christ himself. Here one would suppose is the very essence of a faith that could fascinate the heart of physical toil, and fit it for social unity and dignity. Our author says of Christ:—

'He associated by preference with these meanest of the race; no contempt for them did he ever express; no suspicion that they might be less dear than the best and wisest to the common Father; no doubt that they were naturally capable of rising to a moral elevation like his own. . . . We have here the very kernel of the Christian moral scheme. We have distinctly before us the end Christ proposed to himself, and the means he considered adequate to the attainment of it. His object was, instead of drawing up, after the example of previous legislators, a list of actions prescribed, allowed, and prohibited, to give his disciples a universal test by which they might discover what it was right and what it was wrong to do. Now, as the difficulty of discovering what is right arises commonly from the prevalence of self-interest in our minds, and as we commonly behave rightly to any one for whom we feel affection or sympathy, Christ considered that he who could feel sympathy for all would behave rightly to all. But how to give to the meagre and narrow hearts of men such enlargement? How to make them capable of a universal sympathy? Christ believed it possible to bind men to their kind, but on one condition—that they were first bound fast to himself. He stood forth as the representative of men,



he identified himself with the cause and with the interests of all human beings; he was destined, as he began before long obscurely to intimate, to lay down his life for them.'

And the greater part of the book is an expansion of this mode of conceiving the aim of Christ. Christ proposed to himself, according to our author, to awaken a fire of enthusiasm in the heart of His disciples for human nature, as represented in Himself; and farther, to organize that enthusiasm into the greatest and most practical of human institutions, for the rescue of human beings from misery as well as from sin. And yet it seems to us precisely here that our author may most fail to take hold of the mind of the great class to which he truly represents Christ as appealing. That they earnestly seek for an organizing principle and unity and self-respect, and for precisely every one of those great philanthropic ends which our author shows that Christ holds out, is as clear as that, as a rule, their class—and the highest part of their class probably most of all,—is alienated from the faith which could give them these great gifts, and look upon it as a dream of unpractical men, who had never heard of the steam-engine, the railway, or the electric telegraph. Possibly, indeed, one reason for this may be truly given in the following fine criticism:—

'The objection which practical men take is a very important one, as the criticisms of such men always are, being founded commonly upon large observation and not perverted by theory. They say that the love of Christ does not in practice produce the nobleness and largeness of character which has been represented as its proper and natural result; that instead of inspiring those who feel it with reverence and hope for their kind, it makes them exceedingly narrow in their sympathies, disposed to deny and explain away even the most manifest virtues displayed by men, and to despair of the future destiny of the great majority of their fellow-creatures; that instead of binding them to their kind, it divides them from it by a gulf which they themselves proclaim to be impassable and eternal, and unites them only in a gloomy conspiracy of misanthropy with each other; that it is indeed a law-making power, but that the laws it makes are little-minded and vexatious prohibitions of things innocent, demoralizing restraints upon the freedom of joy and the healthy instincts of nature; that it favours hypocrisy, moroseness, and sometimes lunacy; that the only vice it has power to check is thoughtlessness, and its only beneficial effect is that of forcing into activity, though not always into healthy activity, the faculty of serious reflection.

'This may be a just picture of a large class of religious men, but it is impossible in the nature of things that such effects should be produced by a pure personal devotion to Christ. We are to remember that nothing has been subjected to such multiform and grotesque perversion as Christianity. Certainly the direct love of Christ, as it was

felt by his first followers, is a rare thing among modern Christians. His character has been so much obscured by scholasticism, as to have lost in a great measure its attractive power. The prevalent feeling towards him now among religious men is an awful fear of his supernatural greatness, and a disposition to obey his commands arising partly from dread of future punishment and hope of reward, and partly from a nobler feeling of loyalty, which, however, is inspired rather by his office than his person. Beyond this we may discern in them an uneasy conviction that he requires a more personal devotion, which leads to spasmodic efforts to kindle the feeling by means of violent raptures of panegyric and by repeating over and getting by rote the ardent expressions of those who really had it. This is wanting for the most part which Christ held to be all in all, spontaneous warmth, free and generous devotion. That the fruits of a Christianity so hollow should be so poor and sickly, is not surprising.'

But that is scarcely the whole truth. The working classes of this country, notwithstanding all their great qualities, especially notwithstanding those almost 'ascetic virtues' which an eminent politician, whose knowledge of Lancashire and Yorkshire operatives is considerable, Lord Houghton, has recently attributed to them, combine with these great qualities and ascetic virtues a certain hardness of grain, over which the proposal to yield enthusiastic love to a human being who lived eighteen centuries ago, and to ascribe to all other human beings the capacity for His virtues, would pass without making any impression. We do not believe that this proposal represents our author's true theology; but this is the only point of view from which his somewhat defective method enables him to describe the great motive power of the Christian faith in this preliminary work. The English artisan realizes well—no one better—that forces of human origin, whether moral or physical, are nothing in comparison to those great reservoirs of natural and spiritual energy which man is permitted partly to use and direct, but which he cannot originate. The practical believers in water-power, steam-power, gravity, and electricity, naturally do not feel inclined in spiritual matters to attribute too much importance to moral exercises of their own volition. Hence the fascination for them of the great fatalistic Necessarian, Calvinistic, Pantheistic faiths,—a fascination which all who know the artisan class will admit. The artisan proper has as little respect for enthusiasms of human origin, as he has for a productive process which does not seem to avail itself of any power greater than manual labour. And it is the great defect of this beautiful essay as it at present stands, that while it is one long demonstration of the claim of the Christian revelation to awaken a new 'enthusiasm of humanity,' its method does not permit the

author really to trace the moral power, on the magnitude of which he is commenting, to its true spring. Our author professes to make his book an examination into Christ's aims, as *preliminary* to a discussion of His true supernatural claims. Now the difficulty of such an attempt is, that it seems to separate the aims from the only rational justification of these aims,—as if a man should inquire into the musical aims of a great vocalist without any discussion of the musical capacities of his voice, or the aims of a great engineer, without mention of the mechanical means at his disposal. It presents our Lord rather as spanning the centuries with a brilliant rainbow of visionary hope, than as laying His foundations deep in the heart and conscience of man. To aspire to fill the heart of men in all ages with love for one who has long passed from the world, reverence for his laws, and faith in his promises,—to hope to make not merely a memory, but far less than a memory, a tradition, rule over the passions and the moral and intellectual truths and imaginations of men; above all, to hope that men should be so credulous as to find in such a tradition of one man's isolated goodness a guarantee that any other man, however deeply degraded, may be transfigured into his image, would be fairly regarded as a wild dreamer's dream, apart from the theology at the basis of such a hope. We do not believe for a moment that this is the picture which our author intends ultimately to draw, but it is the only picture which the method of his present essay enables him to draw. By inquiring into Christ's aims before he has conceded anything as to His nature, by representing those aims simply as springing from His noble sentiments, he makes those aims resemble cut flowers, drawing their beauty from the water which only delays their decay, instead of from the roots which really enfolded their principle of life. The working classes will be the first to realize this; they will say at once that all the talk about 'the enthusiasm of humanity' is beautiful enough, but that it compels the question, Where is the enthusiasm to come from? Man is a poor creature at best, and cannot manufacture powerful motives for himself by dint of gazing at a beautiful picture dimmed by time, and taking for granted that all its finest features are not unique but universal. 'If you can show us,' they might say, 'great spiritual forces *not depending on ourselves*, but still close to us, and of which we might avail ourselves, as we do in physical life, of the great ocean-currents, and steam-power, and the magnetic streams of earth, of which for centuries our race was ignorant, though they were then as efficient as now, then, no doubt, you may produce as great spiritual results upon us, as the discovery of the great natural forces has produced physical results. But

if it is all to depend on *our* strength of love for a being whom we never saw—on emotions which we are to squeeze out of ourselves—then your great enthusiasm will be as long in coming as the wind when it is whistled for.' Nor would the working class be wrong in such a criticism. The aims of Christ cannot be sundered from His theology. Unless we believe Him to be still at the fountains of every human heart, doing for man what man cannot do for himself, giving strength to effect that which, unassisted, we have not even strength to attempt, commanding peace to human passions, and restraining the selfishness of intellectual tastes, and, above all, convincing us that He who commands us to rescue the degraded from their degradation, *enables* us to do it by Himself knocking at the door of the most degraded heart—the 'enthusiasm of humanity' would be a mere romanticist dream. Unless the working class can be brought to believe that Christ has opened the way between God and man, not only for the generation amongst which He lived on earth, but for all of us; that the eternal will which moved Him to 'take upon himself the form of a servant' is still and for ever willing the great ends which He came down upon earth to declare; that the power and wisdom and love of God are always close to us in all the fulness of that life which shone out for the only time in human history, centuries ago,—unless they can be brought to believe this, the 'enthusiasm of humanity' must be for them a factitious affair. Indeed, we think that, with all his truthfulness and power, the author of *Ecce Homo* has made somewhat too much of active 'enthusiasm' and too little of that quiet and receptive attitude of mind which is probably the nearest to our Lord's. It is true that there is an enthusiasm—of the kind which our author certainly means to indicate—which depends entirely on the great sustaining power of thoughts that are in us, but not of us, to which we trust, as a swimmer trusts himself to the sustaining sea; but then it is of the essence of this enthusiasm to know that the source from which it enters the mind is a perennial source, not capable of running dry. And the attitude of mind in which the greatest and most victorious of working philanthropists stand towards such sustaining convictions is often far from one of *elation*, which is generally supposed to be part of enthusiasm, but one of mere humble, tranquil trust. The having a great faith to lean upon may often, perhaps most often, be the one influence which extinguishes the outward appearance of enthusiasm. When first the spirit catches sight of the new wave of power, no doubt a thrill, properly described as one of enthusiasm, runs through it. But after once resting upon it and testing its full strength, the flush fades away, and what we feel is no longer enthusiasm, but quiet trust

in a great agency distinct from ourselves, and which uses us for its greater ends. And this is the true aspect in which to present the purposes of Christ to working men,—as a revelation of eternal strength ever at work behind the veil of visible phenomena,—of which we may avail ourselves, if we will,—which will avail itself of us whether we will or not,—but which is ever carrying out the great aims and laws of Christ,—though sometimes men in their blindness may fall on it and are broken, and sometimes, when they set themselves consciously against it, it may fall on them and 'grind them to powder.'

We may illustrate what we mean in this respect by the fine passage in which our author speaks of Christ's anxiety to guard His disciples against the devouring 'cares of this world' (*μεριμνὰ βιωτικαί*), a danger felt by none, except the mercantile class, more keenly than by the class which is always living on the very edge of want, and sometimes has the greatest possible difficulty in realizing that 'the life is more than meat,' or 'the body than raiment':—

'The most formidable temptation of manhood is that which Christ described in a phrase hardly translatable as *μεριμνὰ βιωτικαί*. To boys and youths work is assigned by their parents or tutors. The judicious parent takes care not to assign so much work as to make his son a slave. We cherish as much as possible the freedom, the discursiveness of thought and feeling natural to youth. We cherish it as that which life is likely sooner or later to diminish, and if we curb it, we do so that it may not exhaust itself by its own vivacity. But in manhood work is not assigned to us by others who are interested in our welfare, but by a ruthless and tyrannous necessity which takes small account of our powers or our happiness. And the source of the happiness of manhood, a family, doubles its anxieties. Hence middle life tends continually to routine, to the mechanic tracing of a contracted circle. A man finds or fancies that the care of his own family is as much as he can undertake, and excuses himself from most of his duties to humanity. In many cases, owing to the natural difficulty of obtaining a livelihood in a particular country, or to remediable social abuses, such a man's conduct is justified by necessity, but in many more it arises from the blindness of natural affection, making it difficult for him to think that he has done enough for his family while it is possible for him to do more. Christ bids us look to it that we be not weighed down by these worldly cares, which indeed, if not resisted, must evidently undo all that Christianity has done and throw men back into the clannish condition out of which it redeemed them. How many a man who at twenty was full of zeal, high-minded designs and plans of a life devoted to humanity, after the cares of middle life have come upon him and one or two schemes contrived with the inexperience of youth have failed, retains nothing of the Enthusiasm with which he set out but a willingness to relieve distress whenever it crosses his path,

and perhaps a habit of devoting an annual sum of money to charitable purposes! To protect the lives of men from sinking into a routine of narrow-minded drudgery, the Christian Church has introduced the invaluable institution of *the Sunday*.'

Christ's cure for these gnawing claims on our thought and attention was to open a field of trust and contemplation behind the veil, which should enable even the most restless spirit, once realizing it, to lean for all that it cannot control on One who can. In other words, his cure is strictly theological, the revelation of a rest for the intellect and a rest for the will, in a power within man, but above man. Our author—who insists, not too much, indeed, on the practical side of Christ's teaching, but too much on the zeal which he wished to inspire as distinct from the faith which nourished that zeal—is perhaps too much disposed to turn the Sunday into a day for maturing plans of action, instead of a day for falling back on the rest of trust:—

'The enthusiasm should not be suffered to die out in any one for want of the occupation best calculated to keep it alive. Those who meet within the church walls on Sunday should not meet as strangers who find themselves together in the same lecture-hall, but as co-operators in a public work the object of which all understand, and to his own department of which each man habitually applies his mind and contriving power. Thus meeting, with the *esprit de corps* strong among them, and with a clear perception of the purpose of their union and their meeting, they would not desire that the exhortation of the preacher should be, what in the nature of things it seldom can be, eloquent. It might cease then to be either a despairing and overwrought appeal to feelings which grow more callous the oftener they are thus excited to no definite purpose, or a childish discussion of some deep point in morality or divinity better left to philosophers. It might then become weighty with business, and impressive as an officer's address to his troops before a battle. For it would be addressed by a soldier to soldiers in the presence of an enemy whose character they understood and in the war with whom they had given and received telling blows.'

But the attraction which takes the working class away from Christian sermons to hear Professor Huxley telling them of the grandeur of 'natural knowledge' in his lay-sermon, and Dr. Carpenter discussing the bearing of physiological discovery on the antiquity of man, should teach us that the day of rest from 'the cares of the world' is really wanted for a return of the mind to the contemplation of wider and sublimer fields of thought than even the marching orders for a philanthropic campaign. What disgusts working men with ordinary sermons is the appearance of mere didacticism about them, of hackneyed

sentiments that do not seem to have any root in the larger order of the universe, while their minds are thirsting for a wider and a deeper insight into the springs of life. Science, though it only satisfies the intellect, does satisfy this yearning for intellectual space and sublimity. It does not rest the spirit or the will, but it lulls for a time by its grandeur 'the cares of the world' to sleep. And unless the Christian Churches can effect the same, and much more than the same; unless they can draw 'living water' for the intellect, will, and spirit of careworn men on the Sunday, the men of physical science will keep the secularists still,—*not* because they speak of matters which bear immediately on the utilities and comforts of life, but, on the other hand, because they speak of matters which feed the spiritual imagination so much more effectually than the commonplaces of a half-realized system of morality and religion. Mr. Matthew Arnold has recently assured us, with his usual imperious beauty of diction, that the problem of the age is to find a life more natural, more rational, with more love of the things of the mind, more love of beautiful things, for the toiling classes. Assuredly we believe with him that to save more opportunity for enjoying the *ends* of life, out of the time now devoted to manipulating its *means*, is the great problem of modern society, though we should probably differ from him very much as to what those ends are. The contemplation of the life of God, as it is seen shining here and there through the revolving constellations of secular phenomena, seems to us the highest and most refreshing of these ends, which no one needs more than the noblest practical philanthropists, whose life would be ever in danger of being grated down into a mere powder of small purposes and petty arrangements without this slaking of their highest thirst. None feel this thirst, we believe, more deeply than the secularists. Science does not satisfy it, except for the intellect, but rather presents an order too pitiless and undeviating for the education of free beings,—a silent order, which prostrates the mind, like the stillness of those gigantic idols before whose mock serenity and lifeless steadfastness of gaze Oriental worshippers cower, and often consent to sacrifice their life. Undoubtedly working men are seeking to-day, as much as eighteen centuries ago, after a great organizing force, such as we believe Christ's revelation contains. But they cannot find the organizing force without finding the revelation. They cannot find the 'enthusiasm of humanity' without finding the living well of inspiration. They cannot find the infinite love of man which it contains without finding the root of that love. Human love is a poor instrument for any Divine purpose. St. John knew what he meant, and knew that

he was touching a chord of feeling as deep in the working classes of the first century as it is in those of the nineteenth, when he said: 'Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us.'

The scepticism of the modern æsthetic refinement is in some respects the deepest, because apparently the most human, and because it is mingled with that spiritual thirst for poetry which is usually but one side of faith. Shelley's scepticism has warped deeper minds than ever did Comte's. When the poetry of the most passionate yearning refuses to hear any voice that answers to its yearning, there comes a deeper shock to those who enter into its spirit than either the scepticism of science, or of dull laborious labour, can awaken. And the fine discrimination of shades of feeling on which it prides itself, is often so true and delicate, that men are at first sight disposed to give it credit for ample *power* to discover the truth as to God and His revelation, as well as perfect fidelity in reporting all the characteristic facts it discerns. Shelley's scepticism, however, may be seen to rest chiefly on his impatience—on the ardour with which he gave himself up to thick-coming impulses, and the abhorrence he felt for the regal power of conscientious volition. He seemed almost incapable of understanding, 'Be still, and know that I am God.' His heart panted after sweet emotions, not after One 'who sitteth between the cherubim, be the people never so unquiet.' His poetry was the poetry of yearnings, rather than of yearning,—of single desires chasing each other eagerly through the heart; and yet, had he lived, he would probably have reached a higher faith, for nearly his last and greatest poem contains the finest of all assertions of the Absolute and Immutable Light that shines behind the flitting shadows of human emotion:—

'The One remains, the many change and pass,  
Heaven's light for ever shines, earth's shadows fly;  
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,  
Stains the white radiance of Eternity.'

But the modern poetic sceptics are certainly far enough from the feverish impatience which marked the genius of Shelley. They are, for the most part, Goethe-worshippers, lovers of tranquil discriminations, of calm insights. The sign of weakness, however, appears in their intellectual exclusiveness; their delight in 'distinction'; that love of moral monopoly which forms a great part of their joy in art. They love to criticise from above, to sit on an intellectual throne and judge the world. And then they maintain that 'the modern spirit,' 'the relative spirit,' in which they discharge this function, is the only one which can



do justice to the infinite variety of nature and circumstance which comes beneath its eye. The belief in an absolute God, in an absolute love of men, in an absolute standard of morality and humanity, they say, makes criticism rigid, inflexible, unfair; weakness and frailty must be misjudged if the mind is full of a dream of absolute righteousness. In short, this school believes that there is not really *any* absolute standard; the historic and 'positive' view, which admits no categorical 'ought,' but looks at everything in relation to the antecedents out of which it arose, affords the only elastic, the only humane canon of criticism. The writer in the *Westminster Review* to whom we have alluded, applies this doctrine to show the injustice of Coleridge's 'romantic' faith in the Absolute, by the havoc it would produce in the criticism of Coleridge's own wrecked genius. 'The relative spirit,' he says, 'by dwelling constantly on the more fugitive conditions or circumstances of things, breaking through a thousand rough and brutal classifications, and giving elasticity to inflexible principles, begets an intellectual *finesse*, of which the ethical result is a delicate and tender justness in the criticism of human life.' Now we believe that no one has practically shown better than the author of *Ecce Homo*, how precisely this passage describes the moral judgments of Christ, whose nature even the *Westminster* reviewer must admit was fed upon faith in the Absolute, and not on a philosophy which makes it its chief duty to 'dwell on the fugitive conditions or circumstances of things.' Indeed, we believe the fact to be the precise contrary of the essayist's statement. In philosophy and practical life alike, the 'modern spirit,' the spirit which is satisfied with 'the relative,' and dwells much on the fugitive conditions or circumstances of things, has always been the greatest victim of the spirit of 'brutal' classification, the least able to reconcile the various contradictions of life and thought. Where has there been a school of philosophy more tyrannic and brutal in its classifications than that of Locke, and James Mill, and Bentham, and, though in a less degree, even of J. S. Mill, who has, nevertheless, profited greatly by the teaching of his great opponent Coleridge? Where has there been one of larger, more catholic, and elastic spirit than that which we owe to the moral criticism of Bishop Butler? And in practical life, where do we go for trenchant 'brutal' criticisms, with so much certainty as to the light gossip of the drawing-room? Where do we expect to find gentler, kindlier criticisms than from the contemplative piety which, like Fénelon's, or Madame Guyon's, or Bishop Berkeley's, or Mr. Maurice's, is really formed upon Christ's? But the test of the truth or falsehood of the criticism is, of course, in the extreme cases at either end of the scale. If this view is right, whose lives should be so full of

severe and unjust criticisms as Christ's and His apostles whose spirits were permeated as it were with God? Yet even Renan attributes to our Lord a tenderness and delicacy of moral discrimination which marked a new crisis in the Oriental genius, and there has been no great critic of any school, of St. Paul's character, who has not testified to the wonderful tact and charity of the apostle in adapting himself to the 'fugitive conditions' of things when passing his moral judgments. We believe the truth to be, that without profound rest in the Absolute righteousness, there is always some little tendency to overstrain our own dogmatic opinions. So much more seems to depend on emphasis of statement, if you cannot trust the vindication of your faith to God. Besides, the faith in Him in whose mysterious essence so many seemingly conflicting attributes are reconciled, engenders a habit of mind which renders it comparatively easy to recognise in the same men the most apparently conflicting qualities. At all events, every new delineation of Christ that attracts attention, even among sceptics, insists upon the flexibility and beauty of His feeling for human infirmity, and the 'tender justness' of His moral judgments. The author of *Ecce Homo* is evidently penetrated with this feeling, and we wish the plan of his book had allowed him to illustrate more fully his conception of the individual relations between Christ and His followers. There are, however, several passages of great beauty on isolated scenes in Christ's life, and the following will show, as well as any, how little, in our author's conception, Christ's eternal communion with God had blunted the delicacy of His feeling for the fugitive influences which shade off human character:—

'We have insisted upon the effect of personal influence in creating virtuous impulses. We have described Christ's Theocracy as a great attempt to set all the virtue of the world upon this basis, and to give it a visible centre or fountain. But we have used generalities. It is advisable, before quitting the subject, to give a single example of the magical passing of virtue out of the virtuous man into the hearts of those with whom he comes in contact. A remarkable story which appears in St. John's biography, though it is apparently an interpolation in that place, may serve this purpose, and will at the same time illustrate the difference between scholastic or scientific and living or instinctive virtue. Some of the leading religious men of Jerusalem had detected a woman in adultery. It occurred to them that the case afforded a good opportunity of making an experiment upon Christ. They might use it to discover how he regarded the Mosaic law. That he was heterodox on the subject of that law they had reason to believe, for he had openly quoted some Mosaic maxims and declared them at least incomplete, substituting for them new rules of his own, which at least in some cases appeared to abrogate the old. It might be possible, they thought, by means of this woman, to satisfy at once

themselves and the people of his heterodoxy. They brought the woman before him, quoted the law of Moses on the subject of adultery, and asked Christ directly whether he agreed with the lawgiver. They asked for his judgment.

'A judgment he gave them, but quite different, both in matter and manner, from what they had expected. In thinking of the 'case' they had forgotten the woman, they had forgotten even the deed. What became of the criminal appeared to them wholly unimportant; towards her crime or her character they had no feeling whatever, not even hatred, still less pity or sympathetic shame. If they had been asked about her, they might probably have answered, with Mephistopheles, "She is not the first;" nor would they have thought their answer fiendish, only practical and business-like. Perhaps they might on reflection have admitted that their frame of mind was not strictly moral, not quite what it should be, that it would have been better if, besides considering the legal and religious questions involved, they could have found leisure for some shame at the scandal and some hatred for the sinner. But they would have argued that such strict propriety is not possible in this world, that we have too much on our hands to think of these niceties, that the man who makes leisure for such refinements will find his work in arrears at the end of the day, and probably also that he is doing injustice to his family and those dependent on him. This they might fluently and plausibly have urged. But the judgment of Christ was upon them, making all things seem new, and shining like the lightning from the one end of heaven to the other. He was standing, it would seem, in the centre of a circle, when the crime was narrated, how the adultery had been detected in *the very act*. The shame of the deed itself, and the brazen hardness of the prosecutors, the legality that had no justice and did not even pretend to have mercy, the religious malice that could make its advantage out of the fall and ruin and ignominious death of a fellow-creature—all this was eagerly and rudely thrust before his mind at once. The effect upon him was such as might have been produced upon many since, but perhaps upon scarcely any man that ever lived before. He was seized with an intolerable sense of shame. He could not meet the eye of the crowd, or of the accusers, and perhaps at that moment least of all of the woman. Standing as he did in the midst of an eager multitude that did not in the least appreciate his feelings, he could not escape. In his burning embarrassment and confusion he stooped down so as to hide his face, and began writing with his finger on the ground. His tormentors continued their clamour, until he raised his head for a moment and said, "He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her," and then instantly returned to his former attitude. They had a glimpse perhaps of the glowing blush upon his face, and awoke suddenly with astonishment to a new sense of their condition and their conduct. The older men naturally felt it first and slunk away; the younger followed their example. The crowd dissolved and left Christ alone with the woman. Not till then could

he bear to stand up; and when he had lifted himself up, consistently with his principle, he dismissed the woman, as having no commission to interfere with the office of the civil judge. But the mighty power of living purity had done its work. He had refused to judge a woman, but he had judged a whole crowd. He had awakened the slumbering conscience in many hardened hearts, given them a new delicacy, a new ideal, a new view and reading of the Mosaic law.'

This strikes us not only as very fine criticism, but as criticism which catches the true secret of Christ's charity towards sinners. It was not 'the relative spirit,' 'the modern spirit,' but the absolute spirit, the spirit of revelation, which enabled Him to feel how much of God there was, how much more there might be, in those who had violated His most sacred laws. Where is there a man possessed of enough of 'the relative spirit' to have calmly warned his most trusted follower, as Christ warned Peter, that he would be the first to desert and disown his master, and this without a touch of bitterness or contempt, adding, in the same breath, 'and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren?' Communion with the absolute God, rest in the absolute God, is alone equal to producing so perfect an equanimity as this in dealing with the weakness and frailty of man without any loss of love. No doubt such communion and such rest does give a firmness of touch in laying down what is righteousness and what is evil, which 'the relative spirit' may disown. But that is only saying that the knowledge of God brings with it insight into what is nearer to or farther from God,—phrases which have no meaning to those who think that the fugitive elements in human morality are the only important elements.

The speciousness of the fallacy that the 'relative spirit,' the 'modern spirit,' is more charitable, more capable of a 'tender justness' than the faith in the Absolute, consists in this, that we are accustomed to confound 'absolute' moral rules with literal rules—rules incapable of exception, like those of the Decalogue, for instance, and to regard the hard old Jewish spirit which carried them into effect with a Draconic severity, as the natural illustration of the absolute spirit. But this is really to speak of 'the absolute' in its application to God, in the same sense in which we speak of absolute despotism, and to use the word not to convey moral power and insight, but moral weakness and ignorance. In this sense the prophets reveal a far less absolute God than Moses, and Christ a far less absolute God than the prophets. In fact, however, that which made the Jewish moralists so external and literal, was, as our Lord pointed out, the *hardness* of their hearts, the *want* of knowledge of the

absolute God, and not the knowledge of Him. He who came from eternal communion with God, softened every rigid judgment of the Jewish law, while raising its spiritual demand up to the 'absolute' point. It was the very fulness of His knowledge of the absolute life which enabled Him to see at once how much of compliance with God's verbal law was really rebellion against its inward meaning, and how much of infraction of the verbal law was really compatible with its inward meaning. Absolute morality too often means, no doubt with man, formal morality,—morality by formula, morality which has no life-standard by which to judge. But if the author of *Ecce Homo* has done one thing more effectively than another, it is to show how infinitely superior is the spiritual morality which lays down no iron verbal rules, but simply requires the heart to open itself to the fulness of the beauty of one perfect spirit and life, to morality of the abstract kind. Indeed, it is all but self-evident that the only true knowledge of the absolute Father, which we may be permitted without irreverence to call *intimate*—the knowledge of Him shown by the Son of God and Man,—must imply, as it did imply, insight into shades of human character infinitely more various and delicate, related in infinitely more subtle ways with the Divine nature, betraying sympathy with or alienation from God, or here sympathy, and there alienation, at points infinitely more numerous, than any knowledge which the divinest Decalogues could give. We see the signs of this pervading everywhere even our imperfect Gospel histories. The 'rich young man,' though he cannot rise to our Lord's standard, is loved by Him even in the very act of disobedience. The woman who is a sinner is forgiven because 'she has loved much.' When John the Baptist begins to doubt, the moment is seized by Christ to delineate his true greatness. Peter's threefold denial was made the opportunity, not for reproach, but for a threefold confession, followed by a special prediction of a glorious death. When it is necessary to indicate the traitor, it is done silently, by an act of kindness which might even then have touched his heart. The moment of ambitious strife is seized to teach the lesson of childlike humility; the moment after transfiguration to teach a lesson of coming humiliation. Nothing, in short, is more remarkable than the exquisite feeling for the delicate shades of moral and spiritual life which pervades the teaching of Him who communed most with the Absolute God. Our Lord's most special war was, we may truly say, waged against the legal and formal spirit; His most special teaching was the sweetness of the spiritual liberty conferred by the yoke which was easy, and the burden which was light.

We have not pretended in these few pages to follow the

author of *Ecce Homo* through his striking, but, we venture to think, in some respects defective argument, because we thought we could avail ourselves better of his fine criticisms and noble thoughts in another way. But we cannot conclude without expressing our hearty delight at the appearance of an essay evidently so thoroughly independent of all special ecclesiastical influence and so thoroughly imbued with the true historic spirit, which is yet entirely free from the irrational assumptions by which the method falsely called 'historic' has, recently been marked. We shall look for the completion of the work, begun by this thoughtful and delicate criticism, with the deepest interest. Indeed, sincerely as we admire this preliminary essay, we imagine that the theological inferences which the author has yet to give us must be as full of new historical criticism, and fuller of moral power for the majority of readers, than the introductory investigation itself.

ART. VI.—*The Poems and Fables of Robert Henryson, now first Collected, with Notes, and a Memoir of his Life.* By DAVID LAING. Edinburgh, 1865.

WE are again indebted to Mr. Laing for an elegant and accurate edition of one of our early Scottish poets, whose compositions have never hitherto been collected, and have not consequently been known so widely or appreciated so well as they deserve to be. The volume of Henryson's poems lately published is a fitting companion to those on which the same editor formerly bestowed so much care and diligence, in the hope, which has not been frustrated, that they might form the best monument that could be erected to the genius of Dunbar. The works of these two poets, illustrated with all the antiquarian learning, patriotic zeal, and sound judgment for which Mr. Laing is distinguished, must be allowed to present a vivid as well as faithful picture of Scottish manners and character during an eventful period, and to afford proofs of intellectual and poetical power of which any nation might well be proud. We are glad to see it announced that Mr. Laing has in preparation an edition of the Poems of Sir David Lindsay, with Notes and a biographical Memoir. If we could hope, after that, for an edition of Gawin Douglas, our satisfaction would be complete. But we must not be unreasonable.

However much, like others of our countrymen, we may be disposed to prefer Scotland to truth, we cannot venture to compare any of our Scottish poets to Chaucer. Dunbar is the greatest name that we can boast; yet even he, whatever he might have done—and no one that knows him can dispute his mastery over all the chords of the human heart—has achieved nothing that can be put in competition with the 'Canterbury Tales.' But, laying Chaucer aside, as one of those exceptional men who surpass the ordinary limits of human genius, we think it can scarcely be denied that, in the short space of two centuries, during which her national literature could be expected to flourish, that is, between her victory at Bannockburn and her defeat at Flodden, Scotland produced a series of poets who display greater vigour and versatility, both of thought and language, than any which England has to show for the whole period between the Norman Conquest and the Reformation.

The accession of James I. to the Scottish throne must have given, by his example as well as by his influence, a strong impulse to learning and literature; and the tastes, and even the failings, of his immediate successors, or at least of James III., would tend to encourage some of those pursuits which are alien to the

passions and habits of a rude and violent race. But the culminating point in the history of Scottish poetry is the reign of James IV., the first of the Stuarts who lived on amicable terms with his nobles, and who was thus enabled, though for too short a period, to maintain a splendid Court and to rule over a united people, with a magnificence and authority highly favourable to the cultivation of the refined arts. In certain stages of society, the best or only patronage of literature has been found at the Courts of kings. The poet must always have a patron of some kind: the singer must have an audience, to inspire, to applaud, and to reward him. The requisite encouragement may come from the many or from the few. The patron may be an Augustus, or a Mæcenas, or it may be Demus himself. It may be even a religious sect or a political faction. Sometimes the highest genius must look for its admirers in an unknown future, or in those whom it slowly trains to understand its productions by its own efforts; while in other cases the powers of the poet may be in such happy accordance with the universal sympathies of mankind, that his works find an instant admittance to the hearts and homes of both high and low. It is pleasant as well as profitable to have a rich and admiring public who will buy so many thousand copies of a volume in a week. It is better, perhaps, for the author's genius or fame that he should have a smaller and more select, though still a remunerative body of supporters. But such mines of wealth are unknown in ruder times, and the poet who then desires to excel and to find a living in his art, must seek his sphere of exertion either in the halls of nobles, or in the fuller union which a Court presents of wealth and splendour with leisure and refinement.

The brilliant reign of Edward III. had been the means of developing in England the powers of Chaucer and Gower; and the position and influence of James IV. in Scotland was in many respects similar. The Scottish Augustan age, thus interposed between the times of Chaucer and of Spenser, served in a great degree to keep alive the lustre of Anglican literature during the deep gloom which was cast upon it in England by the evils of a disputed succession, and the horrors of civil war.

In the interesting Supplement which Mr. Laing has just added to his edition of Dunbar, we have extracts from Mr. Bergenroth's *Calendar of Spanish Letters*, recently published, which afford a fuller and even more favourable view of the character of James IV. than any which we have hitherto had. The information is supplied by a report or despatch addressed to the King and Queen of Castille, in the year 1498, by Don Pedro de Ayala, who had been ambassador to Scotland, and knew the country well, and who was then living in London on account of bad health.



We wish we had room for some extracts from this interesting document. It seems to bear indisputable testimony to the King's remarkable attainments as a linguist, to his habits of reading and reflection, his religious feelings, his truthfulness, his humanity, his activity, and his temperance. It speaks, not with certainty, but perhaps too sanguinely, of his having given up his love-making, 'as well from fear of God, as from fear of scandal in this world.' But it too truly depicts his military qualities: 'He is courageous, even more so, than a king should be.' 'He is not a good captain, because he begins to fight before he has given his orders.' 'He loves war so much that I fear, judging by the provocation he receives, the peace (with England) will not last long.'

It is not our intention here to descant on the poetical character of Dunbar, which may be regarded as peculiarly the product of the Court of James IV. His merits are known to all his countrymen who have any knowledge of their native literature. But those who may wish to see the theme done ample justice to, may refer back, in connexion with the subject we are now discussing, to an admirable criticism on the greatest of early Scottish poets, which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, on occasion of the publication of Mr. Laing's edition of Dunbar, and which no one can fail to ascribe to the only writer who was capable of producing it.

Henryson, though contemporary with Dunbar during a considerable part of their lives, may be held to have preceded him in his career as a poet by about a quarter of a century. The dates of his birth and death are alike unknown; but we may assign the first of these events to the reign of James I., and the second to that of James IV. The only authentic particulars of his personal history are these—1<sup>st</sup>, That in September 1462 he was admitted a member of the newly founded University of Glasgow, being then described as Master Robert Henryson, Licentiate in Arts and Batchelor in Decrees; a fact now for the first time brought to light by Mr. Laing, and serving to fix an important date and landmark in Henryson's life;<sup>1</sup> 2<sup>d</sup>, That he was a notary-public, being so designed in three deeds dated at Dunfermline in 1478, and recorded in the Chartulary of that town; 3<sup>d</sup>, That he died shortly before 1506, as Dunbar in his 'Lament for the Death of the Makaris,' composed in that year,

<sup>1</sup> It seems worthy of being here mentioned that Bishop Elphinstone, so distinguished afterwards in the ecclesiastical history of his country, seems to have taken his Master's degree at Glasgow in the same year (1462), and it is to be hoped that these two excellent men were acquainted with each other. Elphinstone, who survived Henryson, died in 1514, and thus lived to lament the issue of that war with England which he had endeavoured by his counsels to prevent.—Innes's *Sketches*, p. 262.

speaks of him as recently dead in Dunfermline, with which place he thus appears to have been permanently connected. All the other allegations or suggestions that have been made regarding him are apocryphal. Even the supposition that he was a school-master rests on no other evidence than his being so described in the edition of his Fables, printed in 1570. Any further information connected with his character or history must be derived from his own writings, and can only be of a very general kind. But we may thence gather that he was a man of learning and taste, that he had a love for nature, and a sense of humour, and that, in all probability, he was, what we should wish him to be, of a patriotic spirit, a kindly heart, and a gentle disposition.

It is pleasant to think of him, with these qualities, passing a useful and quiet life in the romantic neighbourhood of what had been the occasional residence and the frequent burying-place of Scotland's kings; studying and meditating under the shadow of that magnificent monastery, of which the noble remains are still standing, to tell of its ancient wealth and grandeur, and which, we trust, contributed in its better days to the diffusion of piety and learning throughout the fertile district in which it was set down. We see not a few proofs in Henryson's poems that he drew inspiration both from the *religio loci* that hallowed the spot, and from the beauty of the natural scenery that there surrounded him.

The middle and later periods of Henryson's life may in some degree have been clouded by the public calamities which discoloured the reign of James III., and which terminated the life of that monarch, while contending with a rebellion in which his own son stood in arms against him; and the poems now before us seem in several parts to have received a melancholy tinge from the social disorders which such events must have tended to produce. But we hope that he lived to see, in the evening of his days, a brighter sky opening under the new reign, and to look forward with confidence to the progress of national improvement, of which the foundations were laid in his time, though the finishing of the work was for an interval delayed.

It is worth while to remember some of the great changes which took place in Henryson's lifetime, both abroad and at home. The invention of printing was matured in Germany about the time when he was admitted a member of the University of Glasgow; and considering the peace that prevailed with England, and the intercourse that was maintained with France and the Low Countries, it is scarcely conceivable that he should not, before he died, have enjoyed the new pleasure of reading some printed books. In the early part of his life under the reign of James II., that great charter of the tenant-farmers

was made the law of the land, to which there is little doubt that the agricultural prosperity of Scotland has since been eminently indebted. The Act of Parliament 1449, c. 18, ordained, 'for the safetie and favour of *the puir people that labouris the ground*,' (we borrow the words and spelling of the little Scots Acts),

'that they and all utheris that hes taken, or sall take landes, in time to come fra Lordes, and hes termes and zeires thereof, that, suppose the Lordes sell or annaly that land or landes, the takers sall remaine with their tackes, unto the ischew of their termes, quhais handes that ever thay landes cum to, for siklike maill as they tooke them for.'

In a later period of the century, the fifth Parliament of James IV. (1494, c. 54) ordered,

'throw all the realme, that all Baronnes and Free-holders that ar of substance put their eldest sonnes and aires to the schules, fra they be sex or nine zeires of age, and till remaine at the grammar schules, quhill they be competentlie founded and have perfite Latine; and thereafter to remaine three zeirs at the schules of Art and jure, swa that they may have knowlege and understanding of the lawes: Throw the quhilks justice may remaine universally throw all the realme: Swa that they that ar Schireffes and Judges Ordinares under the Kingis Hienesse may have knowlege to doe justice, that the puir people sulde have na neede to seek our Sovereine Lordis principal Auditour for ilk small injurie: And quhat Baronne or Free-holder of substance that haldis not his sonne at the schules as said is, havand na lauchful essoizinie, bot failzies herein, fra knowlege may be gotten thereof, he sall pay to the King the summe of twentie pound.'

This Act must be considered as laying the foundation of a national education in one most essential point; for if the education of the poor be important, it is of at least equal importance that there be an adequate education of the rich, and this not only for their own good, but for the good of their poorer neighbours, whose character and welfare cannot fail to be influenced by those above them, and to suffer from their ignorance and vice. If Henryson was a schoolmaster, and if, as we suppose, he survived to see the inauguration of a system under which the nobility and landed men were likely to be best reclaimed from a state of rude and lawless violence, the change must have been regarded by him with peculiar satisfaction, and with the best hopes for the future fate of his native land. It should perhaps be kept in view, as illustrating Henryson's position, that the part of the country in which he lived, the shire of Fife, was exempt from some evils to which other districts were exposed. Inaccessible to a foreign foe, except under circumstances of the utmost national prostration, and protected by interposed tracts of land from those constant inroads which disturbed and impoverished the more immediate neighbours of the

Northern and Western Highlands on the one side, and the English border on the other, the county, or, as it came to be called, the *Kingdom of Fife*, flourished abundantly both in agriculture and in commerce. It would appear that some Celtic mountaineers still lingered, in the fifteenth century, among the Ochils; but this remnant of an ancient race were not near enough, and are not likely to have been strong enough, to do much harm either to the lands or boroughs of Fife, where there was no want of a manly and warlike population, or of the strong hand of authority, both civil and ecclesiastical. We may therefore infer that Henryson's life was passed amidst a comparative degree of peace and local prosperity, from which he might look out with calmer feelings on the disorders that prevailed elsewhere. He possessed, it is clear, sufficient means to save him from the degradation of complaining to any patron of inadequate support, and soliciting a more competent provision; and he enjoyed at the same time sufficient leisure from professional or official duties to be able to find pleasure for himself and his friends in the composition of those poems which now for the first time have had justice done them, by being presented to his countrymen in a suitable and accessible shape.

Some of Henryson's works are so well known that they need no introduction or recommendation here. His 'Robene and Makyne,' a pretty and pleasing commentary on the old adage, 'He that will not when he may,' etc., is included by Campbell in his *Specimens of the British Poets*, and is described by him 'as the first known pastoral, and one of the best, in a dialect rich with the favours of the pastoral muse.' His 'Testament of Cresseid,' written as a continuation of Chaucer's 'Troilus and Cresseid,' has been often printed along with the works of the English poet, and has been mistaken, even by modern critics of taste, for the production of Chaucer himself. Godwin, who has fully examined both of the poems, does justice to Henryson's merits, and in some respects gives him even the preference over his master. But his disapprobation and disgust are excited by the catastrophe of Henryson's addition, in which Cresseid, having been smitten with leprosy, is represented as seeking aid, like a common beggar, and receiving an 'almous' from her old lover, along with the other 'lipper folk.' Though there may be some truth in this criticism, yet it seems to border on an excess of fastidiousness. Cresseid, as painted by Chaucer, is an odious character, and we do not grudge that she should be deprived of that beauty of which she had made so evil a use. But the kind of poetical justice which Henryson was here tempted to inflict on her might naturally be suggested by the times and circumstances in which he wrote. Leprosy, we know,

prevailed extensively in Henryson's day, and Leper or Spittall Houses were erected on the outskirts of several of the principal towns in Scotland and England. 'There is reason to believe,' as Mr. Laing observes, 'that a spitall-house existed in Dunfermline, which may have afforded Henryson an opportunity of personally witnessing the victims of this frightful malady.' The most noted of those who suffered from the disease in Scotland was Robert the Bruce, who was buried at Dunfermline, and the memory of whose fate must have been fresh in that place in Henryson's time. The poet might thus be led to think it not undignified that the foreign wanton should be struck down with that visitation which had not spared the best and greatest of Scotland's sovereigns.

The manner of Troilus' meeting with Cresseid, and his shadowy reminiscence of her features, though without a recognition of her identity, as well as the state of his feelings when he afterwards learns who she is, are described by Henryson with delicacy and tenderness:—

'Seeing that companie they come all with ane stevin,  
They gave ane cry, and schuik coppis gude speid:  
Said, "Worthy lordis, for Goddis lufe of Hevin,  
To us lipper, part of your almous deed:"

Than to thair cry noble Troylus tuik heed,  
Having piety, neir by the place can pass,  
Quhair Cresseid sat, not witting quhat scho was.

'Than upon him scho kest up baith her ene,  
And with ane blenk it come into his thoct,  
That he sum time befor her face had seen,  
Bot scho was in sic plye he knew her nocht;  
Yit than her luik into his mind it brocht  
The sweet visage, and amorous blenking  
Of fair Cresseid, sumtime his awin darling.

'Na wonder was, suppose in mind that he  
Tuik her figure sa sone, and lo! now quhy?  
The idol of ane thing in case may be  
Sae deep imprentit in the fantasy,  
That it deludis the wittis outwardly,  
And sa appeiris in forme and lyke estate  
Within the mind as it was figurate.

'Ane spark of lufe than till his heart culd spring,  
And kendlit all his body in ane fire,  
With hait fever, ane sweit and trimbiling  
Him tuik quhyle he was ready to expire:  
To heir his schield his breist began to tire,  
Within ane quhyle he changit mony hew,  
And nevertheless not ane ane other knew.

Here is the last scene of the story, which gives its name to the poem :—

- ‘ Quhen this was said, with paper scho sat doun,  
And on this maneir made hir Testament :  
“ Heir I betreich my corps and carioun  
With wormis and with taidis to be rent ;  
My cop and clapper, and mine ornament,  
And all my gold, the lipper folk shall have,  
Quhen I am deid, to burie me in grave.
- ‘ This royall ring, set with this ruby reid,  
Quhilk Troylus in drowrie to me send,  
To him agane I leif it quhan I am deid,  
To make my cairfull deid unto him kend :  
Thus I conclude schortlie and make ane end ;  
My spreit I leif to Diane, quhair scho dwellis,  
To walk with her in waist woddis and wellis.
- ‘ “ O Diomeid ! thou hast baith broche and belt  
Quhilk Troylus gave me in takning  
Of his trew lufe”—and with that word scho swelt ;  
And sone ane lipper man tuik of the ring,  
Syne buryit hir withouten tarying :  
To Troylus furthwith the ring he bair,  
And of Cresseid the deith he can declair.
- ‘ Quhen he had heard her greit infirmity,  
Her legacie and lamentatioun,  
And how she endit in sic poverty,  
He swelt for wo, and fell down in ane swoun :  
For greit sorrow his heart to birst was boun ;  
Siching full sadlie, said, “ I can no more,  
Scho was untrue, and wo is me therefore.’

The ‘ Orpheus and Eurydice ’ is another elaborate poem by Henryson, which is less known, and perhaps less deserving of attention, though it contains some things that are curious, both as regards the views of science then prevailing, and the aspect in which the incidents related presented themselves to the poet’s mind. The subject of the poem is mainly taken from Boethius’s *Consolation of Philosophy*, and its details are probably to be found in some of Boethius’s commentators, of whom Mr. Laing shows that one mentioned by Henryson, namely, ‘ Doctor Nicholas,’ was not, as Dr. Irving supposed, Nicholas Crescius of Florence, but an Englishman, Nicholas Trivetus, a monk of the Dominican order. Trivetus’s Gloss upon Boethius’s Treatise is included in the Catalogue of Books existing in Glasgow Cathedral in the year 1432, which is preserved in the ancient

register of that bishopric, and of which an account will be found in the Appendix to Mr. Innes's *Scotland in the Middle Ages*.

Orpheus is described by Henryson as the son of Phœbus and the Muse Calliope, to whom Erudices, the Queen of Thrace, makes a proposal of marriage :—

‘ Between Orpheus and fair Erudices,  
 Fra thay war weddit, on fra day to day,  
 The lowe of luf couth kendill and encess,  
 With myrth, blythness, gret plesance, and gret play  
 Off warldly joye : allace, quhat sall we say ?  
 Like till a flour that pleasandly will spring,  
 Quhilk fadis sone, and endis with murnyng !

‘ I say this by Erudices the Queen,  
 Quhilk walkit furth in till a May mornyng,  
 And with a maiden in a meadow green,  
 To tak the dew, and see the flouris spring ;  
 Quhar in a schaw, nere by this lady ying,  
 A busteouss herd, callit Arystyus,  
 Kep and his beastis, lay under a buss.

‘ And quhen he saw this lady solitair,  
 Barefute, with schankis quhytar than the snaw,  
 Prikkit with lust, he thoct withouten mair,  
 Her till oppress, and till hir can he draw :  
 Dredand for scaith scho fled, quhen scho him saw ;  
 And as scho ran all barefute on ane buss,  
 Scho strampit on a serpent venomuss.’

The bite proves mortal, and Orpheus then sets forth on an expedition ‘to seek his wife,’ and commences his inquiries in the upper regions. He searches for her in vain through all the planets, but with this indirect benefit, that he picks up by the way a more complete knowledge of music than he had previously possessed. The scientific views he thus obtains are very technically described, in conformity with the system which then prevailed among musicians, though the poet is at pains to declare that he himself knows nothing of the matter, and could never sing a note.

Orpheus then proceeds on his errand, by many streets and ready ways through the realms of space, till at the last he arrives at the infernal regions, where the story is carried on through its usual incidents, which we need not here insert.

Some of the shorter poems of Henryson are well known by having been inserted in popular extracts from Scottish poetry. The ‘Abbey Walk’ and the ‘Bloody Serk’ are excellent compositions of their kind ; the one a good specimen of those

moral meditations of which the older poets are fond, and the other an early example of the more polished form of ballad poetry.

But perhaps the most important and interesting of all Henryson's writings are his 'Moral Fables of Æsop,' now for the first time made available to modern readers in a complete form. A few of them were included in the Selections of Lord Hailes and others, and a reprint of Andro Hart's edition of 1621 was issued in 1832 to the members of the Bannatyne Club, with a Preface by the late Dr. Irving. This last book, of course, though available to the favoured few, and highly useful as a pioneer to other efforts, left the work, as far as the million was concerned, in that position which, as Coleridge said of some of his productions, is as good as manuscript. It is not creditable to our national taste that such should have been the case, and it must now strike us with some shame that in this way the French and German antiquaries, who have studied this branch of literature with so much diligence and success, have never become acquainted with these Fables, which are perhaps the earliest, and are certainly among the best, of the attempts that have been made by British writers to give a poetical dress to this favourite class of fictions.

It is a matter of some interest to inquire from what sources Henryson must have derived his *sets* of the stories which he has here converted into poems. In looking into this question, we must keep in view that, according to Mr. Laing's conjecture, which we are quite disposed to adopt, these Fables must have been composed about the year 1480, or at least before 1488, as they seem to refer frequently to the disorders of the country which prevailed in the later years of James III., and to make no allusion to the accession of his illustrious successor. We are thus led to examine the state of the literary resources which were accessible in this department in the last half of the fifteenth century.

The middle-age bibliography of the Æsopian Fables is somewhat complicated and obscure; but a few points are well fixed:—

1. Æsop, if he ever existed, seems to have left no written compositions of his own; but the fictions that were orally current under his name were from time to time reduced to writing, and in some cases embodied in verse. The most distinguished of these versifiers was Babrius, a Greek poet, whose age has been variously placed by the critics at different periods between the time of Julius Cæsar and of Alexander Severus. These fables of Babrius seem in process of time to have been *transposed*, as Mr. Bayes would have called it, by the Eastern



monks and rhetoricians, who supplied the popular literature of the middle ages, and other fables were, no doubt, added by them from traditional sources. The Greek *Æsop*, thus miscellaneously compiled, made its way into Western Europe, and besides being frequently translated, came ultimately to be printed in Greek from various manuscripts. Bentley, with his usual sagacity, was the first to discover among these prosaic productions the *disjecti membra poetæ*, and to point at Babrius as the probable source from which they were derived; and this conjecture was ultimately confirmed, upon the discovery, in 1842, of a manuscript of Babrius in the monastery of St. Laura on Mount Athos, the result of a mission sent out by the French Minister of Instruction for the discovery of similar remains. This elegant and pleasing poet is now accessible in various forms, and in particular in the delightful edition published by the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis.

2. The Greek fables thus collected or concocted in the East, came soon, as we have said, to be translated into Latin, and among their translators we find the name of Romulus, who, in some editions of his fables, is represented as an emperor who had prepared the book for the instruction of his son Tiberinus. This, of course, is itself a fable; and it is not improbable that Romulus, whose age is quite unknown, except that it must have preceded the eleventh century, was a myth or pseudonyme. But it is here remarkable that, while Romulus professes to have made his translation from the Greek, it is almost certain that the author, whoever he was, had before him a manuscript of Phædrus, though no such manuscript was published or known to learned men till the end of the sixteenth century, when the Latin classic was for the first time edited by Pittheus in 1596. A comparison of the two books shows numerous passages in Romulus's prose which are manifestly borrowed either directly or at second-hand from Phædrus's verse. We have thus the singular coincidence, as to these Fables, that the current prose editions, Greek and Latin, were made up of materials taken from the lost poets Babrius and Phædrus, whose original productions were afterwards, and one of them at so late a period, recovered and made public.

3. Romulus, the prose fabulist, who thus became current in Western Europe, was himself translated or 'transversed' by various hands. One of the earliest of those who thus dealt with him goes sometimes by the name of Nevelet's Anonymus, being so cited in Nevelet's edition of *Æsop* of 1610; but he is supposed by M. Robert, and J. Grimm after him, to have rejoiced in the name of Galfredus or Geoffrey. This poet, who must have lived not later than the eleventh century, turned a great

part of Romulus's prose into Latin elegiacs.<sup>1</sup> Galfredus, or the Anonymus of Nevelet, must be distinguished from another writer, who is sometimes spoken of as the Anonymus of Nilant, and who wrote fables in prose, which seem to be a mere corruption of Romulus's Latin.

4. There seems reason to think that Romulus's fables had at an early period been translated into English. Some of his commentators say that 'Rex Angliæ *Afferus*' ordered *Æsop* to be translated from Latin into English, and it has been supposed, on the strength of such statements, that King Alfred had done so. But there is no good evidence of that fact, and the French poetess Marie, who flourished in the thirteenth century, while she says that she translated her fables out of English, gives the name of her English author as King Henry; nor is it indeed very likely that she could have understood the Anglo-Saxon of Alfred, which was materially different from the English of Marie's time. Marie's words are as follows:—

'Pur amour le cumte Willaume,  
Le plus vaillant de cest royaume,  
M'entremis de cest livre feire,  
E de l'Angleiz en Roman treirc.  
Ysopet apeluns ce livre  
Qu'il traveilla et fist escrire;  
De Griu en Latin le turna.  
Li rois Henris qui moult l'ama  
Le translata puis en Engleiz,  
E jeo l'ai rimé en Franceiz.'

5. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, being not long after the times of the German Minnesingers, the fables of *Æsop*, as Latinized by Romulus and others, were translated into some of the other vernacular languages of the West. In particular, Marie of France, already mentioned, versified upwards of a hundred of those fables in the language of Northern France. Bonerius also, a Swiss monk, translated about the same number into High German, either in the end of the thirteenth or early part of the fourteenth century. Both of these translations, that of Marie and that of Bonerius, have been published or re-published in our own time, and can be read with pleasure, and with considerable interest.

6. Maximus Planudes, a name often connected with the *Æsopian* Fables, was a Constantinopolitan monk, whose era may be fixed about the year 1350. He was long supposed not only to be a collector or *rédacteur* of the Greek fables of *Æsop*,

<sup>1</sup> These elegiacs, though generally poor enough, contain one good line, that has been quoted as a maxim:

*Alterius non sit, qui suus esse potest.*

—'Let no one be another's who can live and be his own.'

which seems to be the fact, but also to be the author of a very silly and offensive life of the fabulist, full of absurdities for which there is no authority in ancient writers, but which La Fontaine was ignorant enough to consider as entitled to weight from the short interval that he supposed to have elapsed between the era of Æsop and that of Planudes, the truth being that the one is assignable to the sixth century B.C., while the other belongs to the fourteenth century after Christ, making a space of about two thousand years.<sup>1</sup> The opinion which ascribed the Life of Æsop to Planudes was a very gross libel on that worthy man, who deserves some credit for his exertions in the cause of learning, and against whom the only serious charge that can be made is, that in preserving and collecting the delightful poems which compose the Greek Anthology, he retrenched too unsparingly some of the improprieties with which he thought them disfigured. It was afterwards found that Planudes could not be the author of this obnoxious Life of Æsop, as it is contained in at least one ms. of an earlier date than Planudes's time.

7. In the fifteenth century, and upon the invention of printing, the Fables of Æsop or of Romulus were favourite subjects for the operations of the early printers, and as these printed collections began to be made a little before the probable date of Henryson's compositions, it may be worth while to mention some of them.

One of the very earliest productions of the press is a book of fables printed at Bamberg, by Albert Pfister, in 1461, of which a copy is mentioned by Lessing as belonging to the Wolfenbützel Library. This is the only copy known, and was taken away by the French, on their subjugation of Germany in the late war, and placed in the National Library at Paris, but on the surrender of Paris in 1815 it was restored. It is said to be the earliest of the books printed with movable types which are illustrated with woodcuts containing figures. When examined by Lessing, it turned out to consist of the Fables of Bonerius already mentioned, though it contains only eighty-five out of the hundred which Bonerius wrote.

Between 1473 and 1484 there was printed at Ulm, by John Zeiner, a fable-book in Latin and German, containing the Fables of Æsop, Romulus, and others, the German translation being supplied by Dr. Henry Steinhöwel. Nevelet seems to have seen this curious book, but being a Frenchman, ignorant of German, he could not derive much benefit from it, except in reference to the Latin text.

<sup>1</sup> 'Comme Planude vivoit dans un siècle où la mémoire des choses arrivées à Esop ne devoit pas être éteinte, j'ai cru qu'il savoit par tradition ce qu'il a laissé. Dans cette croyance je l'ai suivi,' etc.

About the year 1480 there appeared at Milan the earliest printed edition of *Æsop* in the Greek language, accompanied with a Latin translation; and during the remaining years of the fifteenth century various other fable-books, containing, or founded on *Æsop*, appeared in different languages. At Deventer, in 1490, there appeared a book under the title *Æsopus Moralisatus cum bono Commento*; and if this book, as we suppose, agrees with the Italian collections, of which we have seen one printed in 1517 under the title, *Æsopus Constructus Moralisatus et Hystoriatius ultimo Impressus*, it contained the elegiac verses of Nevelet's Anonymus or Galfredus, to which we have already alluded. The earliest French *Æsop* is said to have been printed soon after 1480, and in the same or the preceding year Caxton printed his *Æsop* in England. Caxton's book is said in the title to have been translated from the French; but it is not known from what exact source it was derived, though it is by some believed that it was taken from a French translation of the Ulm fable-book. A fable-book of *Æsop* and others, in Latin, *Cum Optimo Commento*, was printed at Antwerp in 1486, and four books of *Æsop*, with other fables, translated into Spanish, were printed at Saragossa in 1489.

We have referred to these printed fable-books, not because there is any evidence or strong probability that Henryson had seen any of them before composing his Fables, but because they show the wide popularity which must then have attended that species of composition, and imply that manuscripts of Latin fables must have been in much request, when we find the first printers so ready to embark their labour and capital in this form of literature.

The Fables of Henryson are in all thirteen in number, with two prologues; but though they are designated generally as the Fables of *Æsop*, there are only seven of them of the proper *Æsopean* character. These are—(1.) The Cock and the Jasp (or Jewel); (2.) The 'Uplandis' Mouse and the Burgess Mouse; (3.) The Dog, the Sheep, and the Wolf; (4.) The Lion and the Mouse; (5.) The Preaching of the Swallow; (6.) The Wolf and the Lamb; (7.) The Paddock and the Mouse. Another of them, The Wolf and the Wedder, is of a doubtful description.

If we now come more particularly to inquire from what special source or sources Henryson derived his fables, we may, in the first place, lay aside Phædrus and Babrius, of whom he could know nothing; and we may also dismiss the Greek *Æsop*, which it is not likely that he ever saw, and not very likely that he could have read. Looking to the other collections we have mentioned, it is worth noticing that the seven fables of Henryson, which we have called *Æsopean*, are *all* to be found in

Romulus, in Galfredus, in Marie, in Bonerius, and in Caxton. It is scarcely to be supposed that Henryson saw Pfister's book, which must have been rare and valuable, and, being written in High German, would be a sealed fountain to most Scotchmen; and Caxton's *Æsop*, as well as the other printed collections, came probably too late to be of use to him. He may possibly have been able to read Marie of France, if he had met with her, though her Norman French would then be nearly as antiquated as it seems now; but as he says that he translated out of Latin, we may limit ourselves to the available sources in that language. Some manuscript copy or imitation of Romulus would be common enough in the English monasteries, and doubtless not unknown in Scotland. We know also of a collection of stories, including fables, by Odo of Cerinton, an English Cistercian monk of the end of the twelfth century, from which Mr. Wright, in his selection for the Percy Society, has given several extracts; and among them we may notice the story or fable, 'De Consilio Murium,' which is not in Romulus, though it is in some French collections and in Bonerius; and we may remember that this was the fable which in Henryson's time is said to have gained for Archibald Earl of Angus the name of Bell-the-Cat.

Where there is so much room for conjecture, and so little aid to guide us, it is hazardous to venture an opinion; but we are disposed to think that Henryson, in writing his Fables, must have had before him, among other books, the *Elegiacs* of Galfredus, to which we have before alluded. We do so mainly upon two pieces of evidence—(1.) Henryson, as Mr. Laing observes, embodies, in the verses of his first Prologue, a pentameter line which belongs to the first couplet of Galfredus's *Præfatio*. Henryson says:—

' With sad materis some merryness to ming,  
Accordis weill, thus Esop said, I wis,  
*Dulcius arriident seria picta jocis.*'

While Galfredus thus commences:—

' Ut juvet, ut prosit, conatur pagina præsens:  
*Dulcius arriident seria picta jocis.*'

(2.) We think it remarkable, though it may seem a trifling agreement, that in Henryson's first fable, which is also the first in Galfredus, the Scotch poet designates the precious stone found by the Cock as a *Jasp*, which is also the word used by the Latin versifier, whose beginning runs thus—

' Dum rigido fodit ore fimum, dum quæritat escam,  
Dum stupet inventa *jaspide*, gallus ait.'

We find this word in none of the other collections. Romulus, after Phædrus, uses '*Margarita*.' Some of the later Latin

translators, 'UNIO.' Marie says, '*Jame*' = *gemma*. Bonerius says, 'Edel stein,' and gives his whole book that title, as being a precious possession to those who can use it. A rhythmical Latin fable in Wright's collection has '*preciosus lapis*,' and Caxton has 'precious stone.' That Henryson should follow Galfredus in this peculiar word, and at the same time quote a pentameter that is found in his Elegiacs, seems pretty conclusive proof that this book was at least *one* of his sources.

It is remarkable in Henryson's Fables that he utterly ignores the deformity of person which is ascribed to Æsop in the monkish life of him. Whether he was not acquainted with that book, or had the good sense to reject it as untrustworthy, cannot well be ascertained; but he seems not even to have known or believed that Æsop was a Greek or Asiatic. He thus describes him, with somewhat of the admiration and reverence with which Dante regards Virgil, though with a more satisfactory account of his state in the other world:—

' Me to conserve then fra the Sunnis heat,  
Under the shadow of ane hawthorn green,  
I leanit down amang the flouris sweet,  
Syne cled my head, and closit baith my een.  
On sleep I fell amang thir hewis bene,  
And in my dream methocht cam throw the shaw  
The fairest man that ever before I saw.

' Ane roll of paper in his hand he bare,  
Ane swannis pen stikkand under his ear,  
Ane ink-horne with ane pretty gilt pennair,  
Ane bag of silke, all at his belt can beir:  
Thus was he gudolie graithit in his geir.  
Of stature large, and with ane fearful<sup>1</sup> face,  
Even quhere I lay he cam ane sturdy pace;

' And said, "God speed, my son;" and I was fain  
Of that couth word, and of his company.  
With reverence I salusit him again,  
"Welcome, father," and he sat down me by.  
"Displease you nocht, my gude maister, thocht I,  
Demand your birth, your faculty, and name,  
Quhy ye come here, or quhere ye dwell at hame?"

' "My son," said he, "I am of gentill blude,  
My native land is Rome, (withouten nay);  
And in that toun first to the sculis I yude,  
In civil law studyit full mony ane day,  
And now my winning is in heaven for ay;  
Esop I hecht: my writing and my wark  
Is couth and kend to mony cunning clerk."

<sup>1</sup> Venerable.

' O Maister Esope, poet laureate,  
 God wait ye are full dear welcome to me ;  
 Are ye not he that all thir Fables wrait,  
 Quhilk in effect, suppose they feignit be,  
 Are full of prudence and morality ? "  
 " Fair son," said he, " I am the samin man."  
 God wait gif that my hert was merry than.'

The Fables of Henryson, like most others of the later period of the middle ages, are always wound up with moralities, by which the story is pointed and improved for the benefit of such readers as might not have the wit to understand or apply it themselves. The Greek fabulists have short expositions of this kind, which are called *ἐπιμύθια*, and some genuine examples of this are found in Babrius. The corresponding Latin word is *adfabulatio*, and this sort of short moral is generally found in Phædrus, either as a preface or as a postscript to each fable. But the middle-age moralities are of a different kind, and seem to have originated in a somewhat singular cause. The monkish preachers, whether in this respect instructed by Aristotle, or enlightened by a natural instinct, seem to have enlivened their sermons with a liberal admixture of fables or stories, with the view of better securing the attention, or the attendance, of their audience. Some of these were legends from the lives of saints, but sometimes they seem to have taken a wider range, and to have made an excursion into the region of Pagan or profane fiction. In this case, however, it would scarcely have answered to allow these embellishments to retain their secular character, and the expedient was therefore resorted to of moralizing such stories into religious allegories. This process seems specially to have been employed by Petrus Berchorius of Poitou, a Benedictine prior at Paris, who lived about 1362, and wrote moralities on the Bible, and who is said to have added to the *Gesta Romanorum*, the moralizations which we now find appended to that collection of narratives. We suspect it will be found that, prior to his time, the morals of fables are more shortly and generally expressed; while after that date they are expanded into the sort of sermonizings in which Henryson among others is found to indulge.

The tale of 'The Dog, the Sheep, and the Wolf,' is one of the most curious of Henryson's collection, and is carefully worked out. This fable, we think, is not in any Greek collection, but it occurs in Romulus, in Geoffrey, in Marie, and in Bonerius; and it is found in Phædrus. In all of these it is simply and shortly told, with no detail of judicial procedure; but Henryson has amplified it in a way quite peculiar and characteristic. Lord Hailes has said of it in this shape: 'The fable of "The

Dog, the Wolf, and the Scheip," contains the *form of process* before the Ecclesiastical Court. It is a singular performance, will be entertaining to lawyers, and may, perhaps, suggest some observations not to be found in books.' Concurring as we do in this view, we think we may be allowed to offer some little commentary on the text.

According to Henryson, the Dog, wishing to make a groundless or *calumnious* claim against the Sheep, convenes him, not before any of the Civil tribunals, but before the Consistory or Ecclesiastical Court, where he expects more easily to accomplish his object. In this selection the poet seems to show that he was of the same mind as Dr. Johnson, who, when asked by his friend Walmsley of Doctors' Commons how he could possibly involve his heroine, Irene, in greater distress than he had done in the early part of his play, replied that he could throw her into the Spiritual Court. There is little doubt that in the middle ages—and perhaps the tendency continued down to a later period—the Episcopal judicatories, in their exercise of consistorial jurisdiction, were instruments of considerable oppression. The peculiarity of the questions with which they were chiefly conversant, the vague nature of the principles involved in them, as designed *pro salute animæ*, and not directed to ordinary matters of patrimonial interest, and the exemption of the judges from the usual means of control and remedies of review were all calculated to render their procedure vexatious and their decisions arbitrary. Their general character is given by one who must have known them well—Peter of Blois, who, in the latter part of the twelfth century, was settled in England, and was successively Chancellor to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Archdeacon of Bath and London. In a letter to the Official of the Bishop of Chartres in France, he exhorts him to retire from his office, on the ground of the iniquitous doings which it involved :—

'Tota officialis intentio est ut ad opus Episcopi sue jurisdictioni commissas miserrimas oves quasi vice illius tondeat, emungat, excoriet. . . . Cause et judicia, quibus te imprudenter, ne dicam impudenter, immisceas, potius consuetudinario et seculari jure deciduntur. Officium officialium hodie est jura confundere, suscitare lites, transactiones rescindere, innectere delationes, suppressere veritatem, fovere mendacium, questum sequi, equitatem vendere, inhiare exactionibus, versutias concinnare. Si mihi credis, imo si credis in Deum, relinque maturius officialis officium, ministerium damnationis, rotam malorum, et spiritum vertiginis qui te ad inania circumvolvitur. Miserere anime tue placens Deo, cui placere non potes cum isto perditionis officio.'—*Petri Blesensis Epistola*, xxv. p. 44.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Quoted from the *Liber Officialis Sancti Andreæ* (Abbotsford Club).



Another glimpse behind the scenes is given us in the following story, told by Mr. Innes in his *Sketches*, and taken from the *Chronicle of Lanercost*, anno 1277 :—

‘A certain knight of Robertston had an estate in Annandale, the tenants of which, running riot from too much prosperity—*præ opibus lascivientes*—committed all sorts of offences, which brought them to the Official’s Court, and filled the purse of the Archdeacon with their fines. At length the landlord declared that for any such offences the tenants should be ejected from his land, which produced a great reformation, and a diminution of the Archdeacon’s profits. The Archdeacon met the knight, and accosting him, *superbo supercilio*, asked him who had constituted him judge for the reforming of such matters. The knight replied that he had made the rule for the sake of his property, and not as interfering with the Churchman’s jurisdiction, but added,—“I see if you can fill your bag with their fines, you have no care who takes their souls.” *Ad hæc conticuit exactor criminum et amator transgressionum.*’—*Chron. Laner.* 1277.

Lord Medwyn, or whoever else wrote the Preface to the Official’s Book of St. Andrews, was of opinion, and probably with reason, that the Episcopal Courts in Scotland were latterly, through the learning and virtue of men like Bishop Elphinstone, rescued from the odium and corruption that had before attached to them; but it may be doubted how far this improvement was general; and the satire of Henryson would not probably have been directed against them without good grounds. We may observe that the ecclesiastical officials always contrived to make a rich harvest out of the cases before them, and, in particular, out of the fines and penalties inflicted. In the administration, also, of intestate successions, they claimed a handsome *quot*, or percentage, out of the free executry; and it deserves notice that this exaction, which was continued by the lay commissaries established at the Reformation, was only finally abolished in the present century.

The subject of the Dog’s action against the Sheep is a loaf of bread alleged to have been lent, and for which he demands payment. This dispute is not in its own nature of an ecclesiastical character; but the Bishops’ Courts early encroached upon the secular jurisdiction in every possible way, and on every possible pretence. As Mr. Erskine tells us, ‘the clergy had the address to establish in themselves a proper jurisdiction, not only in questions of tithes, patronage, scandal, breach of vow, and in other matters which might with some propriety be styled ecclesiastical, but in every cause which they could find the smallest colour to give that name to.’ Even where the claim was merely pecuniary, and had no conceivable connexion in its own nature with the church or religion, they established a jurisdiction in such suits as might be brought by widows,

or orphans, or other *personæ miserabiles* who were supposed to need the Church's protection,—a circumstance which seems to explain a passage in the quotation we are about to make :—

‘ Esope ane tale puttis in memory  
How that ane Dog, *because that he was pure*,  
Callit ane Sheep to the Consistory  
Ane certain bread fra him for to recure :  
Ane fraudful Wolf was judge that time, and bure  
Authority and jurisdiction ;  
And on the Sheep send furth ane strait Summòn.’

The citation in ecclesiastical causes, we know, was made under pain of excommunication, which, after being pronounced and remaining for some time in force, might be followed up by imprisonment and seizure of goods by the secular authorities :

‘ I, Maister Wolf, partless of fraud and guile,  
Under the pains of high suspensiòn,  
Of great cursing, and interdictiòn,  
Schir Sheep, I charge thee straitly to compeir,  
And answer to ane Dog before me here.’

The apparitor, or officer chosen to execute the writ, is ‘ Sir Corbie Raven,’—

‘ Quha pykit had full mony scheipis ee :’

and he duly discharges his function by summoning the Sheep to appear before the Wolf,

‘ Peremptourlie, within twa days or three.’

The execution is made before witnesses, and *indorsed* upon the writ.

The clerk of such courts was generally a notary, which may have led to Henryson's having personally assisted at such proceedings. In this case the Fox officiates in that capacity, while the Gled and Graip, *i.e.*, the kite and vulture, appear as Advocates for the Dog. The Sheep has no counsel, but when called upon to plead he makes answer by objecting to the tribunal and whole proceeding—

‘ Here I *decline* the Judge, the time, the place.’

The mode of proceeding when a judge was thus refused on the ground of enmity or other personal objection was very peculiar, and consisted in an arbitration between the judge and party to have the objection disposed of.

This is explained in Oughton's *Ordo Judiciorum*, a well-known book of practice in Ecclesiastical Law :—

‘ Si quis fuerit conventus coram Judice, sibi suspecto ac minus indifferente : Primo et ante omnia facienda est Recusatio in scriptis,

continens specificò causas hujusmodi Recusationis: Utpote; Quia Judex est tibi inimicus (et specificandæ sunt hujusmodi Inimicitia) vel quia est Consanguineus partis Adversæ; vel quia lites et Controversiæ, inter se et Judicem Recusatum pendent (specificando easdem) et similia. Et in conclusione hujusmodi Materiæ Recusatoris, tenetur Recusans *referre* causas Recusationis hujusmodi *ad Arbitros*. Et adstatim nominandi sunt, ex parte Recusantis Arbitri duo vel tres Probi viri, et Judex (in isto casu Recusatus) tenetur nominare tot Arbitros pro parte sua. Et isti Arbitri Judices fient et judicabunt de causis Recusationis hujusmodi.'

This, accordingly, is the course here followed. The Bear, and the Brock, or Badger, as arbiters, 'the matter took on hand;' and after a long disputation, and examination of authorities, decided that the objection was unfounded, and the cause proceeds. The Sheep is very speedily cast, and ordered,—

' Under the pains of interdiction,  
The soume of silver, or the breid to pay.  
The Sheep, dreidand mair execution,  
Obeyand to the sentence, he couth tak  
His way unto ane merchand of the toun,  
And sauld the woll that he bure on his bak;  
Syne bocht the breid, and to the Dog couth mak  
Ready payment as it commandit was:  
Nakit and bair, syne to the feild couth pass.'

It is very plain that no one but a professional man could have given so minute and exact an account of the usual procedure in these courts; but we think it may further be inferred that Henryson was not in orders, as in that case he would scarcely have ventured to satirize so palpably the ecclesiastical tribunals.

In the morality that follows, the silly Sheep is compared to 'the poor Commons that daily are oppressed by tyrant men.' The animals of prey are the emblems of corrupt officers of justice, who enrich themselves by an abuse of their functions. The Wolf is a sheriff, who, having bought from the king some of the numerous forfeitures of goods and estates which were then common, carries about with him a corrupt jury, in order to enforce his claims. The Raven is a Coroner or Crowner, who, being intrusted under the Justiciar with the citation and arrest of accused persons for trial at Circuit, corrupts the record or 'Porteouss' of the Indictments, by the deletion or insertion of the names of the accused, and so extorts bribes from different parties whom he thus threatens.

The Porteouss here referred to was the portable roll of indictments prepared for the Circuit Air, and which continued to be in use till our own time. It is an old English as well as a Scotch

word, and is applied to any manual, including prayer-books or breviaries. The *Promptorium Parvulorum* contains it in this form: 'Poortos booke. Portiforium, breviarium.'

That the offices of Sheriff and Coroner were at this period liable to great abuse, and needed a close and constant control over them, may be gathered from the Act of James III., 1487, c. 103, which directs that the Sheriff and the Crouner 'suld thoill ane assise the last day of the aire' (Circuit). The words of the Act are,—

'It is statute and ordained, that there be charge given to the Justice, that he in time to cum, the last day of this aire, give ane assise to the Schireffe and Crouner, gif they have used and done their office treulie. And gif they be convict and foundin false therein, that they be punished therefore, after the forme of law and their demerites.'

It would be interesting to know if this Act or Henryson's fable were the first in date.

The complaints of the Sheep as to the miseries and oppressions inflicted on him are given with heartfelt earnestness and considerable power, but we have not room for further extracts.

Neither have we room for an analysis of the other *Æsopean* Fables of Henryson; but we would particularly refer to the tale of the 'Uplandis and the Burges Mouse,' which is told with a very happy circumstantiality. In the 'Lion and the Mouse,' and the 'Preaching of the Swallow,' there are also passages which would well deserve quotation.

Several of the remaining fables of Henryson belong obviously to the cycle of Reynard the Fox. That very celebrated model of the Animal-Epic seems to have had its native home or habitat in Flanders and the north-east of France, and its characters and topics cannot, we believe, be traced as having any popular currency among the Anglo-Saxons, or among the mixed Teutonic races of England and Scotland. In Scotland we seem to have had some tradition of our own with regard to the Fox, who was known among the Scottish peasantry by the name of Lowrie, which Henryson treats as a diminutive of Laurence. But the origin or connexion of the name of Tod Lowrie is, we confess, quite unknown to us. The wolf still existed in Scotland at this time, but seems to be the subject of no native tradition. The French or Flemish Reynard, however, was freely imported as an exotic production into several of the countries surrounding the North Sea, and the invention of printing was soon applied to the task of multiplying translations of it in various directions. A Low German version, in rhyme, made from the Flemish, was printed at Lubeck in 1498, and was long looked

upon as an original; while an English Reynard the Fox, in prose, was printed by Caxton in or soon after 1481, and is said to have been taken from a Dutch *rédaction*, which was produced at Gouda in 1479. From what source Henryson took those fables which are founded on incidents in the Reynard, it is not very easy to tell; but he seems to impute them to Æsop, equally with the proper Æsopean fables.

The tale of 'Schir Chantecleir and the Fox' is from the Nun's Priest's Tale in Chaucer.

The tale of the Fox 'that beguiled the Wolf in the shadow of the moon,' deserves more particular notice, and the original source of it admits of no doubt.

It is well known that the Jews formed a very efficient vehicle in the middle ages for conveying stories, as well as other good things, from the East to the West, and that in this way we may explain the importation into Europe of several Oriental fictions, such as the 'Seven Wise Masters.' Among the individuals of that nation who took a part in this sort of commerce was a Spanish Jew named Moses or Moyses Sephardi, who, being converted to Christianity about the year 1105, took the name of Petrus Alphonsi, that is, Peter Alphonsus' son, in honour of St. Peter, on whose day he was baptized, and of Alfonso, King of Castille, who was his godfather, and whose physician he became. The book by which this learned convert is now best known is his *Disciplina Clericalis*, so called, as he tells us, from its rendering the clergy well-disciplined or instructed. It consists of a series of moral sayings, maxims, and proverbs from Arabic or other Eastern sources, with illustrations from stories and fables, and quotations of poetry. Among the stories are several that are to be found in Bidpai, and some that appear in the *Arabian Nights*. The work was translated into French prose in or about the fifteenth century, under the title of *La Discipline de Clergie*, but there had been a previous translation into French verse in or about the thirteenth century, under the title of *Le Chastoiement d'un pere à son fils*. Manuscripts of Alfonsi's work, both in Latin and French, seem to have been not uncommon, and after the invention of printing we often meet with Alfonsi's stories mixed up with the Fables of Æsop in miscellaneous collections, to which also an addition is sometimes made from the jests of Poggio. This is the case with Steinhöwel and Caxton's Æsops, though it must be observed that the early printers do not always seem to have known the difference between Peter Alfonsi, who is sometimes called Adelfonsi, and another person, Adolphus, who wrote fables in Latin monkish rhyme. Alfonsi seems to have been well known to Chaucer, who quotes him more than once in the 'Tale of

Melibeus,' by the name of Piers Alphonse, the French form of his appellation. Henryson, as an admirer and imitator of Chaucer, would naturally be led to draw his materials from the same sources of information, though whether he used the Latin original, or a French translation of Alfonsi we cannot tell.

Certain it is that the fable we have last mentioned is taken very closely from the twenty-fourth story in the *Disciplina*, though, as we shall afterwards show, there is also some appearance of its having borrowed an incident from another quarter, which would lead us to a wider conjecture as to the extent of Henryson's reading.

The story is this:—' A husbandman, angry with his oxen for ploughing ill, exclaims, " May the wolf take ye !" The Wolf overhears him, and, encouraged by the Fox, who is also present, accosts the husbandman at his return homeward, and demands the oxen, as having been promised to him. The husbandman demurs, but at last agrees to refer the matter to the Fox, who enters on his judicial duties by trying separately to cajole both parties. He offers privately to decide in the husbandman's favour, in return for the promise of a handsome present of poultry to himself and his wife. He then takes the Wolf aside, and exposes the absurdity of his demands, but states the readiness of the other party to give him a good " cabock," or cheese, to let him off. The Wolf wishes to see the cheese, and the Fox leads him to a draw-well, where he assures him it will be found.

' The shadow of the moon shone in the well :  
" Schir," said Lowrence, " anes ye sall find me leal ;  
Now see ye not the cabock weill yoursel',  
Quhite as ane neip, and als round as ane seal." '

The Wolf is satisfied, and desires the Fox to get it, who accordingly descends by one of the buckets, but declares the cheese is too big for him to lift, and desires the Wolf to come down in the other bucket and help him :

' Than lichtly in the bucket lap the loun ;  
His wecht, but weir, the other end gart rise.  
The Tod came hailland up, the Wolf yeid doun ;  
Than angerly the Wolf upon him cries :  
" I cummand thus downward, quhy thow uphart hies ?"  
" Schir," quod the Tod, " thus fares it of Fortoun ;  
As ane comes up, scho quheillis ane other doun." '

The Fox thus gets to the surface and escapes, and the Wolf is left in the lurch with the Shadow of the Moon for a cabock.

This fable deserves attention in another respect, that it is either a combination of two different stories, which we now

about to mention, or those two stories have been made out of it by disjoining its component parts. There is a fable in the common Æsop, found also in Avianus, of a Wolf who overhears a nurse consigning a naughty child to the tender mercies of the lupine species, and who thereupon waits about for some time in the credulous expectation of the threat being fulfilled. This corresponds with the beginning of Henryson's fable. Corresponding to another part of it, there is a story in Reynard, of the Fox having gone by mistake into one of the buckets of a well, and afterwards rescuing himself by inducing the Wolf, who is passing by, to go into the other bucket, which, of course, in its descent, elevates the lighter weight to the top, when the Fox escapes and leaves the Wolf below. As the two buckets pass each other, Alfonsi does not give an account of anything passing between the two animals, but in the *Reineke Vos*, a conversation is introduced, which agrees with what Henryson has made them say. It is singular also, that Pulci, in his *Morgante Maggiore*, which was published in 1481, has the same incident, and makes the Fox give a similar explanation to the Wolf in passing :—

‘Disse la Volpe : Il mondo è fatt’ a scale,  
Vedi, compar, chi scende, e chi le sale.’

We have thus rather a curious proof of the popularity of this part of the story in the fact, that about the very same point of time, three writers, in three different languages,—Broad Scotch, Tuscan, and Low Saxon,—were introducing it to their several readers with the same amusing details.

It may seem singular that jests or stories which some may now think puerile, should thus have engaged the attention of men of genius and learning, and supplied so much of the material of literature. One explanation may be, that the reading or listening public were then in a state of pupillage; and we may parody Goldsmith's line on the Italians, and say,

‘The tales of children satisfy the child;’

but, after all, it may be doubted whether such jocular fictions, recognised in all ages from India to Iceland, are not as well worth hearing as a great part of our sensational novels, or metaphysical poems.

The review we have thus taken of Henryson's productions will support, we hope, the character we ventured to give him at the outset. He was not so great as Dunbar, for he had not his genius or power, but he was also free from his asperity, and from some other faults; and when we compare him in reference to diction and versification, it should

be remembered that he is the earliest of his countrymen who wrote any considerable number or variety of poems. His works ought to be in the hands of every Scotchman; but they also mark an important stage in the progress of English literature; for they were republished in England, and cannot have been without their influence at the time. Dr. Nott thought it not improbable that Sir Thomas Wyatt was indebted for the idea and plan of his first satire to Henryson's 'Two Mice.'

The extracts we have given may at the same time afford a sufficient proof and illustration of the vigorous vernacular in which Henryson writes;<sup>1</sup> and we think it cannot be enough remembered that, in an age like the present, when a certain degree of literary power is almost universal, but when, in consequence, a stereotyped set of indirect indications and conventional circumlocutions often take the place of plain and pointed speaking, the faults which become incident to style are best corrected by recurring to writers who could only succeed in their art by expressing their ideas in the shortest, the simplest, the most intelligible, and the most appropriate manner. A familiarity with Chaucer, and the older Scottish poets, and with one of modern date, still greater than any of his older countrymen—we mean Burns—must suggest excellences in diction, which would give additional strength and beauty to the best poetical language of our own day; and it is in this direction accordingly that our greatest poets have been tending since the end of the last century. The provincial dialects of England, though none of them can have received the same polish as our Scottish tongue, have deservedly and with advantage obtained of late a greater share of attention than was formerly paid to them, and examples are not wanting where their rustic and primitive beauties have been so well called forth as to help in restoring the standard of true English simplicity. Even in Germany vigorous efforts have recently been made to revive the long lost excellences of the Lower Saxon dialects, and if thereby German writers can be led to write with greater clearness, shortness, and precision than most of them at present practise, it will be a blessed change, both for themselves and for their readers.

<sup>1</sup> We ought perhaps to explain that in the spelling of our extracts we have not followed Mr. Laing's text; but have thought it best, in an article like the present, to adopt often the modern spelling, where the pronunciation did not interfere.



- ART. VII.—1. *Eighteenth Report from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England*, 1866.  
 2. *Two Letters to the Archbishop of Canterbury on the Ecclesiastical Commission*. [By EDMUND J. SMITH.] Fifth Edition, 1864.

WHAT is the Ecclesiastical Commission? It is an attempt to give practical expression to an original idea, the invention of this century—the idea that every holder of a spiritual office in the Church of England ought to have some duty to do, that he ought to be on the spot where the duty is, and that he ought to have some money-reward for doing it.

This great idea first showed itself in stormful indignation against sinecures and pluralities; but the modern pluralist, on whom the storm fell, was nothing to the grand growths in that kind which the rich soil and dank atmosphere of the middle ages could produce. We take two well-nurtured specimens. Bogo de Clare, son of the Earl of Gloucester, in the time of Edward I., held no less than eighteen livings, and was, besides, treasurer of the Chapter of York, and dean of Stafford. In his church of Simonbourne, a hurdle out of a cowhouse, smeared with the filth that proved whence it came, was erected instead of carved and fretted reredos; and the vestments and ornaments of the Minster were used for garments and posset-cups for the fruitful wives of the city in their extremity, with a grotesque and shocking benevolence. William of Kildesby, the Secretary of Edward III., held within three years these offices:—Master of the Rolls, Privy Seal, Canon of Wetwang, Warden of the chapel in Tickhill Castle, Prebendary of Darlington, Canon of Southwell, of Bath and Wells, of Howden, of Lincoln, and of London, and Rector of Worfield. These do not exhaust the catalogue; and they sat so lightly upon the fortunate ecclesiastic, that when in the latter years of his life he was moved to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, he was not moved to resign even one of his ecclesiastical dignities.

John Wycliffe, the Reformer, has become a historical puzzle, because of the variety of posts and employments attached to his name. Late writers have cut the knot, by assuming that there were two, or even three, persons of the same name at the same time. If Wycliff of Fylingham, Wycliff of Mayfield, and Wycliff of Leckhamstead are three different persons, at any rate Wycliffe the Reformer was living and holding offices at Oxford whilst he was changing and adding to his preferments in the country; and in an amusing passage he asserts the right of non-residence, and would only reform it in the way of making

it easier :—‘ Also, if such curates been stirred to gone learn God’s law, and teach their parishers the gospel, commonly they shallen get no leave of bishops but for gold ; and when they shallen most profit in their learning, then shallen they be cleped home at the prelate’s will.’<sup>1</sup> This complaint is from one who for fourteen years—that is, from 1360 to 1374—being the incumbent of at least one country parish, was resident in Oxford, at various colleges, ‘ learning God’s law ’ no doubt, but making no great haste to ‘ teach his parishers the gospel.’ After the great mediæval examples, modern cases of pluralism are like our weak attempts at small-pox since the days of vaccination, when compared with the florid luxuriance of the old disease. When the Rev. Dr. Blomfield was offered the bishopric of Chester, being then rector of Bishopsgate in London, a lady of quality hastened to exhort him to take the new, but by no means to resign the old preferment. ‘ Why should you not keep your St. Botolph?’ Why, indeed? It was a parish with the cure of some 12,000 souls ; but the tradition from the days of Edward I. to that present day was, that souls could be cured from any distance. Bishop Blomfield was an upright and a candid man, and did much to bring about better things. But in 1824 he accepted a diocese about 150 miles long, on condition that he should have the parish of Bishopsgate to ‘ retire ’ to, with its addition of 12,000 souls. The diocese included fat Cheshire, and teeming Lancashire, and the mountain fastnesses of Westmoreland, with a part of Cumberland. There were no railroads ; London was distant from Cheshire by a day and a night of hard travelling. But, on the other hand, the endowment of Chester was very inadequate ; it could be held with the living, but must have been declined without that. Accepted it was ; and yet it was in perfect sincerity that the Bishop chose for one of the subjects of his Charge, in 1825, the duty of clergymen of residence upon their benefices. The evil was seen and felt, and from a mind so clear and upright it could have nothing but condemnation. The system of commendams and pluralities, rebuked and banished by all kinds of legislation and exhortations, survived in great vigour from Othobon to George IV. ; but its hour was come.

Now, when men began in earnest to carry into practice the old truth, that the ‘ labourer is worthy of his hire,’ with its two corollaries that each should do his own labour, and that he should be recompensed for it, two great obstacles were found in the path.

The first was, that some of the episcopal incomes were so small, as to require the addition of some other place of emolument, in order to make the offices tenable.

<sup>1</sup> From *Why Poor Priests have no Benefices.*

‘The incomes of one half of the bishoprics fall below the sum necessary to cover the expenses to which a bishop is unavoidably subject. . . . In considering these incomes, it is necessary to advert not only to the expenses necessarily incurred in journeys for the purposes of confirmation, consecration, and state-official duties; in maintaining ancient and extensive houses of residence; in keeping hospitality; and in contributing to all objects connected with religion and charity in a manner suitable to their station, but to a burden which presses heavily on newly promoted bishops, who are seldom men of wealth. The unavoidable expenses attending their appointment are so considerable, that they may be calculated at the income of one whole year, in most of the sees, and at much more than a year’s income in the smaller ones.’<sup>1</sup>

It has been seen that the see of Chester was held with a London rectory. Another see was held with a canonry of Westminster. Some people remember how the fretted wood-work of the stalls was covered in one place with padding and leather, because the rich carving used to arrest the episcopal robes, and to suggest, by a vexatious rent—‘Lawn sleeves, what do you here?’ A venerable prelate, now alive, holds, under the old system, a see and a canonry, with the whole length of England between them. This difficulty, however, was easy to overcome, because a better distribution of the funds was the only thing required for assigning to each see a sufficient income, and securing for it the undivided labours of the bishop. In 1836, an Act was passed for this purpose. Certain fixed incomes were to be provided; and no bishop could thereafter hold any office *in commendam*. Two new sees were established, to include the growing manufacturing populations of Yorkshire and of Lancashire. The sees of Gloucester and Bristol were united, and some portions of other dioceses were re-arranged. The revenues of the sees which had more than the prescribed income were to furnish what was lacking to the rest. Canterbury and Durham were the chief contributors. The fund thus created was applicable to episcopal purposes only. This Act gave rise to little controversy. The new sees of Ripon and Manchester were a great boon to the Church in two great manufacturing districts. On the other hand, Bristol, which had wellnigh burnt its last Bishop in his bed, and did effectually burn the bed, and indeed the whole see-house, has never ceased to express its indignation at the loss of its Bishop, and of its virtual annexation to the diocese of Gloucester, where the see-house for the diocese is placed. We cannot but hope that, in future arrangements, this feeling, which, if partly stimulated by civic pride and rivalry, has much of a nobler ingredient, may be appeased. Nor

<sup>1</sup> First Report of Church Inquiry Commission, 1835.

has Nottingham, severed from the province and diocese of York; ever rested tranquil in the lap of its new nurses; and the hope of a new diocese of Southwell, to include the whole of that county, is legitimate, and ought soon to be satisfied. The amended diocese of Rochester, with the broad Thames interposed between its cathedral and its Bishop, cannot be called symmetrical; but this will probably be amended. Upon the whole, this measure wrought a substantial good, with no disturbance of vested rights, and with little practical inconvenience.

The next obstacle was much more serious. It lay in the poverty of the parochial endowments, and the enormous increase of the population in some town parishes, where there was no spiritual provision for the great mass of the people.

‘In order to give increased efficiency and usefulness to the Established Church, it is obviously necessary that we should attempt the accomplishment of two objects, which are indispensable to the complete attainment of that end. One is, to improve the condition of those benefices the population of which is of considerable amount, but which are now so scantily endowed as not to yield a competent maintenance for a clergyman; the other is, to add to the numbers of clergymen and churches, and so to make a more adequate provision for the religious instruction of a rapidly increased and increasing population. It appears from the report of the Ecclesiastical Revenues Commission that there are no less than 3528 benefices under £150 per annum. Of this number, 13 contain each a population of more than 10,000; 51 a population of from 5000 to 10,000; 251 a population of between 2000 and 5000; and 1125 have each a population of between 500 and 2000. On every one of these benefices it is desirable that there should be a resident clergyman; but unless their value be augmented, it will in many cases be impossible to secure this advantage. The necessity of such augmentation will be greatly increased by the changes which we are about to recommend in the laws relating to pluralities and residence. The means which can be applied to effect this improvement are very far short of the amount required. Even were no addition to be made to the income of benefices having a population below 500, it would take no less a sum than £235,000 per annum to raise all benefices having a population of between 500 and 2000 to the annual value of £200; those having a population of 2000 and upwards to £300; and those having 5000 and upwards to £400 per annum.’<sup>1</sup>

The same authority describes forcibly the state of the large towns:—

‘The most prominent of those defects which cripple the energies of the Established Church, and circumscribe its usefulness, is the want of churches and ministers in the large towns and populous districts of the kingdom. The growth of the population has been so rapid as to

<sup>1</sup> Church Inquiry Commission, Second Report, 1836.

outrun the means possessed by the Establishment, of meeting its spiritual wants; and the result has been that a vast proportion of the people are left destitute of the opportunities of public worship and Christian instruction, even when every allowance is made for the exertions of those religious bodies which are not in connexion with the Established Church. . . . It will be sufficient to state the following facts as examples:—

‘Looking to those parishes only which contain each a population exceeding 10,000, we find that in London and its suburbs, including the parishes on either bank of the Thames, there are four parishes or districts, each having a population exceeding 20,000, and containing an aggregate of 166,000 persons, with church-room for 8200 (not quite one-twentieth of the whole), and only eleven clergymen. There are twenty-one others, the aggregate population of which is 739,000, while the church-room is for 66,155 (not one-tenth of the whole), and only forty-five clergymen. There are nine others, with an aggregate population of 232,000, and church-room for 27,327 (not one-eighth of the whole), and only nineteen clergymen.

‘The entire population of these thirty-four parishes amounts to 1,137,000, while there is church-room only for 101,682. Supposing that church-room is required for one-third, there ought to be sittings for 379,000 persons. There is, therefore, a deficiency of 277,318 sittings, or, if we allow 25,000 for the number of sittings in proprietary chapels, the deficiency will be 252,318. Allowing one church for a population of 3000, there would be required, in these parishes, 379 churches, whereas there are in fact only 69, or, if proprietary chapels be added, about 100, leaving a deficiency of 279; while there are only 139 clergymen in a population exceeding a million. In the diocese of Chester, there are thirty-eight parishes or districts; in Lancashire, each with a population exceeding 10,000, containing an aggregate of 816,000 souls, with church-room for 97,700, or about one-eighth; the proportions varying in the different parishes from one-sixth to one-twenty-third. In the diocese of York, there are twenty parishes or districts, each with a population exceeding 10,000, and with an aggregate of 402,000, while the church accommodation is for 48,000; the proportion varying from one-sixth to one-thirtieth. In the diocese of Lichfield and Coventry, there are sixteen parishes or districts, each having a population above 10,000, the aggregate being 235,000, with church-room for about 29,000; the proportions varying from one-sixth to one-fourteenth.’

Such was the state of things which in 1836 threatened the ruin of the Church of England as a National Church. In the country districts, livings miserably endowed were grouped together two or three under one pastor; and for the beautiful theory of the Church, of a minister of Christ in every parish, godly and learned, devoting his time to his people, and living by his calling in comfort among them, was presented instead the spectacle, in too many parishes, of a minister coming hastily

over on foot, or on a sorry horse, once a fortnight, or even more rarely, to conduct one service, and to give a third reading perhaps of that day's sermon, in order to hasten on to another duty of the same kind. In the very able pamphlet named at the head of this article, we are told of three brothers in the diocese of Norwich, who, as late as the year 1830, discharged the duties of no less than fifteen parishes. This may have been an extreme case; but the cases were numerous where an itinerant ministry was substituted for a resident one; where Sunday duty was all that was given, instead of constant pastoral care; where the minister, whose holy function was lowered by the mechanical effort to pack together into the compass of one day as many services and as many miles of road as possible, was wretchedly paid for the labour that depressed him and wore him out.

In 1837, the Pluralities Act was passed, which prohibited the holding together of benefices more than ten miles apart; which only permitted two benefices to be held together within that distance when they were of a limited value; and which allowed the bishop to insist on two services and sermons every Sunday, wherever the income of the benefices exceeded £100 a year. The work of the Ecclesiastical Commission ever since has been to give effect to this most important Act, at the same time that it was endeavouring to keep pace with the demands of the increasing populations in the large towns. The remarkable triad of Norwich brothers probably received for their almost fabulous labours, £300 a year amongst them. The fifteen future incumbents of the parishes must have an aggregate income of at least £4000, and each must have a house. The parishes themselves may supply about £1500 or £2000 of this, the rest must come from extraneous sources, and ten or a dozen parsonages must be built, towards which probably the parishes will contribute but a small part. The interval during which this change must be effected, is, of course, that of the natural lives of the incumbents holding benefices in plurality. As each case occurs, means ought to be found for the proper endowment of the parishes, in future to be held singly. At the same time, the masses of the large towns, passing rapidly into heathenism, ought to receive constant succour; and their cases do not depend upon the falling of existing lives, but exist already a patent and enormous evil, crying to be dealt with. Whence are to come the funds necessary for this great operation?

In the year 1840 the Cathedral Act gave the first answer to this question. Its main object was to raise a 'common fund' for the Ecclesiastical Commissioners of England, already incorporated by a former Act, out of which they were to meet, first,

the claims of those parishes whence any of the property which should vest in the Commissioners was derived, and, next, the wants of populous districts. To this purpose were to be applied the proceeds of sixty canonries (towards which the Cathedrals of Durham, Worcester, and Westminster, contributed six each, Windsor eight, Winchester seven, and other cathedrals smaller numbers); also the endowments of sinecure rectories in public patronage; and the whole of the endowments of the non-residentiary canons in all cathedrals of the old foundation; and certain payments imposed on the holders of deaneries and canonries on the rich foundations of St. Paul's, Durham, and Westminster. This was a great and startling change, and could not but provoke criticism. All holders and expectants of cathedral dignities, and all those more disinterested, who, looking more to the theory of the cathedral establishment than to the existing state of things, viewed it as the council of the bishop in spiritual matters, and the refuge and the reward of learning in the Church, were indignant at the measure. Yet Archbishop Howley and Bishop Blomfield gave their support to a measure more sweeping in its reach, and more important in its results, than any act of legislation for the Church which had taken place since the time of Elizabeth. We may well presume that such men were no foes of cathedral institutions. It was not that they loved cathedrals less, but that they loved straying souls that have no shepherd more. It was not that they thought large cathedral establishments useless, but that they thought that the solution of that problem, how to deal with the parishes in England for which no adequate provision was made, affected the very life of the Church of England. Be that as it may, a host of mourners thronged the grave of each canonry as it fell, and denounced the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, whose sacrilegious hands were busy with its burial, and were making haste to gather its succession.

Sing, Muse, the wrath of Sydney, son of Smith! If the witty incumbent of Foston had not become Canon of St. Paul's, there had been no *Letters to Archdeacon Singleton* to celebrate the passing of the Cathedral Act. Ruin, says this illustrious Whig, ruin, and no less will befall the Church of England. 'This bill past, every man of sense acquainted with human affairs must see that, as far as the Church is concerned, the thing is at an end. Plunder will follow after plunder, degradation after degradation. The Church is gone, and what remains is not life, but sickness, spasm, and struggle.' Woe to them who have caused the destruction! '*Victoria Ecclesiæ Victrix*,' the two Archbishops who perhaps *may* sell their 'options,' though they have not; the Bishop of London, with his 'ungovernable pas-

sion for business ;' the Bishop of Lincoln (Kaye), who 'has the art of saying nothing in many words beyond any man that ever existed ; and when he seems to have made a proposition, he is so dreadfully frightened at it, that he proceeds as quickly as possible to disconnect the subject and predicate, and to avert the dangers he has incurred ;' Bishop Monk, who 'has been the cause of much more laughter than ever I have been ; I cannot account for it, but I never see him enter a room without exciting a smile on every countenance in it ;'—thus severely does the wit lay his hand upon all those who were daring to despoil the chapters for the sake of the populous parishes ; yet scarcely with his wonted success, and certainly without his usual good-nature. The story of Simon of Gloucester is incomparable in its way ; and good Bishop Monk, who has left behind him so many traces of his benevolent heart, could hardly fail to feel it keenly. Yet, were not the bishops almost avenged ? The sudden transformation of the loud reformer into the loud opponent of a reform that comes too near him is almost ludicrous. The bold Whig reviewer, fearless of change, has suddenly borrowed the Tory cry, 'The Church is gone ;' and the comic features lend themselves uneasily to the tragic lamentation. But Sydney Smith gathered up into these *Letters* much that could be said from a Conservative standing-point against the proposed change ; and they therefore express the views of a section of the enemies with whom the Ecclesiastical Commissioners had to contend.

The fruits of this measure began to be perceived immediately upon its passing into law. Much to their honour, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other patrons of canonries, had refrained from filling up vacancies, in consequence of the recommendations of the Inquiry Commission, made some years before, and the proceeds of these vacant canonries were at once available. By the year 1844 the fund was in possession of £30,000 a year. The Commissioners were met at the outset by the question, How were leasehold properties to be dealt with ? The lands and tithes which came to them were in the form of reversions after long leases ; and the actual assets were confined to small renewed rents, and fines upon renewals. In order to show the importance of this question, under which lay most of the troubles of the Commission, and a large part of its success, a short explanation may be necessary, for the benefit of readers who have not paid much attention to so dry a subject.

From the time of Queen Elizabeth all ecclesiastical corporations have exercised the power of granting leases, either for lives or for a term of twenty-one years. All such corporations, except Bishops, have also had the power of granting leases of



houses in any city, borough, or town for forty years. Of leasehold property, it is evident that there are two owners, not one; and the fee-simple value is shared between them, according to the length of time which shall elapse before the lessee's interest terminates, and that of the lessor commences. The lessee has a fleeting possession, but it is immediate; the lessor has a permanent possession, but deferred. In the case of a property with a net annual value of £100, if we assume that it is worth twenty-five years' purchase, or £2500, and that a lease of it for twenty years has just been granted, then of the whole value of £2500, £1097 represents the share of the lessor, and £1403 that of the lessee. But, so far as the lessor is concerned, this calculation is too favourable, and, owing to the want of demand for property of which the actual possession is so remote, probably no such sum could be realized for it. After every seven years that had elapsed in a lease of twenty-one, a fine was paid, varying remarkably in amount in different dioceses, but equal, on an average, to about two years' rent for a new lease for twenty-one years complete. After every fall of a life in a lease for lives, a fine was in like manner paid for a new lease, with a new life added to those of the two survivors. The Bishop or the Chapter never failed to renew the lease, because they had no other income but what arose from such fines, and they had no interest in practising self-denial for their successors. A lessee seldom failed to renew, because mortgages and settlements depended on his doing so, and in other respects it was his interest to prolong his term of possession. Hence the two joint-owners, the lessor and the lessee, regarded the tenure as perfectly secure, and had no expectation of anything that could disturb it.

The wastefulness of this system to the lessor—in this case the Church—will be evident from the following rough statement:—The actual value of an estate of £100 per annum is thirty years' purchase, or £3000. Of such an estate, leased on lives, the lessor's interest might be assumed to represent about one-third of the value, and that of the lessee two-thirds, the lease being in the average condition as to renewals of those which vested in the Commissioners, so that the lessor's share of the value would be about £1000; but in order to provide for the payment of all the fines upon renewal, and thus to make himself the virtual owner of the whole, it would be necessary to set aside, to accumulate at compound interest, *not*, as one would expect, a sum equal to the lessor's interest, but a sum of only about half that amount; in other words, the lessor's interest was worth £1000, and the lessee's was worth £2000; but the lessee had it in his power, provided only that

he could be sure of renewals, to put himself in a position equal to that of lessor and lessee by setting aside £500 to accumulate at compound interest for the payment of the fines; and as the lessor would never get anything save the compound interest of this £500, his share was practically only one-half of what it was laid down in theory to be. Before we glance at the reason of this paradox, it is well to observe one important consequence of it upon the operations of the Commissioners. To sell the reversion of a Church estate for one-third of the fee-simple value appears at first sight a wasteful transaction; for the estate is gone for ever, and the purchase-money will only suffice to replace it by another of one-third the value. In reality it is a profitable transaction for the Church, because she is now in the unfettered possession of £1000; whereas she only received before the interest of £500, with a possibility that the tenant might be unable to renew.

The reason of the discrepancy is not difficult to see. This payment of a fine is in fact the purchase of a limited reversion; if it is for a lease of years, seven years, at the end of fourteen that still remain to him, are added to the term of the lease; if for a new life in a lease for lives, the lessee pays for so much of the new life as will extend beyond the two lives already secured to him. This distant advantage must be paid for by a considerable outlay of capital, which it is inconvenient for the tenant to raise. There is a natural aversion to buy by a present sacrifice the distant advantage which we may not live to reap; hence it is necessary to tempt the lessee by allowing a high rate of interest; and it is usual to allow him to make seven per cent., without respect to the current rate of the day. At seven per cent., the worth of twenty-one years' possession of an estate of £100 a year, is £1083; but if the lessor were to invest that sum in the funds, he would receive rather less than £36, being all that remained to him of what was producing the lessee £100. Mr. Finlaison showed in his evidence how reluctant people are to purchase reversionary property:— 'In the National Debt Office, life-annuities are sold, either commencing immediately, or at any future period which the purchaser chooses to fix, as a provision for old age; the former are very costly, the latter a mere trifle in comparison; yet in the last five years 8000 immediate life-annuities have been purchased, and not so many as ten perhaps of the deferred annuities.'

But why does the lessor submit to these disadvantageous terms? Lessees would find themselves obliged to renew as the term became shorter, and then at a higher fine. True; but the lessor is unable to wait. His income depends on the renewal;

and there is no fund out of which the fine can be advanced to him, so that he may hold out until favourable terms are accepted by the other party. His own life, beyond which neither he nor his have any interest in the property, is not a selected life, like those in the lifehold lease; he may be promoted, or may resign before the bargain is completed. All these reasons dispose him rather to accept disadvantageous terms than to delay; whilst the lessee, with two select lives still remaining, has not the same reason for haste. On the other hand, the lessee has his own quarrel with the system, because he must in prudence insure the lives in the lease; but they are not under his control, and sometimes will not take the necessary steps towards the insurance. Fines, too, are an advance of capital, which the lessee would more willingly employ on the land than lock up in a reversion.

In addition to the inconveniences felt both by lessor and lessee, there is the great public inconvenience, that the improvements of modern agriculture, which involve considerable outlay, are discouraged by this system. The lessor will not undertake them; his interest is too remote; he has no capital for such purposes; he could not live to reap the fruits of it if he had. The lessee shrinks from them, because they may be valued against him at the next renewal, or, if not, certainly at the next but one; and his enterprise will be visited upon him in the shape of an increased fine.

Fortified by the opinion of a Committee of the House of Commons upon Church leases, which reported in 1839, the Commissioners resolved to get rid of the wasteful, vexatious, and uncertain system of leases. But here the simple and obvious course, to allow the leases to run out, and in the meantime to do nothing, was one which could not possibly be adopted.

In the first place, the Church expected the Commission instantly to come to the succour of those necessities, the pressure of which was the only justification for the great powers which had been intrusted to it. To have run out the leases, foregoing the fines, which were for this purpose income and not capital, would have condemned the Commission to a long inaction. On the other hand, to have run out the leases, borrowing the fines as they would have accrued, would have required a large capital, far larger than could possibly have been supplied for this process, if all the leases were to be dealt with.

There was another obstacle even more powerful. The body of Church lessees was entitled to an equitable consideration, and it was numerous enough and powerful enough to enforce a hearing. Now, whatever the objections to the leasehold system, uncertainty of tenure had not been one of them. For three

hundred years Church leases had been renewed, because the lessor, being at most a tenant for life, had no interest in running them out in favour of some unknown successor, at the sacrifice too of almost his whole income. Parliament had created, in the Commission, a new kind of lessor, who had no personal interest in the matter, and who was bound to make the estates as productive to the Church as possible. The leases had hitherto been put into settlements, and had been mortgaged, with as much confidence on both sides as to the permanence of the tenure, as if they had been freeholds. If the Commission should simply refuse to renew, the leaseholder's security would be turned into disaster, and in some cases into ruin. Mortgagees will call in their money, having lost their confidence in the security; and as the tenants can no longer borrow money to replace it, the mortgagees must foreclose and take possession of the houses and lands, and endeavour to reimburse themselves during the limited time allowed by the lease. Besides, it is likely to be very injurious to the lands affected, that they should be held by those who have no interest in their improvement, but rather an interest in getting out from them all possible profit during a short remaining term. All costly improvements will be discontinued. Old pasture-lands will be broken up. The land will be put under the most exhausting crops; and when it finally comes into the hands of the Commission, it will be instantly destroyed, and can only be restored after a long delay, and much outlay and loss. On every ground, therefore, it was desirable that the brute and passive method of effluxion should not be adopted; that the lessor and lessee, who are joint owners of the property, should agree upon some plan by which the interests of each should be secured. Apart from the justice of the case, the Commission would have been harassed at every step by a formidable army of observation, the Church lessees; and these were so strongly represented in Parliament, that the Commission would have been unable to obtain from the Legislature such additional powers as it required from time to time, whilst this vexing question remained unsettled.

In 1845, the Commission resolved to deal with lessees on the footing that the interest of each party should be valued, and that the Commissioners would either sell the reversion, or purchase the lessee's interest. With regard to estates which it was desirable to retain for the endowment of Sees and Chapters, the Commissioners could only offer to purchase the leasehold.

In order to be quite exact, it is necessary to observe that the two values of the interest, of lessor and lessee, do not together make up the sum which the estate, entirely free, would realize in the market. Owing to the objections to the leasehold system,

alluded to above, the leasehold property is only worth twenty-five years' purchase ; but the same property, when enfranchised, would in no case sell for less than thirty years' purchase.

The difference of five years' purchase, the Commission aimed at securing for their fund. They purchased the interest of a lessee, at its estimated value as leasehold, but they sold to a lessee for a sum equal to thirty years' purchase, deducting the value of the lessee's interest only. In either case, five years' purchase was gained to the Commissioners ; nor could the leaseholder complain, for if he was a vendor, he had received the full value of the lease he sold ; if he was a purchaser, his now enfranchised estate would at once sell for what he had paid ; or, being retained, it was worth the larger sum, being exempt from the difficulty and vexation of fines and renewals. By and bye, however, the lessees sought a share in the profits of this arrangement, and since 1851 the valuation for both parties was made at thirty years' purchase, as if the estate were free, and so the enhanced value, five years' purchase, was shared rateably between lessor and lessee.

But for many years the disputes with leaseholders, and the open animosity of that powerful class, exposed the Commission to much and often to unjust criticism. No public office has ever been so unpopular. How far the unpopularity has been deserved, let the facts disclose. For twenty years this body has been the subject of loud complaints, on the one side, from those who complain of its over-rigour in exacting its due ; on the other side, from those who have been disappointed in the distribution of the Common Fund. On the one side it was too exacting, on the other too niggardly ; and the result of these two opposite complaints, is a hazy impression that somewhere in Whitehall Place is a secret hoard, an enormous and increasing treasure, kept back from the purposes to which it was destined, to the scandal of mankind.

The income of the Commissioners in 1843, arising from the suppressed canonries and prebends, was somewhat more than £30,000. Anxious to do something to justify their existence, the Commissioners hastened to distribute this amount. They made 600 grants to livings, in no case, however, raising a living to the amount required for the decent maintenance of a clergyman and his family. They also assisted in the erection of sixty parsonage-houses. But these slender succours seemed rather to irritate than relieve the sore under which the Church of England was labouring. The existing livings were left unsatisfied, and, on the other hand, the great masses of population that had sprung up in the mining and manufacturing districts whilst the Church slept, were left altogether uncared for. The only mode

of quickening its operations appeared to be that of anticipating largely the income of the Commission.

Sir Robert Peel brought in a Bill to empower the Commission to borrow £600,000 of the money in possession of Queen Anne's Bounty Board, to enable the Commissioners to create 200 new districts in populous places, each being endowed with £150 a year. This was a wise measure, for the need was too pressing to wait, but the charges it entailed on the common fund of £30,000 a year for grants, and £18,000 interest to Queen Anne's Bounty, exhausted the resources of the Commission for many years to come. From 1844 to 1850 little could be done for the general objects for which the Commission was instituted, although the charges on the common fund amounted in 1850 to nearly £100,000 a year.

During this barren period, with the question of leaseholds still partly unsettled, with a clamorous crowd of expectants, whose appetites had been whetted by the first distribution, but by no means appeased, the Commission had need of great circumspection; in order to be safe, it must be immaculate. It was neither circumspect nor immaculate.

The story of the palace at Stapleton exhibits every feature of mismanagement. When the sees of Gloucester and Bristol were united, it was provided, in order to satisfy the people of Bristol, that the Bishop should reside part of the year in or near Bristol, an improvident arrangement, since it burdened the see with two houses of residence. In 1840 the Bishop pointed out Stapleton House, four miles from Bristol, as a desirable residence for the see, and proposed that it should be the only residence. As this proposal was against the very terms of the order in Council, the Commission objected to it, but acceded to an amended proposal that it should be bought as a second house. It was purchased, without any regular survey, for about £12,000, and no less than £12,000 more were spent in making it a suitable residence. The Bishop employed one architect, the Commissioners another, and the plans of the latter actually undid some of the work which the former had done. Alterations, much larger than the Bishop asked for, were made, and in this way an amount slightly beyond the whole fee-simple value of the house and land was muddled away on improvements. The Commissioners have since demonstrated in the same diocese that a see-house could be built from the very foundations for little more than the cost of the Stapleton repairs. On the death of Bishop Monk, his successor ceased to occupy Stapleton House, as inconvenient in every way for the work of the diocese. The rational opinion then came to prevail, that one house might suffice the one bishop of a compact diocese. Stapleton was sold to a Bristol charity, to be turned into

a school, for about £12,000, the original cost, and the £12,000 spent upon alterations were as though they had not been.

Thus, in a matter requiring judgment and firmness, the Commission was at the mercy of architect and contractor. Set up to lead and guide the temporal affairs of the Church, it allowed itself to be dragged by the tail, like the cows into the cave of Cacus the robber. Why was a house bought, the cost of which would be doubled by alterations? Why were rival architects allowed to do and undo each other's work at the public expense? Why were more costly alterations forced on the Bishop, who knew best what was wanted? Would not a moderate house at Clifton, such as three successive bishops since that day have been wont to hire for themselves, have been a sufficient supplement to the gloomy state of the palace at Gloucester? These questions, and many others, let those who are conversant with the physiology of jobs answer as they can. On the completion of this strange transaction, the see possessed two houses, and one of them was sold for half its cost to rebuild the other. Men of a very large benevolence may perhaps find some consolation in this dreary tale of brainless mismanagement and waste, in the fact that at least the architect who made the alterations at Stapleton duly received his commission.

Much has been said in the way of censure of the other transactions connected with bishops' houses, in which the Commissioners were engaged. It was a great misfortune that the two funds created by Parliament, the episcopal and the common fund, were not able to keep equal pace; that whilst the parochial clergy looked to a fund which as yet had nothing, the bishops depended on a fund which their richer brethren had at once endowed. But most of the expenditure on episcopal houses was forced on the Commissioners by the changes made by Parliament. Two new dioceses, Ripon and Manchester, required new houses; in Rochester and Lincoln it was thought necessary to move the residences to a position more convenient for them, and Stapleton was purchased on account of the pledge to Bristol. There was a sixth case, which did not rest on the same grounds, but the house as it was positively forbade, what the restored house has practised in a manner the most exemplary, a large and kindly hospitality to the clergy and candidates for holy orders.

These six cases have been for nearly twenty years the reproach of the Commissioners; and it must be owned, that by putting forward the glaring case of Stapleton, by reckoning all the outlay on new houses without setting off the receipts from the sale of the old, and by the usual commonplaces about bishops and curates, the cry has been maintained with success.

But a time has now come when a rational view may be taken. When Parliament created an episcopal fund applicable to episcopal purposes only, comparisons were sure to be made between that fund and the 'Common Fund,' with its slow-coming assets, and the prodigious hunger it had to meet. The proceeding was not wise, but Parliament was the author of it. This admitted, each of the six cases must stand upon its merits. A sweeping condemnation for each and all is out of the question. If there was extravagance, it was at the expense, not of the needy parishes, for Parliament had tied up the fund for episcopal purposes only, but at the expense of other sees and bishops.

We will now suppose that the Commissioners, surrounded by every form of entreaty, demand, suggestion and vituperation, and conscious within of the need of larger means, and of a certain badness of constitution, have reached the year 1850. Experience has proved that a large Board, formed for the most part of those who have important duties at a distance, is practically irresponsible. The Board of one week is not that of the next, and an important affair that would not have passed a full meeting may pass unharmed through a thin one. This large nebulous body required a solid core or nucleus. In 1848 a Committee of the House of Commons had advised that permanent lay members should have the management of the property. The hostile lessees still hovered in force upon their flanks, and had the ear of the House of Commons' Committee of 1848. About the same time a Royal Commission on Episcopal and Capitular Revenues said its word for the lessees, and suggested that the fines should be converted into a permanent rent-charge, calculated on a basis very favourable to the lessees. The suggestion went to this, that at a time when, from wise policy, all legislation tended towards enfranchisement and freehold tenure, the Church was to accept in lieu of estates that were rapidly being enfranchised, a permanent base tenure, against which many of the objections to leaseholds were equally applicable, whilst it had other formidable objections peculiar to itself. The general policy of the Legislature made it impossible that this proposition, so hostile to the Church, should be adopted. As to finance, the Commission found itself able to pay its way, but there was little hope of any new operations for many years. The funds were anticipated, first by the first batch of grants alluded to above; next by the working of the Peel Act, which had left a debt of £600,000, and the interest thereon; and, lastly, by grants made in the interval between 1843 and 1850, amounting to about £20,000, for the most part to satisfy expectations which the Commission had raised somewhat improvidently in the first flush of its hopes.



Mr. Edmund Smith, in his interesting pamphlet, rightly marks the year 1850 as commencing a new era in the history of the Commission :—

‘In 1850 the Act passed modifying the constitution of the Ecclesiastical Commission (which at that time consisted of all the bishops, three deans, six judges, five members of the Government, and six lay members), by the addition of three lay Commissioners, two appointed by the Crown, and one by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and directing that these three members, with two others elected by the Board, should form the Estates Committee, and have the entire management (subject only to any directions that might be laid down by the Board) of all the estates vested in the Commission. The same Act contained provisions for preventing in future the fluctuations and uncertainty in episcopal incomes inseparable from the previous system; and the “episcopal fund” was fused with the “common fund,” which thereby became liable to the provisions specifically affecting the episcopal fund. By this legislation the “common fund,” for the relief of spiritual destitution, also became interested in the whole of the improved value obtainable by the better management of episcopal property, as it had previously been interested in making the most of the sinecure rectories, and of the prebendal, decanal, and capitular estates.’

It is well, for the reader's sake, to strip this imposing array of its merely ornamental elements. The six judges and the five members of the Government are not in effect members of the Commission; their names have graced its list for many years, but, if we except a few rare visits from a member of the Government, they never attend, nor are expected to attend, its meetings. One eminent judge, having a little leisure at his disposal, and wishing to discharge every duty that the law had put on him, went to the office, and desired to know how his services could be rendered there; whereon the officer whom he addressed told him, with much candour, that his attendance at a few meetings would be quite useless; that there was no other way in which he could serve; and that, on the whole, he might as well leave the conduct of the affairs of the Commission to those who usually managed them. The judge accepted this dispensation with alacrity. It is high time that this empty form should be swept away, and that the public should know that the revenues of the Commission are not administered under the control of these eminent persons. The substantial change of 1850 lay in this, that in future all affairs connected with estates must pass before a small body, the Estates Committee, consisting of five persons, four of them laymen and one an ecclesiastic, who should consider and determine them, subject to any rules which might be laid down for its guidance by the General Board. The Church was well represented on this Committee, for the Arch-

bishop of Canterbury nominates one of the lay members, and one lay and one clerical member are chosen by the Board, which contains a clear majority of ecclesiastics.

The prospects of this newly constituted body in 1851 were as gloomy as could well be.

In order to raise all benefices to a decent maintenance for the ministers, and to provide a moderate house where there was none, about £560,000 a year would be needed. 'To meet these necessities,' says Mr. Edmund Smith, 'revenues had been placed at the disposal of the Ecclesiastical Commission, calculated to produce at some future period £134,251 a year; and on the security of this revenue £80,000 a year had been granted in about 1000 grants, and £30,000 expended in aid of the erection of parsonage-houses, and £600,000 had been borrowed, on which £18,000 a year must be paid for interest until the capital should be repaid.'

With the Church this barely solvent public office was looked at with much the same cordiality as the War Office was when our Crimean disasters were at the worst.

The leaseholders, 6000 strong, with the Duke of Richmond at their head, were ready for a last onslaught, in order that their beneficial interest, long enjoyed, might be respected.

This latter difficulty was, however, now about to be disposed of. The Lords' Committee of 1851 reported that there was no legal or equitable obligation on the Ecclesiastical Corporations to renew leases; but that in practice the certainty of renewal, and the favourable terms of renewal, which arose from the peculiar tenure of the Church lessor, had been such as to 'create in the lessees an expectation of renewal sufficiently definite to be treated as between third parties as approaching to a certainty.' It recommended that an enabling Act should be passed for three years, that lessors might be able to treat with their lessees for enfranchisements. The result of these voluntary transactions would give a sure basis for future calculations. It advised that the lessees' interest should be calculated at the same rate per cent. as was the fee-simple value of the estate, thus giving him (as we have explained above) his share in the improved value which enfranchisement would confer on the land. In any lease for years that was reduced below twenty-one, and in any lease for lives that was worse than a lease for twenty-one years by the tables, the lessee was to have reckoned to him, as a bonus, the right of one renewal of seven years at the usual rate of fine. Upon this an Enabling Act was passed in August 1851, called the 'Episcopal and Capitular Estates Management Act,' which appointed certain Church Estates Commissioners, unfettered, however, by the special

calculations just quoted, who for three years should have power to carry through voluntary enfranchisements for any Sees or Chapters that desired them.

No doubt the bonus to the lessees recommended by the Committee was very considerable. It was to represent what the Church had wastefully made over to them in former days by an improvident system. The amount of the bonus is easy to calculate. The lessee of a property of £100 a year, whose lease of twenty-one years had run down to fourteen, would pay for a renewal fine, on the seven per cent. tables (by no means the highest rate allowed), £209, whilst his existing interest, by the same tables, would be about £874; but these tables assume the property to be worth about fifteen years' purchase. The lessee would be glad to compute his renewal on such terms, but in selling his remaining interest he would commit no such waste. When he shall have renewed, his investment of £1083 will produce £100 a year, of which he need only set aside, in order to pay £200 every seventh year, about £25 annually; so that, in round numbers, £1100 will pay him £75 a year, which in the Funds would produce him about £36. It is clear he will want some temptation to abandon so great an advantage. Now the Lords' Committee propose to treat him thus: The estate is to be valued not as it is, but as it will be at thirty years' purchase; and the lessee's interest would be about £1100. He is to be allowed one renewal on the old fine of £209; but this would give him twenty-one years' interest in the estate, worth at thirty years' purchase about £1500. The gain of both parties now stands thus:—

*Lessee's Gain.*

He receives for his term of 21 years, . . .	£1500	0	0
Less the fine he now pays, . . .	209	0	0
	<hr/>		
Amount paid him, . . .	£1291	0	0
Amount of his interest by the tables at 7 per cent.,	874	0	0
	<hr/>		
Net advantage to lessee, . . .	£417	0	0

*Lessor's Gain.*

Fee-simple value of estate, . . .	£3000	0	0
Less paid lessee, . . .	1291	0	0
	<hr/>		
	1709	0	0
Less worth of reversion by the tables, at 7 per cent, . . .	581	0	0
	<hr/>		
Lessor's apparent gain, . . .	£1128	0	0

To put the case in another way: the true interest of the Church, in an estate thus leased for fourteen years' outstanding, would be £1890, and that of the lessee £1110, on the principles laid down by the Land Committee; but on this arrangement it is, for the lessor, £1709, and for the lessee, £1291. To the lessor would belong in theory £65 in every £100 of value; but in practice he now takes £57 only.

We have been very minute upon this question, for in fact it is the key to all the operations of the Commission, and the key to most of the hostility which it has encountered. A settlement acceptable to both parties was indispensable for any peaceful and sound progress. It not only diminished the opposition of the lessees, but gave hope of funds for carrying on the work of augmentation. Two Acts of Parliament have since made the terms rather more favourable to the lessees, those of 1854 and 1860; but the same principle has prevailed. On the side of the Commission the power of selecting which estates they will retain for purposes of endowment, is a considerable advantage.

In a large class of cases the negotiations were not carried on by the Church corporations themselves. Several Chapters sought the aid of the Commission, on the footing that they were to surrender their estates to the Commission, and the Commission was to give them instead, as soon as might be, enfranchised estates, and to pay them in the meantime the income which they lost by giving up the estates. Let Mr. Edmund Smith describe the results:—

‘In no one district do the lessees, as a body, remain dissatisfied with the application of the principles laid down by the Committee of the House of Lords in 1851. The modifications subsequently pressed by the lessees into the Act of 1854 and 1860, operate in their favour, but amount in the whole to only a slight variation from the original terms. The general results are the reservation to the Episcopal and Capitular Corporations of such leasehold estates as they see fit to retain for permanent possession, or as building ground, or for additions to parsonages, and the average increase of about one-half in the revenues beyond the receipts under the previous system; such increase being transferred to the common fund of the Ecclesiastical Commission, subject to the local claim for augmentation of the living of the place where the enfranchised property was situated. The total number of the transactions effected since 1851 has been more than four thousand, of which 2417 have been agreed by the Corporations, and relate to property of the value of nearly ten millions sterling. Of these, 1998 have been fully completed, relating to property of the value of £7,357,000. The value realized by the Corporations under the system of taking fines proves to have been 32 per cent., and the increase realized by enfranchisement is 16 per cent., so that the im-

proved value obtained on these 1998 cases exceeds £1,200,000, of which, according to the last Report (1863) of the Church Estates Commissioners, £1,127,546 has been actually transferred to the common fund. Assuming the value of the Episcopal and Capitular Estates at £36,000,000, and that this average improvement arises on the whole (an assumption well within the truth), an improved value of six millions sterling is the value of the difference between the system of taking fines and the present system, the Corporations continuing to receive the full incomes obtainable by them under the system of taking fines.

'But this increase by no means represents the total increase in the receipts from the Episcopal and Capitular Estates since 1835. In the interval, the rate at which fines on the renewal of leases have been calculated, has been raised in many cathedrals, so that the Capitular revenues at the present time are much larger than in 1832, in some cases the increase reaching 50 per cent. The opportunity, also, of dealing with the property has enabled arrangements to be effected relative to building land and other improvable property previously remaining mere agricultural land. Several towns were partially surrounded by ecclesiastical land injuriously restraining their extension, where now buildings have been erected to the profit of the Church, and the great advantage of the town; and there are several estates which, if judiciously retained, will supply increasing means for the relief of spiritual destitution.'

We have now a clue to the large increase of means in the hands of the Commission, which has enabled it from 1857 to the present time to effect a great improvement in the endowment of poor parishes. It arises from two sources: from the estates vested in the Commission before the suppression of prebends and reduction in some sees, and also, but in a larger degree, from the profits realized by the change from the leasing to the enfranchised system, both upon the estates that belong to the Commission and upon those that still belong to Ecclesiastical corporations. As it was no part of the duty either of the Church Estates Commissioners or of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to increase the revenues of the different corporations that applied to them for help, the profit of every transaction found its way to the Common Fund, and was available for general uses. For example, the Dean and Chapter of X. have estates which yield in gross upon the leasing system an average income of £6400 a year; but the income fluctuates, because it comes from fines. They transfer it to the Commission in order to its enfranchisement, and receive in return a fixed payment of the same annual amount; and in course of time, instead of this fixed payment, estates that may fairly be expected to yield it. But their original estates, when dealt with, yield to the Commission £9600 a year, and £3200 a year is thus set free for the Common Fund.

The income of the Common Fund, which was in 1844 about £30,000, in 1851 about £50,000, is now, in 1866, at least £350,000; and the whole of this great annual revenue is devoted to the spiritual needs of the Church in the poorest parishes. Of course almost all of it is already devoted to various objects by previous acts of the Commission; the new operations in each year are limited to the improved income of that year. If the income stood still at this point, the Commission must also hold its hand, and content itself with continuing the large payments to which it has already pledged itself. But of this there is happily no chance. The estates of six sees are still leased upon fines; the estates of fourteen chapters, including the wealthy foundations of Durham, Lincoln, Westminster, St. Paul's, and Windsor, are still under the old system; nor has any term yet been fixed by Parliament within which they must come under the improved system. In any estimate of the future it is best to be quite safe; but that the income of the Common Fund will reach £500,000 in a few years is a prophecy that involves no risk.

Very jealously is the distribution of this enormous revenue watched by those whose hopes or claims are directed towards it. It may be as well to give an account of the principles which at present govern the Commissioners in apportioning the means at their disposal, taking for our basis an extract from the seventeenth report of the Commission, for 1864-5 :—

‘The Commissioners have determined for the current year :—

- I. To provide £3500 per annum to meet benefactions of at least equal value, in accordance with their published rules, dated March 1864.
- II. To meet the remaining local claims arising in respect of York Archbishopric Estates, and all those arising in respect of the Peterborough Bishopric Estates and of the York and Peterborough Capitular Estates.
- III. To augment unconditionally to £300 a year the income of every benefice in public patronage which existed on the 4th of February 1864, the population of which was by the census of 1861 not less than 6000 persons.
- IV. To augment the income of every benefice in private patronage having a like population to a like amount of £300 a year, on condition that one half of the sum required to effect such augmentation be provided from non-ecclesiastical sources.
- V. To appropriate the sum of £3000 per annum in perpetuity to the endowment of a limited number of new churches to which districts shall have been legally assigned since the 1st day of March 1864, containing in each case a population of not less than 6000 persons, and not being situated within the limits of the ancient district of Manchester; and provided that the for-

mation of any such district shall not involve the reduction of the population of any other benefice below 6000; the grants to churches of this character which may be in public patronage to be made to the extent of £200 a year unconditionally, and to those in private patronage to the extent of £100 a year, upon condition that an endowment of equal value be provided from non-ecclesiastical sources.'

I. Under the first of these heads, the clergy and laity of the Church are brought in to assist. Those interested in any poor benefice, not coming under any other category of the annual benevolence, may offer a sum, of capital or income, and may be met by the Commission by a grant of a like amount, but in the shape of income only. The Commission in 1862 resolved, for technical reasons connected with the accounts, that it would only make grants out of income,—a restriction which has operated hardly where a parsonage-house was sought to be built. An annuity in that case is of little use. It might be well hereafter to take power from Parliament to except from the direction that sums arising from sales must be re-invested, such sums as might be used for building parsonages in needy parishes; thus treating the building of parsonages as an investment in real property for the benefit of the Church. Nothing in the history of the Commission is more remarkable than the zeal with which the Church at large has answered this invitation to liberality. For the last three years, an offer, intended to elicit a capital sum of £100,000 from without, has drawn forth nearly a quarter of a million each year from private sources, of which the Commission has been obliged to refuse more than one-half from want of means, giving to those parishes first which, with the least endowment, united the largest population. From this source the Commission may reckon on an auxiliary fund of £7000 or £8000 a year, as soon as it is able to meet it. But this would give but a feeble idea of the public generosity. By the year 1869, the benefactions to the Commission will amount to £1,500,000. The churches so much needed have been built without aid from the Commission. In 1840, Manchester had thirty-two churches; it has now seventy-five. The late Duke of Northumberland built five churches and schools at Tynemouth alone, and others on other parts of his estates. During Dr. Hook's incumbency, twenty-one churches, thirty parsonages, and sixty schools were provided in Leeds. Miss Burdett Coutts has given £50,000 to such purposes. At a meeting at Sheffield, to raise five new churches in five years, one gentleman offered the cost of a church, £5000, which he has since increased to £7000. In the London diocese, new churches spring up at the rate of some twenty a year. The venerable

Bishop of Winchester has lately given £14,200 to the Commission, for the purpose of raising the incomes of the poorer incumbencies in Southwark. In order to assist parishes in getting some share of this class of benefactions of the Commission, the Diocesan Societies make a small grant, which can be offered with other moneys to the Commission. The Lord Chancellor's Sale of Benefices Act also assists; money arising from sales is given to some of the poorest livings in the patronage of the Crown, and is again met by the Commission with a grant.

II. 'Local claims' are the rights conferred by Parliament on the parishes whence the Commissioners derive property. Before that property is devoted to the general use of the Church, it must be made to yield a due endowment, and a proper house of residence for the minister of the parish where it lies. This most just stipulation applied, under the earlier Acts, only to tithes; the Act of 1860 extended it to all other property. The order in which these claims are dealt with is in some measure arbitrary; the Commissioners follow the order in which the corporations, whether Bishops or Chapters, have received enfranchised estates instead of those which they surrendered. Under this class a great many parishes of miserable endowment, of wide extent but of small population, receive succour; and the discontent that would exist, if population alone were taken as the claim to aid, is dissipated, at least in part.

III. The third class of cases marks what has been done towards the chief object of the Commission, that of providing for the populous parishes. The parishes with 10,000 souls, and with 8000, had been dealt with in former years; the parishes with 6000 were succoured in 1865; and the present year will see the parishes with 5000 augmented in like manner. Whilst every general test, including that of population, works unequally, probably no better one than that of population can be found. To dispense with any general rule, and assist now a large population, now a smaller Peel parish, now a parish because it is in a Cathedral city, and ought to come before others when Chapter property is being dealt with, would lead to favouritism and influence, which would impede the work, and would forfeit public confidence. By 1869, all benefices with a population of 4000 will have been augmented.

IV. The question early arose,—How were benefices in private patronage to be treated? To augment a private benefice is by no means of necessity to increase the stipend of the pastor. So long as patronage is bought and sold, to improve a living that is to be sold in a few months, is simply to increase the amount which the friends of the next presentee are to put into the pocket of the patron; and to turn Church property into private,



was not what the Commission was appointed to do. The private patron should give some test of his good faith, and his undertaking one-half of the work is by no means an excessive demand.

V. When the Commission promised in 1864 to reach a certain point in the endowment of populous places by 1869, they could not allow an unknown quantity to enter into a precise calculation. They included therefore only the existing populous parishes, and not those that might be created during the five years. Pleased to do at least something for them, lest church-building should be discouraged, they undertook to endow a number, not exceeding fifteen in the year, and to give them until 1869 only £200 a year, instead of £300. It was fair that the old parishes, with incumbents who had borne the labour of many years, should not be quite on the same footing as the new, who were beginning their work. To have £100 a year less, with a prospect of an endowment in 1869, may well be submitted to by those who compare their lot with the struggle of their older brethren.

Let it be observed, that the Commissioners have nowhere fixed £300 a year as the final amount of an incumbent's income, nor pronounced that it is sufficient. They have adopted it as a present practical limit, having regard to the means at their disposal, and the various wants they are to meet.

The whole amount of these augmentations would be about £25,000 a year; and this sum represents probably about the improvement of the year in the income of the common fund.

We may hope that the five classes that have thus been described will be kept open, but with lower and lower limits of population, until, within a few years, every living with 500 people is raised to £300 a year; those that are in public patronage, by the Commission alone; those that are in private patronage, by the Commission, with the patron assisting.

We can hardly wonder enough at this metamorphosis in an office which was once so mistrusted. It is as if a young man, of shabby appearance, who had been loitering about Whitehall Place for years past, whom Members of Parliament used to look at askance as they passed, believing him to be a rogue and vagabond, and a picker-up of unconsidered leases, whom some of them soundly denounced, and proposed to send to a reformatory, whom the clergy declared to be the most hardened reprobate they had ever addressed, had suddenly proved to be a prince in disguise, whose income of £350,000 was wholly spent upon the necessities of those that had been reviling him for the last twenty years, and whose future expectations from his friends were all to be directed to the same benevolent object. Amiable

traits of character will now be discovered, even in the days when his appearance was the most disreputable. And so we may perhaps venture to say that, if we judge by fruits, the affairs of the Ecclesiastical Commission must have been administered by all parties concerned with great fidelity, zeal, and judgment. This profit of fifteen millions, how many transactions it represents! What confidence in actuaries and surveyors and solicitors! What endless negotiations with purchasers! What firmness in the Estates Commissioners in adhering to principles which every one saw to be right except in his own case! What infinite possibilities of jobbery, mismanagement, and incapacity! What a slender list, in the last inquiry, even of suspicions of any such evils! The time has come for admitting that the Estates Commissioners have conducted the difficult task assigned them to a highly creditable conclusion, and that the subordinates to whom the working of the principle has been intrusted have shown equal skill and fidelity in their task.

One looks with wonder on the sudden creation of this great machine, and the wonder is tinged with some little misgiving. An income in the Common Fund of £500,000 represents a property worth fifteen millions; and this is only a small part of what the Commission must lay its hands on. Most of it is the profit only upon transactions of larger amount. A study of the Blue-Books of the last twenty years on this subject, will show even a hasty reader that the Commissioners have found officers of great ability, and zealous, nay, almost fanatical, for the great work they have undertaken. No doubt, to them is due in great part the success which has attended the working out of the idea of the Commission—a success far beyond all hopes and calculations. This office is now a great firm for the buying, selling, enfranchising, managing, draining, improving land, for the building of parsonages by hundreds, for the making of new parishes, and for other duties of less moment. The country looks to the Estates Commissioners as responsible for the control of all those who are trusted with these manifold duties. Yet can it be hoped, in the long-run, that a few gentlemen, however great their abilities, however sedulous their attention, can efficiently control all these great transactions, in which so many interests are involved? The professional actuary, in the intricate calculations of terminable rights, the professional surveyor, in all questions of purchase or sale, must have the advantage over those who are less versed in the same matters. Thus, whilst the general policy of the Commission is settled by Parliament, the details must ever be left to the professional officers; and those who have the nominal control will have little power to direct the working of the Commission. Nor is this any re-

proach to those able persons who fill the office of Commissioners from time to time. The office is a great mart for every sort of traffic in land. It is no reproach to the Commissioners that they are not versed in the learning of a particular profession. Of the Estates Commissioners only two are remunerated for their services, and these two not upon a scale which could establish a right to all their time and energies; so that they must carry on a profession which they have not learned, advised by subordinates whose training for their work has been complete, whose whole time is given to it, whose knowledge of the facts is great and exact. It is the more a matter of congratulation to the Church of England that so much good is in the way of being effected, the more apparent it is that such machinery might have been warped and misused. But the Legislature is bound not merely to give facilities for finishing the transactions which have arisen in this transition state, but also to arrange so that the functions of the Ecclesiastical Commission shall be reduced within the simplest and most manageable limits, when all the exchanging and enfranchising shall be got over. The office of the Commission will be permanent, will have to take its chance of good times and bad, able officials and less able, as time and circumstances may help or hinder. It will always have the control of a large property. But there is every reason for not enlarging the business of such an office beyond the necessary limits; as much of the business as possible should pass through it, and as little as possible rest there as a permanent responsibility. There are some signs of a contrary tendency at present, which ought to be watched most carefully.

For example, the Legislature has sanctioned an arrangement by which a bishop endowed with estates equivalent to the assigned income, may make over these estates to the Commissioners for the whole time of his incumbency, upon a contract that he shall receive the fixed income, and they shall take the rents and abide the chance of their fluctuations. In other words, this public office undertakes land-agency business upon a speculative contract. In case of some extraordinary distress affecting the land, who is to bear the loss consequent upon the fixed contract and the falling rents? We presume, the Common Fund; for there are no other means at disposal except what belong to the Common Fund directly or indirectly. It may be answered that there have been no losses from this source. But it is bad in principle that the Commission should be allowed to compete with professional men for a particular kind of employment, with the Common Fund to protect them from possible loss, and to give them an advantage in competing for business. A bishop can readily find those who will administer his estates in the ordi-

nary way ; and the Estates Committee should not compete with them for purely professional employment.

Another remarkable sign of the wish to retain control over estates is this :—The Legislature has directed that estates surrendered by corporations shall be replaced as soon as possible by other estates at rack-rent. There is no hint that the new estates given for the old are to be of any inferior tenure ; the corporation ought to possess them in as full and complete a sense as it did the estates that it gave up. The Commission, however, in conveying them, reserve the minerals, and in some cases the manorial rights. As the advantage to accrue to ecclesiastical corporations from the minerals has been carefully, not to say rigorously, guarded by law, there can be no reason of policy for withholding that part of the rights of possession ; and the Act of Parliament implies that estates are to be made over as fully and completely as those which were given up. The Commissioners have been tempted to stop short of carrying out the Act, by the wish to have a hold upon the estates still, and to act as joint owners. They already possess a power to visit and inspect them, and this will work well ; they have also the power upon each avoidance to re-adjust their value, and to take away a portion if they are likely to produce more than the statutable income. But their rights are over such portion only ; and as to the whole body of such estates, they ought to have no rights of ownership over them whatever. And this, the manifest intention of the Legislature, the Commissioners ought to have done nothing to infringe.

We must repeat, however, the opinion, that the results that have been obtained, prove of themselves that the Estates Committee, and the officers whom they employ, have deserved well of the Church of England. Those who wish to read a temperate apology for the Commission from the beginning, and the only answer that it has ever put forth in any shape to the abuse that has been heaped upon it, may consult the pamphlet at the head of this Article. Mr. Edmund J. Smith describes himself, before a Committee, as Surveyor for the Commissioners for the Northern District of England. Whatever his special functions, there is no doubt that he has completely mastered the whole subject.

It would be well to gather up, in a few words, any objections or suggestions for improvement as to the working of the Commission that still remain undisposed of. The last authoritative source of these would be the Report of the Commons Committee, presented in 1863. We print its recommendations entire :—

‘ 1. That the Ecclesiastical Commission, as at present constituted, is objectionable.

‘ 2. That the Ecclesiastical Commissioners do not appear to have

any established system for ascertaining the locality and condition of the worst cases of spiritual destitution in populous districts, nor any definite principle of action by which priority of assistance shall be afforded to such cases out of the large and rapidly increasing funds intrusted to the Commissioners for distribution.

‘3. That it is inexpedient that a central body should alone decide upon the boundaries of new districts and sub-divisions of parishes throughout the kingdom.

‘4. That the system of throwing permanently the administration of large properties scattered over the whole country into the hands of one central body, is objectionable.

‘5. That, independently of the political objections to such a concentration of property, this system unavoidably consumes a considerable part of the revenues of the Church in the expenses of valuing and revaluing lands and tithes, in compensation to officers superseded, and in the maintenance of a large establishment of secretaries and clerks. Your Committee beg to refer to the 12th Resolution of the Committee of this House in 1856, viz., “That the present system of management by the agents of the Church Estates Commission should be reconsidered with a view to its greater efficiency and a possible diminution of expense,” and to the evidence now taken before your Committee, showing that the system of management still continues to be unnecessarily expensive; and your Committee are of opinion that this excessive expenditure is to be attributed in some degree to the fact that estates so widely dispersed, are placed under the management of one corporation.

‘6. That further expense is entailed by the voluminous and complicated nature of the accounts, which are difficult to be understood by any one but a professional accountant, and which have given occasion for repeated inquiries by Committees of the two Houses of Parliament.

‘7. That the system now pursued by the Commission in the investigation of titles to lands given for sites of churches, causes unnecessary delay and expense.

‘8. That the present system necessarily throws undue power into the hands of the officers of the Commission.

‘9. That—

(1.) The management of the property of the Church, and

(2.) The application of the surplus revenues of the Church to the relief of spiritual destitution in populous places,

be given to separate authorities.

‘10. That such powers as are necessary for the central management of the property of the Church be vested in one Board, consisting of two paid Commissioners, one of whom should be a barrister in actual practice of not less than fifteen years’ standing; and that such Commissioners should devote their exclusive attention to the business of the Board, and be ineligible for a seat in Parliament.

‘11. That upon such Board there be, in addition, one unpaid Commissioner, with a seat in the House of Commons.

‘12. That it should be lawful for the proposed Board of Commissioners, who are to have the management of the property of the

Church, to invest any money applicable to the common fund, either in land, tithes, the funds, or other Government securities.

‘13. That the legal business of the Board be conducted by the appointment of a legal adviser at a fixed salary, in the same way that the Treasury, the Admiralty, and other Government establishments, and some of the railway companies of the kingdom, have their legal business conducted.

‘14. That local associations in each diocese, composed of clergy and laity, performing some of the duties at present discharged by the Ecclesiastical Commission, would aid the purposes of Church extension, especially as such bodies would possess an intimate knowledge of the spiritual wants and local circumstances of every diocese.

‘15. That the governors of the Bounty of Queen Anne having, for upwards of 150 years, been appointed by Parliament to discharge many of the powers and duties which are now discharged by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, your Committee recommend that, until effect can be given to the preceding resolution, the distribution of the proceeds of the common fund for the relief of spiritual destitution, and all other powers and duties, except those for the management of the property of the Church, now possessed by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, should be transferred to the governors of the Bounty of Queen Anne, in case the constitution of the said Board of Governors, so far as regards the discharge of the said duties, should be adapted to that end by Parliament.

‘16. That the present position of the non-capitular members of cathedral and collegiate churches is unsatisfactory, and that power should be given by Act of Parliament to secure to them adequate stipends and allowances, without encroaching upon the common fund.

‘17. That the Church Estates Act be continued to the 1st day of January 1868, and to the end of the then next session of Parliament.’

It is easy to see that the opposition to the Commission was dying away when this Report was presented, although it was not until 1864 that the public was made aware of the great progress that would be made between that date and 1869 in meeting spiritual destitution. The Report was only carried by a majority of one against the counter proposition, ‘That in consequence of the lateness of the Session, your Committee are unable to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion on the important matters that have been submitted to them; they have therefore agreed simply to report the evidence and proceedings to the consideration of the House.’ Almost half the Committee then thought that this Report was not a satisfactory conclusion, and so think we.

Omitting details, the points it raises are mainly these: The constitution of the Commission, centralization of property, and centralization of parochial and other arrangements at present carried through by the Commissioners.

The constitution of the Commission, like many of our institutions, works pretty well, although it is not ideally perfect. It consists of a General Board of fifty-two persons, some of whom, as we have shown, do not attend at all; and of an Estates Committee; and of the Church Estates Commissioners. The members of the two last are also members of the General Board, and have functions of their own, which are, in the case of the Church Estates Commissioners, quite independent, and in that of the Estates Committee almost independent, of the General Board. The Church Estates Commissioners were appointed under the Act of 1850, and the Act of 1851 enabled them to effect voluntary enfranchisements for Church Corporations. The Estates Committee was also appointed by the Act of 1850; it consists of the three Church Estates Commissioners and two members of the General Board, and is charged with all matters that involve the sale, purchase, exchange, letting, or management of estates or tithes. Upon the General Board devolves a great variety of business under many Acts of Parliament, including the endowment of Bishops and Chapters, exchange of patronage, formation of new parishes, assignment of districts to new churches, and the distribution of the common fund for the relief of spiritual destitution. Matters involving investigation of details are often referred by the General Board to the Estates Committee. Now this constitution appears to secure several very desirable objects. There is a permanent body of able men to manage the Estates, and to be responsible for their management. There is a Board of which all the bishops and several deans are members, to hear and decide the relative merits of applications for aid from the Common Fund, and to make new parochial arrangements in different dioceses, and with them the laymen of the Commission are associated. A bishop could hardly wish for a better council for any measure affecting his own diocese. The constitution may not be perfect, but wherein is it conspicuously 'objectionable?' The Committee says that the management of the Church property, and the application of the surplus to spiritual destitution, should be the work of two different bodies. But this is now secured, except as to the fact that a few laymen are members of both. The relief of spiritual destitution the Committee would confide to Queen Anne's Bounty Board; and the only difference between the General Board and the Queen Anne's Bounty Board is that the latter is rather more exclusively episcopal than the former. Why are bishops to be trusted when they sit under one name, and mistrusted under another? The drift of the evidence by no means bears out the report; the Earl of Chichester, the secretary, and others, are strong in their opinion that the present constitution works well. The proposal to have two

paid and one unpaid Commissioner for Estates, differs only in a slight degree from the actual state of things, and is not worth dispute. Our own opinion is that there should be three paid Commissioners, on account of the increase of the work. There is no contradiction between the suggestion as to Diocesan Boards and the present arrangement ; such boards exist, and do much towards building new churches and ascertaining where these are required. Their line of action would and does assist the General Board, which sends forth schemes for new parishes, not originated by itself, but by the bishop of the diocese, by a Diocesan Board, or by local promoters. In short, the recommendations of the Committee are a slight caricature of the existing condition of affairs, and cannot claim to be a reform.

We have shown that we are not insensible to the dangers of centralizing the control of a large amount of property. But the Committee makes no suggestion towards another scheme. In fact, the multiplication of centres would be yet more dangerous. One office in London will be observed, criticised, examined by Parliament, checked by an efficient audit. A number of offices would be less responsible, less observed, more likely to be treated carelessly. The dangers that beset great pecuniary trusts must be met in this case by reducing the duties of the Commission to the simplest form, by prescribing a clear method of rendering the accounts, far more clear than the present mode, by careful auditors, and by reports to Parliament. The Commission is now a permanent institution ; to break it into two, or into several offices for the control of land, would be to multiply the present dangers and attenuate the securities. Such a proposition would meet no serious support.

As to the supposed centralization of all diocesan and parochial arrangements, it does not exist, and therefore need not be cured. Can any instance be cited in which the Commissioners have interfered vexatiously between the bishop or the local promoters of a scheme and the plan they had in view ? The powers of the Commission are lent for the carrying out schemes recommended to them ; there is no pretence at originating schemes which would not find local approval. The usual course of operations is that the local promoters see clearly what they want, but are somewhat helpless when it comes to the mode of effecting it ; whilst the Commission which could not have seen the want, has abundant means for working out the remedy at the service of those who cannot be expected to have mastered the difficulties of Acts of Parliament and Orders in Council so completely.

The somewhat wild hitting of these latest opponents of the Commission serves to show that, even in 1863, its position was



less dangerous. Two fruitful years have since provided about a million and a half of capital, not to Bishops or Deans and Chapters, but to the worst endowed of the parochial Clergy, who are faithfully labouring almost without reward, in the self-denying retirement of some rural parish, or, more often, among thousands of souls who need all the care that can be given them. Some begin to think that the Commission, by its work, has made out its title to be left for a little while in peace. Its constitution may be 'objectionable,' but we will not arrest so efficient a labourer in order to give him a new constitution. Those who know the English clergy best, can best bear witness to the prudence and dignity with which many of them bear the trials of poverty; how they have to see their children grow up without the education which more fortunate parents gave to themselves, how the comforts of life and the provision for the future are denied them. These evils, this injustice, the Commission is making haste to lighten. Hundreds of benefices each year receive aid from it. We will be thankful for it, or at lowest we will not molest it any more in a work that others are so thankful for.

Nor is this question one that affects money only, and mere bodily wants. The pastor of his people needs, for his efficiency, that he should be set free from the peril of embarrassment, and from the need of eking out his maintenance by some less holy calling. To raise him just above want, is often to free the shackled spirit and mind from a slavery which not all his self-denial and devotion could break. The strongest will, the deepest love, will hardly be enough to enable him to carry words of comfort and do acts of succour to those whom God has given him to tend, if the face of his pale wife, laden with anxiety, haunts him, and children cling about his skirts for bread. There has been an incredible amount of quiet suffering of this kind; and it has hindered spiritual work and progress. The cloud is beginning to lift. From the sordid bondage of grinding poverty many will be set free; and it will be felt in their utterance of their sacred message, in the higher tone they inspire, in the energy with which they throw themselves into their work, that a change has passed upon them. The great task of dealing with this evil, which seemed hopeless twenty years ago, is now full of hope. Those who have gone so far towards its accomplishment have no doubt done no more than their duty. Still they have done it well, and the results have already more than doubled the highest expectation. And the Committee of the House of Commons, after hearing their story, thinks their 'constitution objectionable.' The country at large will give a more hearty verdict.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Parliamentary Government considered with Reference to Reform.* By EARL GREY. London, 1864.
2. *The Election of Representatives, Parliamentary and Municipal.* By THOMAS HARE, Esq. London, 1865.
3. *Principles of Reform, Political and Legal.* By JOHN BOYD KINNEAR. London, 1865.
4. *Constitutionalism of the Future; or, Parliament the Mirror of the Nation.* By JAMES LORIMER.
5. *An Essay on the History of the English Government and Constitution from the Reign of Henry VII. to the present Time.* By JOHN EARL RUSSELL. New Edition, 1865.
6. *The Ideas of the Day on Policy.* By CHARLES BUXTON, M.A., M.P. London, 1866.

‘Now I shall have no more peace!’ was the exclamation of George II. when Henry Pelham died in 1754. In like manner, Lord Palmerston’s death last autumn was the sign of the beginning of storms. In both instances the post vacated, the highest to which an English subject can aspire, was speedily and naturally filled up. That the Duke of Newcastle was the legitimate successor of his brother was determined within a week; that Lord Russell was the legitimate successor of Lord Palmerston was hardly for a day matter of serious doubt. But in neither instance was the prompt decision of this question followed by calm security. With Henry Pelham was removed the influence which had brought together and kept in hand all the turbulent and ambitious politicians of the time; with Lord Palmerston was removed the influence which restrained and soothed into comparative rest the yet deeper turbulence of the spirit of party. Henry Pelham’s death let loose the restlessness of individuals; Lord Palmerston’s death has let loose at once the restlessness of individuals and the violence of factions.

No one can say whither this will carry us,—to what end, perhaps fortunate, perhaps disastrous, it may lead; yet he must be a careless observer who does not perceive that new aspects of political affairs are opening up. It is not, perhaps, too much to say that Lord Palmerston’s death marked an era in the political history of the country. The maintenance, save in a few extreme cases, of the Treaties of Vienna, the protectorate of Turkey, jealousy of France, and dislike towards America, have been, since Waterloo, the leading ideas of our Foreign policy. All of these ideas greatly influenced Lord Palmerston: of one at least he was the prominent champion.

Much of his diplomacy was directed to inculcating on Continental Governments that moderation by which only the basis of 1815 might be maintained. Despite his admiration for the French Emperor, he is believed never to have much valued the Commercial Treaty, and the intimacy thence resulting. His Southern sympathies were not always concealed; his determination to uphold the Turkish power was uniformly avowed. Of late years the influence of these ideas has been steadily waning; not one of them will dominate in the politics of the future. That we shall advance in cordiality with the French, that we shall grow into friendship with America, may be among our well-founded hopes; that we shall never engage in another war in support of Turkish misrule is a matter almost of certainty.

On Home politics again, Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill stamped a certain seal of finality hardly yet broken. Since these measures we have improved in many ways, especially in our commercial legislation; but, with the exception of Free-trade, no great idea has found place amongst us. Resting on Emancipation, we have acquiesced in the Irish Church; satisfied with the Reform Bill, we have not cared to investigate the position and influence of a great landed aristocracy. This refusal to entertain fresh political motives perfectly suited Lord Palmerston. This negative Conservatism, as it were, he approved, and might have for some time perpetuated. But signs have of late not been wanting that its power is passing. Political speculation is bolder than it has ever been; political ideas are actively working; party conflict is plainly close at hand; and it may be that new party combinations will follow. On the practical point of the 'outs or the ins,' no one can tell what a day may bring forth; but at a critical time like the present, political discussion possesses an importance and interest beyond what can attach to the fate of any particular administration.

Doubtless the leading topic at present is Parliamentary Reform. To the cause of Reform the whole Liberal party stand committed. It has become a question of paramount importance, not only in the interests of party, but in the interests of the nation. It is something, indeed, that all our leading public men are pledged to it; but it is much more that its satisfactory solution will increase the strength and prosperity of the nation. Parliamentary Reform is to be desired at once as a means and as an end. As an end, because it is in itself a thing just and right; as a means, because it will afford us the best security that a sound political economy, love of freedom, and sympathy with the poor, will continue to prevail in the councils of the State, and will be carried out yet more fully than they have been, to

the sure increase of the honour of the country, the happiness and contentment of the people.

The foolish notion that there is no real difference between Tory and Liberal principles, which Tory partisans have for some years back been wont to inculcate, has lately been rather exploded. The notion hardly deserves serious refutation; but when we are claiming support for Reform on the ground that the influence of Liberal principles will be thereby preserved and extended, it may be worth while to mark the opposite sentiments with which Tories and Liberals approach the more pressing topics of the day. We can trace this opposition of sentiment both in Foreign politics and in Home politics—can see it clearly in the immediate past, can anticipate it, almost with certainty, in the future.

A greater contrast can hardly be imagined than that which exists between the principles which have actuated our foreign policy under a Liberal Government, and the principles which have been avowed by the Opposition. Had the Tories been in office for the last few years, England, in her relations with France, would have alternated between foolish distrust and humiliating subserviency. She would have lent her influence to crush the rising hopes of Italian freedom, and, in all human probability, would have been involved in war with America. As late as 1861, Mr. Disraeli permitted himself to sneer at ‘the phantom of a united Italy;’ and had the opinions of Tory statesmen and the doctrines of Tory lawyers been given effect to, England would have declared herself an active partisan of the South, or at least English-born ‘Alabamas’ would have swarmed over the Atlantic Ocean—leading, most likely, to an immediate rupture with America, and certainly to the utter destruction of English trade, should the Tories of the future ever hurry England into war.

How different was the policy of England under a Liberal administration, especially while Lord Russell held the seals of the Foreign Office, has been already shown in this Journal.<sup>1</sup> Lord Russell had indeed no easy task; for the attitude of England, in questions of foreign policy, is often perplexing and inconsistent. It is not too much to say that she is at present the most conservative power in Europe. She has endeavoured, more steadily than any other nation, to uphold the treaties of 1815; and yet she has a keen sympathy with the new principle of nationality, before the full development of which these treaties could not endure for a day. Again, she is enamoured of peace—we may almost say determined against war, and is yet loath to relinquish

<sup>1</sup> *North British Review*, May 1864, No. lxxx.

the self-imposed and dangerous duty of volunteering advice and warning. Add to this that she is mistrustful of all foreign nations, and will ally herself cordially, so that their joint interference might be authoritative, not even with France, and we arrive at a position very difficult to be maintained with dignity. The honour of having maintained this position, on the whole successfully, may be fairly claimed for Lord Russell. Now, when the paroxysm of indignant passion has passed away, the country begins to feel, and even to admit, how much it owes the Minister who saved us from a war with Germany.<sup>1</sup> Still more frankly does the country admit how much it owes the Minister, who, resisting the whole weight of the Tory party, saved us from a war with America. It was England's great good fortune that, during the American struggle, her foreign policy was conducted by Lord Russell. We do not indeed think that even he went far enough in restraining Confederate trickery. As was before argued in this Journal, a ship which, like the 'Alabama,' escaped by fraud, should never thereafter have been allowed the shelter of British ports. But if this error be chargeable against Lord Russell, what would have been the conduct of a Tory Foreign Minister, animated by aristocratic favour for the South, and carrying out the legal doctrines of Sir Hugh Cairns? It was no light matter that those delicate negotiations were conducted by a Minister whose singleness of purpose was never doubted, and whose keen sympathies with freedom were beyond dispute.

Italy presents an example, if possible even more striking, of what high import it is to other nations whether Liberal or Tory sentiments guide the policy of England. When Lord Derby was last in office, Napoleon could never rid himself of a fear that England might declare herself on the side of Austria in the great contest for Italian freedom. Lord Palmerston came into power, and the unity of Italy was upheld by England, even against the schemes and desires of France. And yet, notwithstanding these sympathies, England is in no danger of being dragged, by a Liberal administration, even into a war on behalf of right and liberty, as she has been dragged ere this by Tory administrations into wars in defence of tyranny and wrong. The true meaning and proper limits of the doctrine of non-

<sup>1</sup> Certain political writers have, since Lord Palmerston's death, taken upon themselves to assert, that, if the late Premier had been allowed his own way, he would have at once declared war on behalf of Denmark. None of them have given any authority for this statement; and we take leave, in the absence of authority, to doubt it altogether. But if it were so, then all we can say is, that the nation owes even more to Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone than is commonly supposed.

intervention have been clearly given by Lord Russell, in his Introduction to the new edition of his *Essay*:—

‘On the subject of foreign politics much obscurity prevails in the minds of men as to the principles by which British policy has been guided in the past, and will be guided in the future. Much of this obscurity arises from the double sense which is attached to the term intervention. The usual and more proper meaning of the term intervention is interference in the internal affairs of other nations. The new and less accurate application of the term is to all interference in the disputes of independent nations. The former is the sense in which intervention took place by Austria, Prussia, and Russia in the internal affairs of Piedmont and of Naples in the year 1821, and by France and the Northern Powers in the internal affairs of Spain in the year 1823. The incorrect use of the term is, when it is applied to the interference prompted by Mr. Canning, in the year 1826, when England interposed, as she was bound by treaty to do, in defence of the independence of Portugal.

‘It is obvious that great confusion would arise from using the same term, and applying the same argument to the two kinds of interference.

‘All public writers have declared that a nation has the right to settle its own form of government, provided it does not injure other nations in its mode of doing so; just as every householder may regulate his own house, provided he does not cause a nuisance to the neighbourhood.

‘But if one nation attacks another, all nations are at liberty to judge whether their interests, and the general independence, are affected thereby.

‘Thus, the first kind of intervention should, as a rule, be forbidden and avoided. Of late years, we have seen that intervention in the internal affairs of Italy and of Spain, against which Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning protested in vain in 1821 and 1823, entirely renounced both by Austria and by France.

‘It is true that France has interfered in the internal affairs of Rome and of Mexico, and that England has interfered in the internal affairs of China; but in these instances it has been declared that such intervention was exceptional and temporary, and was contrary to the general principles upon which the foreign policy of England and France were founded.

‘But the case would be quite different if when a great Power attacks a small independent State with a view to conquest, other Powers were as a rule to remain quiescent. In that case we may be sure that two consequences would follow,—first, that there would soon remain none but great Powers; and, secondly, that all those great Powers would have a despotic form of government, no other being endurable in the eyes of mighty sovereigns in the command of numerous and formidable armies. Such was in fact the danger which threatened Europe both before and after the great catastrophe of 1814.’

It does not, however, follow from this that we must interfere in all cases where a little power is attacked by a big one. England rightly refused to prevent France from oppressing Spain in 1823; and the other day she refused, with not less justice, to defend Denmark against Germany, or Poland against Russia. No country should interpose between other nations save when she can do so in such force as to insure immediate peace. Better no interference at all than interference which leads only to prolonged war. But neither, on the other hand, does it follow that wherever prudence may forbid action, no advice or warning should be tendered. We know that the popular theory is, 'Silence, unless you are prepared to strike,' and that the violation of this theory is often made the ground of reproach against many of our statesmen. But we believe the theory to be false, and the reproach ill-founded. It was with surprise that we saw a writer, generally so above clap-trap as Mr. Arnold, enforcing, in the last number of the *Cornhill*, this well-worn count in the indictment against his country. His courteous Prussian friend, who condescendingly told him he did not dislike England, only 'thought little of her,' and the well-informed Prussian paper which classed the English soldier with the Turkish, both went on the same ground—that England, though still ready to state her mind, was less ready than formerly to fight. We do not maintain that England must *never* fight; but we do maintain that England, even at the risk of being thought little of by Mr. Arnold's friends, may sometimes raise her voice when she has no purpose of fighting. True, she must not in such circumstances *threaten*; still less should she hold out any hope of real assistance to the weaker side; but it does not follow that she is to look on unmoved and silent.

If the time is ever to arise when opinion is to have weight among nations, the expression of opinion must not be restrained. Private war has yielded to this influence; it will be long ere public war is equally rare upon the earth, yet that happy day may come. And nothing so much hastens its coming as the condemnation of any war by the united voice of civilized nations. It seems to us, then, that it is the duty of statesmen to express the feelings of the people in whose name they are entitled to speak, without timidly and selfishly considering what is called dignity, without an ignominious fear of diplomatic rebuffs, the real discredit of which lies with those from whom they come. Nor, because advice may be thrown back with disdain, does it always follow that it is forgotten and rejected. Though Russia contemptuously repelled our remonstrances on behalf of Poland, has she taken no pains to convince Europe that her treatment of the rebels has been, on the whole, humane? Still less should we

conclude that the expression of goodwill is a thing of no account. Italy now regards England as her most trusted friend. We have raised no hand in her defence; and yet she esteems us more highly than the victors of Magenta or Solferino. We owe this solely to the sympathy which our Liberal statesmen have consistently expressed for the Italian cause; to such writing and speaking as the writing and speaking of Mr. Gladstone; to the policy which, except during the unfortunate interregnum of Lord Malmesbury, our Foreign Ministers have for years steadily pursued; warning Austria that treaties trampled under foot on the banks of the Vistula can hardly be upheld on the banks of the Po; refusing to guarantee Venetia to her oppressors, even should they set Lombardy free—one of the most honourable acts in the foreign policy of Lord Palmerston. Only by an unforeseen combination of circumstances can England regain the material power she had in Europe at Waterloo; but she has not lost her moral predominance, nor do we think that even her obstinate love of peace makes the loss of it a necessity.

The American contest is now closed; and we may therefore trust that, even under Tory rule, there is no immediate promise of war for England. But dangers past may in some other form recur, and on Tory diplomacy in any American dispute we should look with unaffected dread. Less mischievous towards ourselves, but even worse for others, would be the results of Tory diplomacy in Europe. Doubtless no Government could now force England to ally herself actively with Continental oppression; but it would be intolerable that Lord Malmesbury should again exert her influence in behalf of the degrading tyranny of Austrian vicegerents in Italy; or that she should sympathize in any measure with the boorish and subservient aristocracy of Prussia. We cannot regard this as a light matter. The prospects of freedom on the Continent at this present time are not bright. The wretched policy of Count Bismark can hardly fail to excite envy and emulation. Prussia, where a fair promise of liberty once dawned, is now borne down by a rule more stupid and coarse in its oppressiveness than any other in Europe. Such a triumph cannot fail to attract many imitators. The Prussian Minister has already done more to damage the cause of freedom in Europe than the whole house of Napoleon. What between Imperialism based on universal suffrage on the one hand, and divine right of kings, upheld by a subservient aristocracy, on the other, the liberties of Europe are in 'a parlous state.' At such a time it seems to us a matter of no slight moment into which scale the weight of England be thrown. It may be that this is but a foolish sense of national self-importance; yet few



Englishmen, we suspect, will altogether repudiate the idea. Rightly or wrongly we all cherish the belief that freedom from of old has sat on *our* heights—

‘ Grave mother of majestic works,  
From her isle-altar gazing down ;’

and can we bear to think that, in a time of darkness to many, we ourselves should hide her presence, and make her ‘mighty voice’ be dumb!

What the Home policy of the Tories has been in the past need be told to no one. Mr. Bright stated the past of the Tory party severely but truly at Rochdale. It is not the language of exaggeration, but of simple truth, to say that it has consisted of unvarying and bitter, though happily fruitless opposition to every good measure which has been carried for many years. It would have put down freedom of conscience ; it opposed freedom in trade ; it upheld religious disabilities, unjust privileges, and mischievous monopolies, with an impartial persistency. It is impossible not to sympathize with Mr. Bright’s wonder that a party with such a history can venture to have any opinion at all. But the self-complacency of mankind is not easily repressed. The Tories still claim the right to have opinions, and, fortunately for us, they have the privilege of expressing them. The *Quarterly Review* is, as it were, the useful tail, which, before each meeting of Parliament, sounds the rattle of warning to all good-natured Liberals who might feel disposed to pity and forgive. And that Tory opinions are of the old leaven still—not tempered by time, nor wiser from experience, was clearly shown in the prolonged shriek of indignation and dismay with which the last number of that periodical concluded. The ‘cries’ which at this awful crisis the combined ingenuity of Tadpole and Taper have raised for the salvation of England, are ‘The Church in danger!’ and ‘Our ancient aristocracy!’—the appointment of Mr. Goschen being taken as prophetic of the downfall of the one, that of Mr. Forster as implying the destruction of the other. Mr. Goschen’s opinions are denounced as ‘unsectarian ;’ and we are carefully informed that ‘our plain-spoken fathers’ would have called them ‘infidel,’—a style of plain speaking in which the *Quarterly* always excelled, and evidently would fain revive. With this man in office, the Church, we are told, must prepare for a vehement renewal of assaults, which have been for some time intermitted. Such an appointment was bad enough in itself ; but when we add to it the dismissal of Sir Robert Peel, the two facts taken together become, in the view of the *Quarterly*, quite awful in the impres-

siveness of their warning; and the worthy but weak-headed writer utters denunciations of woe, as if he were a second Jeremiah. It must be rather a novelty to Sir Robert Peel to find himself thus held up as a pillar of the Church; certainly his eccentric effusions on the Irish Establishment can hardly warrant so great an honour. It is not, however, worth while to attempt any estimate of such an exceedingly unknown quality as Sir Robert Peel's opinions—unknown, we suspect, even to himself; but it is well worth while to note what manner of thing is the ecclesiastical policy of the Tory party. Mr. Goschen has declared himself in favour of the admission of Dissenters to the English Universities, therefore he is 'unsectarian,' or, as the *Quarterly* would prefer to call him, an infidel; and therefore his accession to office marks the beginning of a long series of attacks on the Established Church. A somewhat narrow basis this for so imposing a superstructure. If these things are so, it becomes alarming to reflect how many infidels there are in the country, and in what imminent peril the Church of England stands. Are *all* the men who supported Mr. Goschen's and Mr. Bouverie's Bills in last Parliament thus given over to evil devices? Nay, the charge comes nearer home. The admission of Dissenters to the English Universities was advocated, not long ago, in these pages; so that the *North British Review* must be visited with the like condemnation. It is impossible to have any feeling save that of sheer astonishment when we see the organ of a great party, on the eve of a keen and important struggle, putting forth, in a serious manifesto, such silly and abusive twaddle. Fortunately for the Church of England, she has supporters who are wiser in their generation.

On the topic of Reform, the *Quarterly* is hardly less explicit. Mr. Forster is the stormy petrel here, and foretells many a tempest. The *Quarterly* frankly declares for no change in the franchise at all; or, if change must come, let it be after the fashion of Lord Derby's Bill,—that elaborate plan for so dealing with the question as totally to exclude the working classes, and lay the counties, even more than they now are, at the feet of the landlords. How many soever have been the whispers of wavering in the Liberal camp, industriously circulated by those whose wish was father to the thought, we cannot believe that any member of that party, which in 1859 united together as one man to throw out this very Bill, will now stoop to adopt the principle of deceit and delusion on which it was based; and yet from any Reform Bill other than such as this was, the *Quarterly* anticipates the direst evils.

Foremost among these will be the social and political power which the excited Liberal will, by means of a Reform Bill, be

enabled to enjoy. His chief delight under the new *régime*, according to the amiable motives which the *Quarterly* is pleased to impute to him, will be to 'patronize his Whig patrons, to fling back to them the condescension with which they favour him now with a scorn which he must as yet dissemble; and if they behave themselves with humility, perhaps to recognise their dutifulness by bestowing upon some Whig duke of exceptional ability the honour of an Under-Secretaryship;' and when these exalted pleasures have been duly revelled in, there will succeed the imposition of all the burdens of the country on the rich, the fixing of a rate of wages by law, the establishment of a system of *ateliers nationaux*,—all measures which, as we well know, have so long flourished under universal suffrage in America.

Whether an extension of the suffrage will bring about these multiform mischiefs we shall hereafter consider. We are in the meantime immediately concerned with the position of the *Quarterly*, which is, that while the above evils must ensue from any extension of the suffrage, there are no real demerits now existing in the body politic towards the removal of which a Reform Bill would be a useful and important step. This cannot be too strongly dwelt upon, for it betrays the true motive of the Tory party in their resistance to Reform. That motive is not a sincere dread of the convulsions they profess to anticipate, but a wish to preserve things exactly as they are,—to perpetuate class privileges and the power of the Church, as formerly they supported the Corn Laws, and opposed Catholic Emancipation. The feeling which stirs within them is still the same; their attitude is still an attitude of fear and of hostility towards the bulk of their fellow-countrymen. That land should be concentrated in the hands of a very few; that the highest wages possible to many men should be eight shillings a week; that pauperism should continue in its present dismal proportions; that landlords should press the Game Laws heavily on their tenants; that Ireland should be oppressed by an alien Church; that the Church of England should monopolize the great English educational institutions,—these are all matters which, in the judgment of the *Quarterly*, are just as they should be; and it is because a Reformed Parliament might chance to think differently, that all Reform must be resisted to the last. And this haughty and dogged spirit, so rampant in the great Tory organ, cannot be concealed by Tory orators. Witness the late folly of Colonel Fane at Portsmouth, of Lord Ingestre at Colchester, and Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald's vulgar, and from him unexpected, sneer against manufacturers who 'live on the labour of their workmen.'

Similar has been the policy of the party. Church-rates and the Irish Establishment they have defended, and will continue to defend, at all hazards. On educational questions they have opposed every measure of liberality, from Lord Russell's great inquiry into the state of the Universities in 1852, down to Mr. Dodson's Bill in the last Parliament. For the former of these measures the Government of that day never, we think, received sufficient credit. It was strenuously opposed by the whole Tory party. Most happily their opposition was vain, and the result has been, that the Universities are now in sympathy with the nation as they never have been before. Their rewards and emoluments, now freed from absurd restrictions, are gained by those who deserve them; and thus the 'old is giving place to the new' in every Oxford common-room. It is a shallow, but too frequent question, What good does the country derive from a Liberal Government? To this one change we would point in answer. How great it has been—how important have been its results on the Universities, especially on Oxford, all who know the Universities are well convinced; and the constitution of English society is such, that everything affecting these great bodies must extend and spread itself, until it penetrates throughout the whole community. Many years will pass before the country will have fully reaped the beneficial fruits of that great reform accomplished by the Liberals, unaided by popular clamour, against the whole force of the Tory party; who, as they resisted the great step at first, so are now opposed, even more bitterly, if that be possible, to its being fully carried out. Nothing excites Tory wrath so vehemently as the proposal to admit any save English Churchmen to the emoluments of these academical institutions on which the Church has contrived to lay hands. There will be many a stormy debate, many a denunciation of Mr. Goschen and Mr. Bouverie, and other 'infidels,' before this measure of justice is conceded. So, too, on all cognate questions, the Tories are antagonistic to the opinions of the nation, and hostile to the true interests of the Church herself. As to education generally, the pretensions of the English Church, upheld by the country party, have succeeded in keeping England lower than any country in Europe—ininitely lower than Scotland, in which country, we believe we may assert, without any colouring from patriotism, that recent investigations have revealed a state of education better than was expected, and given more encouraging prospects of a non-denominational system than could have been anticipated.<sup>1</sup> The country has not for-

<sup>1</sup> It is impossible for us in writing on political subjects to forget the crisis through which Scotland is now passing on educational matters. This is not using too strong language. A searching investigation has been set

gotten, and will not readily forget, Mr. Disraeli's amazing exhibition at Oxford, in the character of an angel; or Lord Cranbourne's declaration, that 'none but a good Conservative can be a good Churchman.' Whether as an angel, or as the reverse, Mr. Disraeli is at least never silly; but he should really try to restrain the fatuity of his subordinates. It is not at the present time that the country can afford to be governed by a party whose leaders entertain, and want the sense to conceal, such sentiments as that of Lord Cranbourne.

Second only to educational and Church questions in importance, if indeed second even to them, are questions connected with land, which are sure to occupy a foremost place in the politics of the future. No careful observer can mark without anxiety the rapidity with which the land of England is being absorbed into the hands of a few. The most careless would, we suspect, be startled, could the contrast in this respect between the England of the present day and the England of a century ago, be fully brought before them. No one, we suppose, will dispute that this is a great evil. We have been accustomed to hear sentimental lamentations over it more than enough; and that from the very party who now uphold it; but, sentiment apart, there can be no doubt of the mischief. The poor cease to have a feeling of interest in the prosperity of the country; the tie of sympathy between them and their superiors is broken; they are deprived of that elevating and invigorating influence which property or the chance of it never fails to exercise. These evils are not the imaginations of the desponding; the hope that they may be removed is not the dream of enthusiasts. The sight of them, and of the results which flow from them, has made our best historians concur in fixing the time when the people of England enjoyed the greatest wellbeing in the past. Writers so opposite as Mr. Froude and Mr. Hallam, while they differ as to the particular period entitled to this glory, agree in denying it to the present. But to none of these things are the eyes of the *Quarterly* open. All matters connected with land—the laws which separate it from other property, the laws which impede the transfer, and which aid the concentration of it—are, like all matters connected with education and the Church, precisely as they should be. Any change would be for the worse; in no Utopia could improvement be found. Nay, even

on foot, and intrusted to competent hands; and we believe the result will be such as to empower our Government to put the whole matter of Scotch Education on a satisfactory footing,—if only our Government prove equal to its opportunity!

the suggestion that landowners owe something to fortune, or hint that their position involves some duties, is denounced as revolutionary. Mr. Mill, for example, has the following passage:—

‘When the “sacredness of property” is talked of, it should always be remembered that this sacredness does not belong in the same degree to landed property. No man made the land. It is the original inheritance of the whole species. Public reasons exist for its being appropriated. But if those reasons lost their force, the thing would be unjust. It is no hardship to any one to be excluded from what others have produced. They were not bound to produce it for his use, and he loses nothing by not sharing in what otherwise would not have existed at all. But it is some hardship to be born into the world and to find all nature’s gifts previously engrossed, and no place left for the new-comer. To reconcile people to this, after they have once admitted into their minds the idea that any moral rights belong to them as human beings, it will always be necessary to convince them that the exclusive appropriation is good for mankind on the whole, themselves included. . . . Landed property is felt, even by those who are most tenacious of its rights, to be a different thing from other property; and where the bulk of the community have been disinherited of their share of it, and it has become the exclusive attribute of a small minority, men have generally tried to reconcile it, at least in theory, to their sense of justice, by endeavouring to attach duties to it, and erecting it into a sort of magistracy, either moral or legal.’—*Polit. Econ.* vol. i. pp. 272-3.

Some men may think that these sentences contain bold, and some may think they contain unsound, speculation; many will be of opinion that they bring out clearly the grounds on which the right to the possession of land is most philosophically rested; but very few will seriously believe that they necessarily lead to confiscation and revolution. And yet this last is the belief of the *Quarterly* reviewer. He shrinks from them with a sort of pious horror; denounces them as containing the germs of revolution, Jacobinism, Communism, and every other *ism* which can do duty as an exploding word in the place of sense or argument. He quotes the passage, and holds it up to mankind, with a ludicrous mixture of astonishment and dismay, as a specimen of the awful doctrines in which Liberals believe. Now, the article in question must have been written by a man who conceives himself competent to set forth the policy of a great political party. And yet he writes as if he had never before heard of such doctrines; as if the fact of any man entertaining them was to him a new and terrible revelation; as if, in short, his knowledge of Mr. Mill and his opinions had been acquired since the last election! The world has been often told by how little wisdom it is governed; but, after all warnings, one is startled to find simplicity such as this so near to power.

The fact is, that the Tories, as interpreted by the *Quarterly*, wish the whole law of real property to remain exactly in its present position, and regard any change therein, even the slightest—nay, even the insinuation that the possession of land implies duties—as equivalent to revolution. What is it then, on the other hand, that the Liberals desire in regard to this matter? Though the *Quarterly Review* may not believe us, they certainly do not desire confiscation. What they do desire is a relaxation of the laws which prevent land from being a matter of trade, like any other property, and of the laws which favour the concentration and preservation of it in the hands of a few; and, addressing ourselves not to *Quarterly Reviewers*, but to people of ordinary intelligence, can it be doubted that such changes are legitimate objects? Can there be any doubt of the advantage to the whole community of freedom in the transfer of land? and can there be any doubt that the present state of our law, with its complex titles and far-reaching limitations, hinders this freedom? Our greatest philosophers and statesmen answer the former question in the affirmative; our best lawyers do the same by the latter. At every meeting of the Social Science Association we have discussions on the necessity for such reforms, not only by wild speculators like Mr. Mill, but by sober-minded men—such, for example, as Sir W. Page Wood. Even the *Saturday Review* admits that it ‘would be in the highest degree expedient to discourage the accumulation of enormous estates, and to facilitate the subdivision of some overgrown territories.’<sup>1</sup> Of course the *Quarterly Review* will not accept Mr. Cobden’s opinion as of any authority; but the following passage is at least good evidence of the point of view from which he would have urged this matter:—

‘If I were twenty-five or thirty years, instead of twice that number, I would take Adam Smith in my hand, and I would have a league for free-trade in land, just as we had a league for free-trade in corn. There is just the same authority in Adam Smith for the one as for the other, and if the matter were only properly taken up, *not as a revolutionary or Chartist notion, but as a step in political economy*, I believe success would attend the effort; and I say this, if you can apply free-trade to land—and to labour too, that is, by getting rid of those abominable restrictions in your parish settlements and the like—I say the man who does that, will have done more for English poor than we have been able to by the application of free-trade to commerce.’<sup>2</sup>

Again, what a debateable land lies before us when we turn to Ireland.

<sup>1</sup> *Saturday Review*, 30th December 1865.

<sup>2</sup> Speech at Rochdale, November 1864.

We should not longer blind ourselves to the state of that country. The sneers of Russian diplomatists may exasperate us into dogged denial; the persistency of Irish members may weary us into utter disgust with the whole subject; the petulant foolish nature of the people must dishearten their warmest friends; but if these excusable emotions can be for a moment forgotten, can any Englishman conscientiously say that Ireland is other than a source of sorrow and shame? The traces left by long years of misrule are not removed in a day; but with every allowance for this the state of Ireland is still a deep reproach. Disguise it from ourselves as we will, the fact is certain, and will at last become clear even to the stolid English mind, that nearly all Ireland, save the aristocracy and the shopocracy, is possessed by forms of discontent the discovery of which takes us altogether by surprise. Church questions and land questions, important everywhere, are of vital importance in Ireland. Something, indeed, was accomplished by the Encumbered Estates Act.<sup>1</sup> But the tenure of land in Ireland requires yet freer handling; the gigantic abuse of the Irish Establishment must be abated. We may shoot the Irish or transport them--in any way and all ways improving them off the face of the earth like Red Indians. This was Cromwell's method; and whatever we may think of its morality, was an intelligible and consistent policy. Or we may conciliate them by governing them with deference to their principles and opinions. The one thing we cannot do with any result but that of misery to them and discredit to ourselves, is the thing we insist on doing; namely, to govern Ireland with an utter disregard of the feelings and wishes of the bulk of the Irish people. It is all very well to talk glibly of 'justice' and 'equality of laws;' but we forget that what is justice here may be injustice there, and that 'equality of laws' may by the Irish be regarded as but a sweet-sounding name for forcing English law upon the Irish nation. At all events we Scotchmen should never forget that an attempt to force on us an alien Church drove us into wild insurrection, of which we are now proud, and the stories of which we are fond to recall. But such considerations find no place in our government of Ireland. We offend them with English sentiments, and force on them English laws; we insult them as well as injure them with that preposterous Church; and then the natural result of all this is the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. Mr. Bright's speech the

<sup>1</sup> A Scotchman may be excused for reminding those English writers who are so fond of abusing Scotch law, that Scotland has enjoyed not only the principle, but even the practical working, of this Act, for about a century and a half.



other day was utterly ill-timed, but it was unhappily, in some respects, too true. No real good can come from partial remedies, like the Maynooth Grant, or from giving Catholics, as such, a place in the Queen's Colleges—which latter is really a retrograde step, being to degrade an unsectarian into a sectarian system of education. We must make up our minds that in Ireland we have to face a state of society utterly out of joint, both as regards its religious and its civil institutions, or we need never hope that this deep reproach on the English name will be wiped away.

We have no space to particularize further. We can but indicate a few of the many other questions which press upon us. In Church matters, the different oaths which are invidiously required from fellow-subjects who differ in religious opinions, the difficulty of clerical subscriptions, the opening of the national universities to the nation, the free administration of charitable trusts, and above all, the great question of education; in Law matters, the Game Laws, and such laws as the Scotch Law of Hypothec; to say nothing of other grievances, such as the administration of the Poor Law, with regard to which the Tories, led by Mr. Henley, took up an instructive position last session; the requirement of efficiency from candidates for public employment; the principles by which promotion in Her Majesty's service should be regulated. With regard to all these questions, we should expect vigorous action from a Reformed Parliament. We are aware that some, who themselves strongly uphold the Liberal view of these questions, do not concur in this expectation. They doubt whether the majority of mankind are often influenced by sound opinion on political affairs; and they therefore think it better and safer that Liberal measures should be carried *for* the people than *by* the people. In other words, their theory is that the cultivated few should rule for behoof of the ignorant and subject many. This theory, attractive to cultivated and intellectual men, was the leading idea of Mr. Lowe's celebrated speech last session. He maintained that the present House of Commons—representing the upper and middle classes only, and not very much of the latter—had, within the last thirty-five years, accomplished all that could have been desired; he expressed his firm persuasion that the body of the people have been, and are likely to be, quite incapable of attaining to real liberality of political opinion.

Now, in the first place, the theory is in itself unsound. The actual fact of good government is *not* the sole thing to be aimed at. It is not enough that wise laws should be passed for a people without their having any concern in the matter. The principle of self-

government is to be cherished, or all our constitutional teachers have strangely erred. In the second place, we doubt the application of the theory to our present Legislature. Mr. Lowe, in pursuance of his new design for captivating the affections of the Tories, celebrated in enthusiastic strains the legislation of the last forty years. Within that time, he exclaimed, the House of Commons has accomplished a 'noble and heroic work,'—has established the country in such wellbeing that we have nothing left to wish for. It is odd enough that, the very next session after this celebration of our varied felicities, we should be suspending the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland; and readers who have honoured the last few pages with their attention, will see that, even as regards England, there is just the possibility of a doubt whether Mr. Lowe's Utopia has been quite realized. And there is yet another consideration. After what fashion has the House accomplished this heroic work? Has it done so readily and intelligently? Has it shown any susceptibility to political ideas, readiness to entertain them, willingness to carry them out? Mr. Lowe justly places Free-trade foremost among the exploits of Parliament. That the Legislature at last adopted the principles of Free-trade is true enough, but not under circumstances which entitle it to any very great honour. The representation can hardly be considered in a satisfactory state, if a great League and an Irish famine are required in order to bring about any useful reform. Is it not rather the truth to say that the 'noble and heroic work' has been accomplished by the people themselves, that Parliament has of late years taken the initiative in carrying out no great political ideas, but has, on the contrary, closed its eyes and hardened its heart against their reception, and at last has yielded, not perhaps so much to conviction as to necessity, with rather ignoble and unheroic reluctance. Free-trade, resisted as it was, and after a long struggle conceded only to the power of the League and the calamity of famine, can never be referred to as showing on the part of the Legislature either accessibility to ideas, or sympathy with the people.

As it has been in the past, so will it be in the future. The position of the Tories is to refuse all change, denying the necessity for any. It was to bring out this beyond the reach of doubt, that we bestowed so much attention upon the *Quarterly* article. That manifesto is attributed to one of Mr. Disraeli's most energetic lieutenants—so energetic indeed, as to have made vigorous attempts to supplant his chief; but whether this be so really or not, it is plainly an authoritative declaration of Tory policy. And it quite accords with Mr. Lowe's complacent satisfaction. We have attained political perfection; the Utopia of

which philosophers have dreamed has been realized; there are no grievances to redress; we have nothing further to wish for: such is the comfortable doctrine of the Tory reviewer and the independent Liberal alike. It is a doctrine which the present House of Commons receives with cheers of delight. It is a doctrine which to a House wherein all classes of the community were fairly represented, no man would venture to state.

Again, the House of Commons strikingly illustrates the truth of Talfourd's dying words, 'That which is wanting to bind together the bursting bonds of the different classes of this country is not kindness, but sympathy.' Many members of the House, and of the upper classes generally, have, as individuals, the greatest kindness for those below them in the social scale, and an honest desire for their good. But, as a body, the House shows little even of this feeling of kindness, and nothing at all of sympathy. Something of tenderness for the poor, beyond a willingness condescendingly to benefit them; some desire to understand them and enter into their hard life; some recognition—it might well be a reproachful recognition—of the fact that, with all the wealth of this nation, our poor are in many districts, both among our manufacturing and agricultural population, about the most miserable to be found in any civilized country, would not be unbecoming the dignity of the Legislature; and may be fairly anticipated from the increased power of the sentiment of democracy. And such would be peculiarly beseeching in a country where so large a proportion of the population, even supposing a Reform Bill carried, will be unrepresented in the Legislature.

For these reasons we think Reform desirable as a means, but it is also desirable as an end. It is a thing just and right in itself, independent of the beneficial legislation to which it may be expected to lead. Mr. Gladstone's celebrated declaration of the right of every man to vote was true as an abstract proposition. In practice, however, the governing power justly assumes the right of giving the franchise only to those who deserve it. But then no rule on this matter can be unchangeable. Surely as intelligence grows the franchise must be extended. Surely the comparative exclusion of the working classes from the suffrage is an anomaly utterly indefensible in a constitutional system; and not only is it an anomaly indefensible in principle, it is mischievous in its effects. Readers will ask no apology for our recalling to their recollection Mr. Mill's weighty language on this point:—

'It is important that every one of the governed should have a voice in the government, because it can hardly be expected that those who have no voice will not be unjustly postponed to those who

have. It is still more important as one of the means of national education. A person who is excluded from all participation in political business is not a citizen. He has not the feelings of a citizen. To take an active interest in politics is, in modern times, the first thing which elevates the mind to large interests and contemplations; the first step out of the narrow bounds of individual and family selfishness, the first opening in the contracted round of daily occupations. The person who in any free country takes no interest in politics, unless from having been taught that he ought not to do so, must be too ill-informed, too stupid, or too selfish, to be interested in them; and we may rely on it that he cares as little for anything else, which does not directly concern himself or his personal connexions. Whoever is capable of feeling any common interest with his kind, or with his country, or with his city, is interested in politics; and to be interested in them, and not wish for a voice in them, is an impossibility. The possession and the exercise of political, and among others of electoral, rights, is one of the chief instruments both of moral and of intellectual training for the popular mind; and all governments must be regarded as extremely imperfect, until every one who is required to obey the laws, has a voice, or the prospect of a voice, in their enactment and administration.'

Exclusion from the franchise, therefore, denies to the people an elevating and inspiriting influence; it deprives the Government of an abundant source of stability and strength. A prominent evil in our present system is the weakness of our Governments—wavering with every breath of popular opinion. Were our representation more complete; that is, were the people steadied by the feeling that they had some weight in the conduct of national affairs, Parliament would be less sensitive, and the executive more powerful. Can any one doubt that the American and French Governments owe their strength in great measure to the fact that the whole people is stimulated by the sense that they are of some account in the State? In the development of this idea lies the secret of Napoleon's power. Resting Imperialism on universal suffrage, he maintains his own power by identifying it with the diffusion of power throughout the whole nation. Englishmen are not disposed to change Monarchy for Imperialism or Republicanism; but neither are they disposed to acquiesce in the conclusion that Monarchy implies a weak executive and a dissatisfied people. For centuries the monarchy and the aristocracy were the only bodies in the nation capable of ruling it, and they ruled it well. Now those times are passed away; the monarchy governs no longer; and for the aristocracy (even with a slight relaxation in favour of the middle classes), to persist in claiming, as an exclusive right, the duty of governing, can only lead to failure and disaster.

'There is such a thing,' says De Tocqueville, 'as a manly and

legitimate passion for equality, prompting men to desire to be, all of them, in the enjoyment of power and consideration.' There are some men who deny the existence of this passion among the English people, and that for no better reason than that they do not at present express it turbulently and threateningly. Doubtless the country is not on the verge of revolution as it was in 1832; but does that arise from indifference to Reform? Assuredly not. It arises from the fact that the nation is not now labouring under that oppression which makes men mad; and also from the fact that the people have a perfect confidence that the carrying a measure of Reform is but a question of time. Should anything occur to disturb that confidence, those who maintain the indifference of the people would find themselves unpleasantly startled from their fond belief. And even were it as they think, what a miserable principle of action is here! Will Parliament never pass a measure on the simple ground that it is a right and just measure? Is our Government always to be conducted on the principle of yielding everything to terror, nothing to reason and justice? If so, that fact alone would be a conclusive argument in favour of Reform. They are but shallow observers who are satisfied of this indifference; they are but shallow politicians who assign it as a reason for inaction. This is so plain as hardly to require authority; but we cannot resist the following quotation from Mr. Gladstone's speech of 1864:—

'We are told that the working classes do not agitate for an extension of the franchise; but is it desirable that we should wait until they do agitate? In my opinion, agitation by the working classes, upon any political subject whatever, is a thing not to be waited for, not to be made a condition previous to any Parliamentary movement; but, on the contrary, it is a thing to be deprecated, and, if possible, anticipated and prevented by wise and provident measures. An agitation by the working classes is not like an agitation by the classes above them, the classes possessed of leisure. The agitation of the classes having leisure is easily conducted. It is not with them that every hour of time has a money value; their wives and children are not dependent on the strictly reckoned results of those hours of labour. When a working man finds himself in such a condition that he must abandon that daily labour on which he is strictly dependent for his daily bread, when he gives up the profitable application of his time, it is then that, in railway language, "the danger signal is turned on;" for he does it only because he feels a strong necessity for action, and a distrust in the rulers who, as he thinks, have driven him to that necessity. The present state of things, I rejoice to say, does not indicate that distrust; but if we admit this as matter of fact, we must not along with the admission allege the absence of agitation on the part of the working classes as a sufficient reason why the Parliament of England, and the

public mind of England, should be indisposed to entertain the discussion of this question.'

Action has however been determined on; and speculation is busy, and gloomy prophecies abound. For our own part, we cannot abandon the hope that the measure we are all so anxiously expecting will prove worthy of the statesman who introduced the Bill of 1832.

There is a tendency in some quarters to undervalue the services of Lord Russell's early life in the cause of Reform. Many affect to believe, and some doubtless do believe, that he owed his connexion with the Bill of '32 to the accident of his birth alone; that he was intrusted with the conduct of the measure in the House, not because he had any claim to so great an honour, but solely because he belonged to the house of Bedford; indeed, it would surprise some people to be told that the introduction of the Reform Bill was not the first important appearance of Lord John Russell in public life. Now this is a notable mistake. Lord John Russell had been a labourer in the cause of Reform long before 1832. Ever since the subject rose into importance, after the Peace, he had been persistent in his efforts for the cause. In 1819 he made a forcible speech, setting forth the principles on which Reform should be based. In 1820 he introduced a Bill for granting to Leeds, with a £10 qualification, the franchises which had been forfeited by the borough of Grampound. In 1822 he went into the question at length, when moving a resolution to the effect that 'the state of the representation requires the serious consideration of the House;' and on this occasion Mr. Canning bore the following conclusive testimony to the energy of his efforts:—

'I cannot help conjuring the noble Lord himself to pause before he again presses it upon the country. If however he shall persevere, and if his perseverance shall be successful, and if the results of that success shall be such as I cannot help apprehending, his be the triumph to have precipitated those results; be mine the consolation that to the utmost and the latest of my power I have opposed them.'

Since those early days Lord Russell has well redeemed the promise of his youth. How active was the part he took in the preparation of the Reform Bill of 1832, we have only recently learned. But we now know that, by the share he took in the private councils of the party, he had well earned the honour of being intrusted with the conduct of the Bill in the House. In every liberal measure which has been won for the country since, his part has been the same. It is not too much to say that the great objects of his political life have been the preservation of peace and the

advancement of freedom. Of all living statesmen, he is perhaps the one in whom love of freedom most strongly rules as a guiding principle. His bearing throughout the American struggle has given valuable proof of this. And the same feeling, which made him the best Foreign Minister England could have had during the last troubled years, led him into the greatest mistake of his political life.<sup>1</sup> The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill arose out of a conviction that the increased influence of the Roman Catholic clergy would be hostile to liberty—the same conviction which he again expressed in 1853, when he declared himself opposed to the endowment of the Roman Catholic priesthood in Ireland, on the ground that ‘neither in respect to political power, nor upon other subjects, would they favour that general freedom of discussion, and that activity and energy of the human mind, which belong to the spirit of the constitution of this country.’

Lord Russell has been accused of studying too little party considerations. This may be so; but at least he has never failed in what he thought his duty to his country. For our own part, we suspect a nation fares best when statesmen are animated by that temper which led Lord Russell to resign in 1855 rather than defend mismanagement which he felt to be indefensible; when, in a word, the interests of the public service are preferred to the interests of party. Far less reliance is due to a policy, the leading principle of which is to defend every colleague, however weak, to uphold every abuse, however disastrous, and, when unmerited success has come in spite of all, to screen incompetence by inquiries cunningly devised so as to praise everybody except the man who had the courage to tell us the truth. The whole story of the Crimean War, ending in the Chelsea Inquiry and the treatment of Colonel Tulloch, did little credit to our ‘heaven-born’ statesmen. Never since the days of Newcastle has so great incompetence directed the counsels of England. We have no wish to rake up old stories; but if Lord Russell left his colleagues suddenly, perhaps rudely, the misgovernment of the Coalition Ministry forms no bad defence.

Lord Russell, thus animated by a keen desire for the spread of liberty, thus penetrated with a sense of the duty of acting up to his convictions at all hazards, is now called upon to introduce a Reform Bill. Even had Lord Palmerston lived, the question could hardly have been longer put off. It has been again and again announced from the Throne that Reform of some kind is necessary and just, and statesmen of all parties have accepted that announcement as true. A measure so

<sup>1</sup> This was well put in one among several very striking political articles in the *Spectator* last autumn.

recommended, and so adopted, cannot be further postponed without risk of serious discredit attaching to our public men. Indeed, our present Ministers are in no way inclined to any postponement. Lord Russell has introduced some half-dozen measures of Reform within the last ten years, and has never concealed his opinion that Parliament erred in allowing those measures to fall through. Mr. Gladstone's celebrated declaration on the subject is well known, and he is not a man to go back from his word. The country, therefore, heard without surprise that the measure to be brought forward will be supported by the whole weight of Government, and that on its success the fate of Government will depend. Should it prove unsatisfactory, we shall have the future of England, at this most critical time, with America heaving after her so terrible convulsions, and still threatening difficulties and danger; Europe showing every sign of disturbances serious and imminent; nationalities rising into force, while tyranny asserts itself with strange and ominous audacity; Ireland discovering a depth of discontent of which we had no conception; and, among ourselves, all manner of social and ecclesiastical questions acquiring an importance they never had before; confided to the brilliant statesmanship of Lord Malmesbury, the Liberal sympathies of Mr. Disraeli and Lord Cranbourne! It is therefore a matter of some moment to see if we can at all ascertain what the Bill is likely to be, and so determine the course which true Liberals should take regarding it. In his Introduction to the recent edition of his *Essay*, Lord Russell has given us his views on some leading points in the question of Reform. We do not of course mean to say that these views will necessarily give the whole scope of the Bill, but we may fairly enough assume that there will be nothing in the measure very directly at variance with them.

‘For my part, I should be glad to see the sound morals and clear intelligence of the best of the working classes more fully represented. They are kept out of the franchise which Ministers of the Crown have repeatedly asked for them, partly by the jealousy of the present holders of the suffrage, and partly by a vague fear that by their greater numbers they will swallow up all other classes. Both those obstacles may be removed by a judicious modification of the proposed suffrage, and by a happy sense on the part of the public that an addition of the votes of the most intelligent of the working classes to the constituent body, will form a security and not a danger.

‘When the question can be fairly entertained, I trust the suffrage will be extended on good old English principles, and in conformity with good old English notions of representation.

‘I should be sorry to see the dangers of universal suffrage and of unlimited democracy averted, or sought to be averted, by such invidious



schemes as granting to the rich a plurality of votes, or by contrivances altogether unknown to our habits, such as the plan of Mr. Hare, though sanctioned by the high authority of so profound a thinker as Mr. Mill.

‘If there were to be any deviation from our customary habits and rooted ideas on the subject of representation, I should like to see such a change as I once proposed, in order to obtain representatives of the minority in large and populous counties and towns. If when three members are to be chosen, an elector were allowed to give two votes to one candidate, we might have a Liberal country gentleman sitting for Buckinghamshire, and a Conservative manufacturer for Manchester. The local majority would have two to one in the House of Commons, and the minority would not feel itself disfranchised and degraded.

‘Yet even this change would be difficult to introduce, and would perhaps be unpalatable in its first working.

‘But I am not without apprehension on a different score. There appears to me a danger more pressing and more insidious than that of universal suffrage and democracy.

‘This danger is, that with the view of satisfying the demands of those who require an extension of the suffrage, some apparent concession may be made, accompanied by drawbacks, or securities, as they will be called, inserted with a view to please the large Conservative party in the two Houses of Parliament. This is no imaginary danger; Lord Althorp in vain warned the members of his own party against granting to £50 tenants-at-will the same right of voting in counties as had been hitherto enjoyed by independent forty-shilling freeholders. The sound of extension of franchise tickled the ears of the Reformers; the Chandos clause was carried, and, as Lord Althorp predicted, the county representation has been weighed down by the influence of the great landowners.

‘At the very moment of carrying the Reform Bill, Lord Grey was beset by the section called the Waverers, who endeavoured to induce him still further to degrade the county electoral body, by transferring to the boroughs the forty-shilling freeholders in towns and boroughs.

‘By a similar provision, coupled with a power of sending votes by the post, the last Conservative Reform Bill would have created thirty or forty nomination boroughs, and this perhaps in a way unperceived by the professed authors of the Bill.

‘In fact, the subject is full of unknown pitfalls, and it is far better for the great Liberal party in the country to consent to no candid compromise, to place no weights in the scale against democracy, to trust to no nice tricks of statesmanship, no subtle inventions of ingenious theorists, than to be parties to a plausible scheme, which, under the guise of an improvement of the Reform Act of Lord Grey, might sweep away half its fruits, and give a worthless husk in exchange.’

And in answer to the various deputations which have lately waited on him, the Premier has expressed similar views.

One thing, therefore, is quite clear, viz., that in the new Bill there

will be no creation of 'fancy franchises,' and that the framers of it will not entangle themselves in those complicated calculations and curious estimates of intelligence with which Mr. Hare and Mr. Lorimer have vexed the souls of the public. Mr. Hare's scheme for throwing all the constituencies into one great constituency, and empowering the voters to give his vote for one of a list of national candidates, is especially complicated. And in this matter, to call a scheme complicated, is not to use a mere 'exploding word;' it is to state a valid, and, as we think, an insurmountable objection. No difficult arrangement would ever be acceptable to the people, and if forced upon them, it would be triumphantly worked by the best party organization; that plain independent intelligence which is the most desirable element in a constituency, would be apt to stand aloof altogether. The public will not regret the disregard of ideas so impracticable, so hard to be apprehended, and so certain to be invidious in their application.

Besides being open to these objections, Mr. Lorimer's scheme is, we think, unsound in principle. His system of plurality of voting is based upon a graduated scale whereby the possession of knowledge and intelligence is supposed to be ascertained. We doubt whether the ascertainment of this is at all possible; and we further doubt whether knowledge and intelligence are the qualities which most thoroughly fit a man for the exercise of political power. They are doubtless much; but they are not all, nor even the leading qualities in this point of view. What we seek rather in this matter is good sense and a sober care for the public interests; and of these qualities the possession of property or the regular exercise of industry, are the best tests. These presuppose the virtues of prudence and energy; they necessarily imply a love of order. Mere intelligence presupposes none of these things; therefore to concede to it, or rather to the imaginary ascertainment of it, the predominance claimed by Mr. Lorimer, would be a fatal blunder. But we need the less labour this aspect of the question at present, even since Mr. Mill, who at some points approximates to Mr. Lorimer, admits that 'the time is not come for obtaining, or even asking for a representative system founded on these principles.'<sup>1</sup> All that can be done in the meantime, in Mr. Mill's belief, is to establish an educational test as the condition of the exercise of the franchise; and this idea has been also enforced with much power by Mr. Boyd Kinnear, in his volume of *Essays on Political Subjects*, and was last week brought before the House by Mr. Clay,—a distinction which it alone, among the many incidental devices which have lately sprung up, has obtained. Its

<sup>1</sup> *Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform*, p. 28.

reception was not very encouraging. Silence often gives consent, but it may sometimes indicate disregard. Such a scheme, however, if practicable, would be very different from the invidious social distinction advocated by Mr. Lorimer. But, on the whole, it would be simpler to preserve the old standards, only taking pains not to lower them so far as to include any voters unable to read and write. These accomplishments might possibly be made a condition of the exercise of the franchise; while the original right to this privilege was left to rest on its proper basis. And no one, at least as yet, has proposed to reduce the qualification so as to include any without this amount of education. Some interesting discussion on this aspect of the question will doubtless be excited by Mr. Clay's Bill; but meanwhile we would express a fervent hope that no qualification so violently disfranchising—especially among the educated classes—as a knowledge of the rule of three (suggested by Mr. Mill) will be adopted by the Legislature.

It is probable, however, that any such discussion will be interesting rather than practical; that the Government Bill, and the only Bill which the House will seriously entertain, will proceed upon 'old English methods.' It may be confidently expected that the occupancy franchise in counties will be lowered; it is earnestly to be hoped that it will not be lowered to £10; for if so, the distinction between the borough and county franchise would be utterly broken down—a distinction which Lord Brougham has rightly described as 'necessary to the constitution of this country.' As to the borough franchise, we may hope that the rumours abroad as to the probability of a rating value being adopted are unfounded. In Scotland, nobody exactly knows what that would be, and the *Scotsman* has long taught us that it would not apply here at all; and in England, too, we are given to understand that the deductions allowed in the assessment of rating value are so arbitrary and uncertain, that the rental value is a far more workable standard. Why not, then, adhere to the old standards, and without seeking any cover for what we are doing, frankly lower the borough qualification to £6 or £5 rental, as may be thought best?

It is, to our thinking, utterly incomprehensible that such a measure as this should be regarded as leading surely to the triumph of democracy—whatever that ambiguous word may mean. The highest authority is against such a belief. Those timid people, who are scared by the very mention of the word democracy, may take comfort from the reflection that almost all the statesmen who have held power in England for the last twenty years have announced their conviction that the Reform Bill of 1832 must be extended. Mr. Horsman's rude sneer at Lord

Russell for being 'possessed by one idea, that of having Parliament elected by a mob,' might have been restrained by the reflection that the same idea possessed Lord Aberdeen, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Duke of Newcastle, Sir James Graham, Mr. Sidney Herbert. The *Quarterly* reviewer, indeed, courteously imputes to these gentlemen the degradation of having spoken and acted on this vital question contrary to their convictions, in order to retain office. The same imputation has been often made against Lord Russell. It is a style of argument grossly ungenerous and unjust; but it is very easy, and sometimes telling, when used against individuals. But even if Lord Russell's known honesty of character and persistent energy in the cause of Reform could allow doubts as to his sincerity to exist in any candid mind, when an attempt is made to include in his condemnation all those eminent statesmen and upright men, whose memory is yet dear to England, the unreality, we had almost said the dishonesty, of the device becomes apparent.

So far as we have the facts of the matter, the best information as yet available goes to show that the effect of a £6 rental qualification would be to add about 330,000 electors to the roll. Why, in the name of wonder, should this be considered a certain step towards democracy? After all, even with this addition, but a fraction of the whole people would be represented. Its utmost effect would be, that in the new Parliament a few members would find place, representing, more faithfully than any at present do, the feelings and opinions of the working classes. And what would be the harm of this? What danger could come to the constitution from the fact that arguments in favour of trades'-unions, and in defence of the foolishness of strikes, should find exponents in Parliament? On the contrary, could such matters be discussed in a safer place? If the views of the working classes are wrong, would it not be of the best consequence that they should be stated and refuted in the great Council of the nation? So the people might be convinced; at all events, they would be satisfied. As things stand, these matters are discussed in the worst possible way. They are harangued upon by orators in circumstances where contradiction is impossible, to audiences whose belief is ready. Thus the people are left in error, and because their grievances are not made known and publicly considered, they feel that they are slighted, and believe that they are wronged. To refuse to hear excites a far more bitter disappointment than the denial of redress.

The working class, acting as a body, is doubtless, like any other class, selfish, and when its own interest is concerned, ignorant. But it has never shown itself more ignorant, not even

in its resistance to machinery (which was never more than partial), than the aristocracy of England, with all its advantages, showed itself in the matter of Free-trade; and it can never show itself more selfish than that same body two years ago, when it converted the police of the nation into private gamekeepers, in order that they might enjoy those shameless battues, which, contrasted with the records of poaching convictions, are a scandal to our civilisation; or when, but the other day, they availed themselves of their disproportionate power in the Legislature to force from the country compensation for a loss peculiarly their own; and which they themselves, but for their timidity and supineness, might have confined within reasonable limits.

Again, it is said we shall not stop at the £6 rental, but get lower and lower till we come to the last scene of all in this eventful history, which is universal suffrage and ruin. This idea, together with the perfection of our social state, made up the substance of Mr. Lowe's unlucky speech of last session. But can anything be more idle? In the first place, to what conclusion does it lead? To this only, that however society might advance, the £10 qualification is to be held as final. It follows, then, that we are never to begin. For the argument is not limited to the position that we are not to extend the franchise now, but that we are not to extend it at any time. No one, we would think, believes in this position; no one maintains it save Mr. Horsman and Mr. Lowe.

Altogether apart from the question of Reform, it is very plain that democracy—meaning thereby the influence of the mass of the people—is rising in England. It is expanding and asserting itself daily. This must be ascribed at once to the spread of intelligence, and to the growing weakness of our aristocracy. Of the former fact there is no doubt; of the latter, we fear, very little. Our aristocracy have, it is said, forgotten the vices of their ancestors, but they have also lost something of their dignity and power. The days of 'Jemmy Twitcher' and Medmenham Abbey may be over; but neither are there among us men like Pulteney or Carteret. It is not only that the culture and the grandeur of a superior class is disappearing; the faculty of leadership seems to have deserted our aristocracy.

A wiser article than that to which we have so often referred, in the same number of the *Quarterly*—that on Miss Berry's Memoirs—regretfully alludes to the growth, among our aristocracy, of

'an exclusiveness of habit and an isolation of life which can be indulged in with impunity by legitimists in Paris, or men of letters in

Boston, but which, if systematically persisted in, will seriously impair the relations of classes and the political structure of our civil existence. The great can no longer remain in an empyrean of their own, even if that atmosphere be purer, wiser, and better than the world below; but, as unfortunately it is the tendency of all exclusiveness of this kind to generate a very different kind of atmosphere, there is the double peril of the injury to the order and the damage to the individuals.'

In the present condition of society, it is to the aristocracy that the nation rightly looks for guidance and statesmanship. Wealth, leisure, honours, are secured to them for this end; and the structure of society cannot last if that end be not fulfilled. With one or two illustrious exceptions, have our aristocracy adequately fulfilled their end for the last forty years? Do they afford any promise of fulfilling it in the future?

Mr. Arnold accounts for this failure of the aristocracy in their prime duty of leadership, on the theory that 'the politics of this and future generations will be ruled by 'ideas,' and that in reception and appreciation of ideas an aristocracy is always deficient. There is much truth in the accusation. In Foreign politics, our aristocracy never sympathized with the idea of Italian unity; they were obstinately blind to the idea which animated the North in the late American struggle; they have never even caught the great idea of all sound foreign policy, that in the prosperity of others lies the best security for our own. In regard to Home politics they have no ideas at all; their only conception of a policy is to keep all things as they are.

Now, this inadequacy of our aristocracy, in the present state of affairs, to their befitting task of ruling, is in itself a sufficient reason for broadening the foundations of the constitution. Above all, by now extending the suffrage we do not facilitate the undue encroachments of democracy; we rather repress them. It is the old story—admit freshness of idea and the life will continue vigorous; turn away from it, refuse to receive it, and your insufficiency shall find you out, and, *Dii meliora*, the ruin may be complete.

The statement which recently appeared in the *Times*, to the effect that the Ministry had abandoned the idea of dealing with the franchise only, was received with general satisfaction. Mr. Bouverie, who sometimes chastens his party in a spirit of love, expressed on this point the wishes of the great majority of Liberals. Indeed, every reformer who has spoken on the subject, beginning with the seconder of the Address, has expressed the same conviction. It is difficult to conceive what motive can have influenced the Ministry in their first determination. The

idea of dealing with a question of this sort piecemeal, taking it up bit by bit and year by year, was surely one of the strangest ever entertained by a Government. Without quite adopting Mr. Gregory's 'unsavoury comparison,' the Reform question is plainly on the verge of becoming a great plague, and a serious obstruction to other business. That important political questions should remain unsettled is an undoubted evil. As Mr. Austin says, 'They disturb the peace and endanger the institutions of the country; and, by absorbing the cares of the Cabinet, and the thoughts of Parliament and the public, they are great obstacles to political and social progress.' Whether the subject is dealt with in one Bill, or, as Mr. Neate suggested, two Bills, does not very much matter. It would be better that it were disposed of in one complete measure; but, after all, the great thing is that it should be disposed of at one time. The Government have declared their intention to stand or fall by their measure; and therefore, as Mr. Bouverie said, they owe it to their supporters that this measure should be worth standing or falling by.

There is no necessity that a Bill should be passed this session. Nay, there is no necessity that a Bill should be even introduced this session. We are firmly persuaded that, if the Government were to come forward and frankly state that, owing to the novelty of the information they had obtained, or the increasing difficulties of more pressing questions, or any other good reason, they felt themselves unable to prepare a satisfactory measure in time to be carried this session, but that they solemnly pledged themselves to introduce a complete measure early next session, the country would receive the announcement with indulgence, and even favour. There must of course be no idea of hesitation, or of postponement with the view of eventually doing nothing. Anything of that sort would at once be fatal. But if the country was convinced that the Ministry were determined and in earnest, and that delay was asked merely in order that the measure might be made more satisfactory, they would cheerfully give it.

The matter of re-distribution of seats requires skilful handling. But now, as in 1832, it will be found that in boldness lies safety. Mr. Gladstone displayed a strange fondness for small boroughs in 1859; but with this single exception all statesmen and writers agree in condemning them as the greatest blots on the existing system. They are either pocket-boroughs or the prize of the highest bidder—to be commanded by influence or won by bribery. In them are to be found the worst forms of corruption, the most degrading aspects of feudal domination. Nor can the accident that some one of them may be the chance

nursery of a Canning, a Macaulay, or a Gladstone, reconcile us to a crowd of nonentities, in the shape either of great landlords' nominees, or of men who have no recommendation but wealth. We must somehow manage to maintain our forcing-beds at a less expense.

The removal of this discredit to our system may be effected in two ways. One, by disfranchising the small boroughs, which was the plan adopted in the Bill of Lord Aberdeen's Government, the other, by uniting small towns into districts of boroughs (as is now in some instances the case in Scotland and Wales), which was the plan adopted in Lord Russell's Bill of 1852. There can be no doubt that the latter plan is the best. By adopting it we avoid the necessity of disenfranchising anybody, which is in itself a great gain; and we are enabled to enfranchise a large body of electors, at present without the suffrage,—the householders in small county towns. And they having thus got votes for a borough, have no ground for claiming that the county franchise should be lowered so as to include them, which would lead to swamping the counties altogether—an evil, as we have before said, earnestly to be deprecated. Mr. Mill, in his *Thoughts on Representation*, states some weighty objections to the manner in which this idea was worked out in the Bill of 1852; but they were objections to the manner only. It can hardly be doubted that by judiciously applying this principle, the question of the re-distribution of seats might be solved so as to effect a vast improvement on our representative system.

Without seeking after curious devices, whereby 'checks' and 'counterpoises' to the legitimate weight of numbers may be worked out, it seems right that minorities should, to some extent, be represented; and this can be effected by very simple and feasible means. Lord Grey and Mr. Mill concur in recommending, for this end, a system of 'cumulative voting,' first suggested, we believe, by Mr. Garth Marshall. It consists in granting as many votes as there are members, and allowing the electors to give all their votes to one candidate, or to divide them, as they think best. The object is, we think, desirable, and the plan is quite unobjectionable. Again, without unduly multiplying 'fancy' franchises, the suffrage might be conferred on the Scotch Universities, the Universities of Durham and London, and the Irish Colleges, with benefit to the public, and in conformity with our present system.

Many other suggestive ideas have been thrown out by writers on the subject, particularly by Lord Grey. Among these are the suggestion that the House should have power to elect members for life, and also members for duration of the Parliament then sitting; and the more obvious improvement that the



rule which requires a member to resign his seat on being appointed to an office should be abolished. These, and such others will, it may be hoped, receive careful attention during the progress of the Bill.

If, then, it is the duty of Ministers to introduce a comprehensive and well-matured measure, what is the duty of the Liberal party towards Ministers? Unhappily we know too well what the conduct of some members of that party will be. Mr. Lowe's unlucky speech of last session has separated him from his old allies, and he has evinced lately a bitterness of temper which is but an ungenerous return towards a party which promoted him rapidly and stood by him steadily. This is matter for great regret, for in sheer ability Mr. Lowe has few equals in the House; and we cannot but hope that his return to the ranks of the Liberal party may be among the good consequences of a final settlement of the Reform question. Of Mr. Horsman there is no hope. Disappointed ambition and the cheers of the country gentlemen have led him on to forget his position, his party, and his friends; hitherto his powers have been equal to his spleen; but this session he has sunk to the line of a dull and malevolent jester, selecting as the subjects of his clumsy jocularities men so immeasurably his superiors as Mr. Mill and Mr. Fawcett.

But while such eccentricities on the part of individuals are explicable enough, it is less easy to understand why there should be a general feeling of discontent among the Liberal party. It may be that grounds of complaint are not wanting. It may be that there was a want of decision in forming and of frankness in announcing a worthy Liberal policy before Parliament met. It may be that Lord Russell has made his appointments somewhat suddenly, whereas more complaisant Premiers go through the flattering but not very useful ceremony of asking the consent of the Cabinet to a foregone conclusion. It may be, too, that Lord Russell is wanting in those popular qualities which no public man in England can afford to despise. But such matters as these, though of real importance in London, are not quite so much thought of in the country. The public will be apt to remember that Lord Russell, during his first administration, was bitterly attacked for seeking his colleagues only among the great Whig families, and they will resent any ungenerous reception of his efforts to redeem this error. They will reflect that if some of Lord Russell's promotions have been sudden, this was not his fault alone. It was a marked defect in Lord Palmerston—so different therein from Sir Robert Peel—that he brought forward no young men, left no inheritors of his opinions and reputation. We do not now care to seek the reasons of this; the

fact is certain. And the consequence was doubly hard on his successor, who had to satisfy the popular demand for 'new blood in the administration,' raised more vehemently than we ever remember it, while his means of doing so were singularly limited. They will consider that Lord Russell took to office at a time of peculiar difficulty, when, by the death of Lord Palmerston, party discipline had been grievously relaxed, when, nevertheless, action was felt by all to be imperative, and with a powerful Opposition in high hope; and they will be of opinion that at such a juncture he had a right to expect not a little consideration and indulgence. Liberal members—especially such as look forward to the pleasure of a contested election—should, we humbly advise, bethink themselves of these things. Club unpopularity may very readily break up a Ministry, but members so situated will find it just as well for the security of their seats to have no hand in such a proceeding.

But while we would strongly urge on the party the necessity of holding together and supporting the Government, it cannot be denied that the restoration of discipline and confidence lies in great measure with the Ministry themselves. If they do not see their way to carry a Reform Bill this session, let them frankly avow this, and, as we before said, they need fear nothing worse than some trenchant sarcasm from Mr. Disraeli, and several Joe Millers dished up lukewarm by Mr. Horsman. If, on the other hand, they were to introduce a complete measure, and let it be known not only that the Government mean to stand or fall by it, but that Government, if beaten, will not resign, but *dissolve*, thus bringing the idea of their constituencies prominently before the mind of the more fastidious Liberals, we suspect these gentlemen would regain a recollection of their hustings speeches, and would be something less susceptible to the atmosphere of indifference which is said to pervade the House.

Some politicians are of opinion that it might hasten the settlement of the question of Reform were the Tories restored to office, on the ground that their influence might secure the passing of the measure, especially in the Lords, while the Opposition would see to the liberality and adequacy of its provisions. A suggestion of this nature was urged by Lord Palmerston in the debate of 1859. We doubt the feasibility of this scheme; we doubt still more the wisdom of it. The Derby Bill of '59 was not such as to make us sanguine of good from that quarter. The Tories cannot, with anything like consistency, bring in a Bill which Liberals would accept. Nor can we believe that they will stoop to the degradation of passing a measure at the dictation of their opponents. Were they to do so, it would

be matter for great regret. Weak as the Tories may be in policy and ability, they are yet a great party in the State, and as such no one would willingly see them discredited. It is of evil influence that public men should pursue office by running counter to the most cherished traditions of their party. The Tories have tried this once, and their success was not so great as to encourage a repetition of the experiment, and we are glad, for their own sakes and the sake of the country, that this is so.

On the ground of general politics, moreover, we should regard the accession of the Tories to office as a great evil. We have at the beginning of this paper fully indicated the differences in principle which seem to mark the two great parties in the State; and the Liberals excel their opponents in the power and character of their leaders hardly less than in the soundness of their opinions. Of Lord Russell we have already spoken. Beside him in the House of Lords sit as members of his Administration some of the most vigorous and powerful men in the Peerage. The House of Commons, besides the loss of their great leader, find every day greater occasion to deplore the absence of the unrivalled knowledge, sterling principle, and unfailing sagacity which Sir George Lewis brought to their deliberations. But if new blood can at all give us hope, it has been energetically sought out. Mr. Goschen, Mr. C. Fortescue, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Stansfield restored with a generous courage heartily appreciated by the country, to the career from which the Tories had thought to hunt him,—from these men we may surely expect vigorous administration and a promise of future statesmanship. And last of all there is Mr. Gladstone, who, as if to crown his great reputation, has opened his career as leader of the House with a temper and a dignity and loftiness of tone which has surprised his warmest admirers. And it is for Lord Malmesbury, Lord Cranbourne, and Mr. Disraeli, that we are asked to displace these men!

It is to be desired, then, that Liberal Ministers should carry through a measure of Reform; and, that measure once settled, it is also to be desired that a Liberal Ministry should continue to govern the country. We have no wish to see any Government constantly devising new changes. 'Measures, not men,' is the shallowest of political cries. The converse would be far nearer the truth: By what men do we wish to be ruled? For we do believe that Government can do much in fashioning the destinies of the people, and even something towards influencing the fortunes of other nations. Has Mr. Gladstone's finance been without effect upon his country? Did Lord Palmerston's

avowed sympathies afford no stimulus to the cause of Italian freedom?

An Englishman may be forgiven if he refuse to concur in the gloomy anticipations of England's future, which supply matter for so much cheerful meditation to Mr. Arnold's continental friends. Doubtless exciting and anxious times seem near at hand, in which England may find it hard to hold her own as heretofore. If she hopes to do so, she must, in her Foreign policy, forget the worn-out traditions which yet cling to her; must rise to a cordial sympathy with the new ideas which are stirring in Europe; must ally herself frankly with advancing Liberalism; must seek better to understand and enter into the difficulties of other nations; and, above all, must lay aside jealousies and self-seeking, recognising the great truth, that in the advancement and prosperity of those whom she thinks her rivals, lies her own surest safety: in Home affairs she must shape her legislation in enlightened accordance with sound political economy; and resolutely direct it towards equalizing, so far as may be, the rights and privileges of all men. May those things be! And so may we enjoy peace, and lessen our expenditure, and extend our prosperity, till it reach all classes of society! It is, we believe, the firm persuasion of the country, that the men most likely to realize these—perhaps too fond—expectations, are to be found among the members and supporters of the present Administration.



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- ART. I.—1. *Tableau de L'Empire Romain depuis la Fondation de Rome jusqu'à la fin du Gouvernement Impérial en Occident.* Par M. AMÉDÉE THIERRY. Paris: Didier et Cie., 1862.  
2. *Mommsen's History of Rome.* Translated by Rev. W. P. Dickson, D.D. London: Bentley, 1862.  
3. *Römische Geschichte von Dr. A. Schwegler.* Laupps'che Buchhandlung. Tübingen, 1853.

THE history of Rome has in a peculiar sense universal interest. Rome is the bridge between the ancient and the modern world, the vessel in which the treasure of ancient civilisation was preserved, till the nations of modern Europe were ready to receive it. The limit of ancient history is when all the various peoples who played a part in the first act of the great drama are dissolved and lost in the universality of Rome. The beginning of modern history is when a new order of peoples seek to sever themselves from the unity of the Roman Empire, and to acquire independence. Further: Roman history holds the middle place, not only in time, but in character. It combines the progressive continuity of modern, with something of the unity and simplicity of ancient political life. Through all the perplexing conflict and infinite variety of modern politics, Rome still seems to prolong the same monotone that awed the ancient world into silence.

Hence we do not wonder that Roman history has been made the battle-field of so many controversies. On this subject Niebuhr gave the first example of that species of historical criticism which has been called the peculiar gift and characteristic of modern thought; that criticism which enables us, in a far higher degree than ever before, to give vividness and meaning to the past, without turning it into an exaggerated image of the present. Niebuhr's work was indeed imperfect, and the power of 'historical divination' which he supposed himself to possess

often led him to attempt to make bricks without straw; yet he cannot be denied the merit of having first taught us how to make criticism constructive as well as destructive; how to use aright the dangerous weapon of historical analogy; how to search for the higher interest of national life, even while we cast aside the lower interest of legend and romance. This Niebuhr was the first to do; and that he did it imperfectly is only a consequence of the fact that he did it first.

It is not now too much to say that since Niebuhr we have attained a far juster conception of Roman history as a whole than was possessed by the native historians. And the reason is, that this new criticism has taught us to ask questions which they did not ask, though they afford us sufficient data for the answers. It has taught us also to take full advantage of our position, and view Roman history as a continuous whole, in a sense in which no native historian could so regard it. To a certain degree, the continuity of the national life forced itself upon the observation of the Roman historians, who in this one point rise above their far greater Greek rivals. Livy has a far clearer notion of the relation of the present to the past than Thucydides: '*Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem.*' He sees how a nation makes and moulds itself by its own acts; yet he sees this only in part, and in its most obvious aspects. He was too much carried away by the passions of the time to understand the deeper unity of a progress of which the Empire was the necessary and legitimate end. And this was equally the case with all the writers on whom we have to depend for the image of Roman history.

'Livy, Cicero, and Sallust,' says M. Thierry, 'wrote at a period when the reaction of the conquered peoples upon Rome was only beginning to show its strength, and they could not sufficiently separate themselves from the imperial city to judge of it with fairness. They could look at it only as Romans, or even as Roman partisans. Tacitus, perhaps, might have seen farther, but he did not wish to see. Dominated by the religion of the past, enamoured of the ancient political forms, which the progress of the world had by a beneficent necessity destroyed, unjust to the conquered races, Tacitus turned away his eyes from a revolution made for their advantage. He would not see anything in the birth of a new Rome except the corruption of the national morality and the crime of the Cæsars. But he had this excuse, that he was not a witness of the great events which were to impress on the Roman Empire a final and universal character. He did not live to see the construction of that code of Roman law, so justly called "*written reason*;" nor the triumph of a political equality among all freemen; nor the

victory of Christianity, which gave one God to that community of nations, and proclaimed all men equal before Him'—(p. 3).

This quotation sums up the whole matter. The historians from whom we have our main accounts of Roman history lived during the troubles of the early Empire, when the Romans seemed to be ruined by their own success, and to have lost their nationality amid a heterogeneous mixture of all nations, all religions, and all languages. Amid this chaos, where anarchy was only kept down by despotism, we find them reverting with longing eyes to a past in which Rome was still true to herself; in which the name of Roman was not yet given to a mixed crowd of Gauls, and Greeks, and Asiatics; in which the simple national worship was not yet refined away by the nobler influences of Greek art, or corrupted by the sensuous fanaticisms of Asia. They were, besides, greatly influenced by the traditions of the Roman aristocracy, who held with tenacity to the idea of the supremacy of the pure Roman blood, or even of the city of Rome, over all the world without its walls, and could not forgive the Empire for lowering that city into a capital, only distinguished as the residence of the sovereign. They inherit, in fact, the tradition of the Roman city in opposition to the Roman Empire, and their sympathies were with those who stubbornly maintained its isolated and privileged position, and against those who sought to reduce it to its due place in the whole. The interests of the provinces, the maintenance of peace through the Roman world, seemed to them nothing, when the Roman liberties—that is, the liberty of Rome to tyrannize over the world—were lost. In the picture of Tiberius given us by Tacitus, page after page is filled with his ill-treatment of the miserable nobility that disgraced the names of Cato, Scipio, and Fabius; while we hear of his good government of the world only as a slight palliation. And Livy, in his Preface, declares that the only result of the Roman conquest of the world was to destroy the liberty and corrupt the virtue by which it was attained.

Even apart from Roman prejudices, however, there was something in the state of the world which justified the dark pictures of Livy and Tacitus. This was not the most wretched period of history, but probably it was the period when men felt their wretchedness most. All national life had been crushed out by the armies of Rome, and with the extinction of the nations had passed away all real belief in the national religions. Even Rome herself, conquered in turn by her subjects, was unable to preserve her national beliefs and her national morality. But while all limited and national principles had lost their binding force, no higher principle had yet appeared amid the confusing and conflicting elements. The mere external force of the Em-



pire, holding them together in spite of themselves, seemed only to tend to their mutual extinction, and to help on the decay of what remaining spiritual life there was. The Empire was peace—peace, for the first time, over the civilized world; but this peace only gave men time to feel their misery. The struggle was over. Revolt against Rome was as impossible as revolt against fate. The only beliefs that had held men together in spiritual bonds had been destroyed, or lived on only in the half belief of superstition. Material force seemed the only power on earth. There was nothing left to live for or to hope. And so again the thoughts of men turned back, with that kind of longing that wishes it could believe, to the simple faith and morality of ancestors who lived before nationalities had ceased to be.

Yet the Roman Empire was the legitimate result of the very tendencies most characteristic of Roman genius, and cannot be viewed as a melancholy accident; and the whole meaning of Roman history is distorted if we do not recognise this. We may indeed refuse to follow Comte on the one hand, and Louis Napoleon on the other, when they deify the imperial power, or attribute supernatural wisdom to the Cæsars. And we may laugh at Mr. Congreve when he almost attempts to whitewash the character of Nero. We shall endeavour, before the close of this paper, to show that to believe in the necessity and usefulness of the Roman Empire is a very different thing from believing in the perpetual usefulness of emperors. But this does not hinder us from acknowledging the justice of that view of Roman history maintained by such writers as Mommsen<sup>1</sup> and Thierry, whose guidance we shall mainly follow in this article. After all, the cause of Cato did not please the gods, and the cause of Cæsar did; and this remains true whether we think better or worse of Cato for being pleased with the losing cause.

The modern world owes what it is greatly to the community which the Roman Empire was the means of establishing among European nations. In view of this result, we may ask what there was in the character and tendencies of Rome that made it above all other nations the instrument of this transition from the old world of isolation to the new world of community. 'Urbem fecisti quod prius orbis erat,' says a poet of the sixth century; 'You have made the world into one city.' These words describe, perhaps more accurately than the poet was aware, the transition from the municipal civilisation of ancient times to a more comprehensive unity of mankind, which at first, as is

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Dickson's translation of Mommsen is a solid and careful piece of work. It does not, indeed, reproduce the vividness and energy of Mommsen's style, but it reaches a far higher measure of accuracy than is often attained in translations from the German.

usual in such cases, veiled itself under municipal forms. Before this 'patriotism without a country' could grow up, it is true, Christianity had to fill the dry bones of the Roman with new life, and teach men to rejoice in the destruction of the barriers which divided them from each other. Rome only gave the form, Christianity gave the spirit. Yet even to give the form, the Roman nation must have had a power of transcending its own limits, of dying in order to live, such as is found in none other of the narrow nationalities of the ancient world.

Now, the one distinguishing characteristic of Rome among the nations was its power of assimilating and incorporating with itself the subjects whom it had conquered. The empires of the East were loose aggregates of discordant tribes, bound together for a time by the force of individual genius, but crumbling and disintegrating the moment that force was withdrawn. A Greek State was an isolated and exclusive political unit, without power of assimilating new elements. It might aggrandize itself at the expense of others, but it could not absorb them. The Greek States often made conquests, but they never willingly opened their gates to the conquered. They kept the subject populations in hard vassalage outside their gates, and if they had not enough of Helots to do their servile work, they got others from the slave-market. Citizenship is a gift so rarely conferred in historic times upon an alien, that we need not take the case into account. Thus the Greek city runs through its commonly short course without ever receiving a recruit, and its conquests soon reach the utmost limits which it is practicable for a small State to administer and hold in subjection. On the other hand, the history of Rome is, as Mommsen expresses it, a continually progressing *συνεχισμός*, by which each conquered nation is absorbed in the conquering State, and furnishes it an arm wherewith to reach those who are still farther off, till all the nations of the Mediterranean are successively drawn into the Empire. Thus new life-blood is again and again poured into the State as it is becoming exhausted, and the torch of its life is handed on to new runners. Instead of the alternate anarchy and despotism of the East, and the wavering and shifting balance of power which characterize the history of Greece, we have at Rome a regular progressive continuity of advance, in which each step is made secure ere another is taken. Her campaigns seem to go on year after year, century after century, upon one settled and inherited plan. Her political development is so much of a piece, that we can trace without difficulty the affiliation of the constitution of the Empire from that of the early Monarchy. And the same is the case with its law, and every department of its activity. There is nothing episodic or broken, nothing revo-

lutionary at Rome; but always unhalting, unrelenting advance, which holds firmly to the past, while it gains the future. And the one secret of this stability amid all changes is assimilation. 'What else,' said the Emperor Claudius, 'brought ruin to the Athenians and Lacedæmonians, in spite of their success in war, except that they treated the conquered as aliens? But our founder, Romulus, was so wise, that in one day he turned enemies into citizens.' Rome lived on amid the fall of all the powers of the ancient world, not because it was the strongest, but because it was not like them, exclusive. 'It was,' as Mr. Bryce well expresses it, 'by Rome's self-abnegation that she Romanized the world.'

Rome, if we follow the legend, begins as it ends, with a *colluvies*. This at least would not have been an inappropriate beginning for that State in which, in the end, all special colours of nationality were to be lost. During all the regal period we find on record a series of additions of new citizens transferred into the city from her first conquests, and it was probably this absorbing policy which enabled Rome so early to outstrip all the other Latin cities. There is something analogous in that early measure of comprehension, whereby all Attica was absorbed in the city of Athens. But Athens never repeated the experiment; her widening empire and lessening population never tempted her to strengthen herself with new citizens. Still less did Athens ever contemplate the possibility of communicating the privileges of citizenship to those who remained without her walls. But Rome discovered a new method of growth, when the old method was no longer applicable. When she could no longer transfer her conquered subjects within the walls of the city, she invented a way whereby the city might be, in the language of M. Thierry, 'spiritualized and transferred beyond its own walls.' She forged new bonds to bind to herself those whom she subdued, and make their resources available for the sovereign city. The first and most violent of these bonds was the colonization system; a Roman colony was at once an outpost against the foe, and a means of repressing imperfectly subdued populations. It differed from a Greek colony in many ways, but above all in this, that it had no independence; it was merely a suburb of Rome, and was, till the time of Sulla, governed by deputies of the Roman magistracy. The next bond was the communication of different degrees of Roman citizenship. The gift became in time too precious to be conferred at once, even if it had been safe to confer it on those who had just ceased to be open enemies. Hence it was doled out in separate portions (under such names as *Jus Latii*, or *Jus Italicum*), according as it became necessary to conciliate or reward new

allies, or to bring the forces of the State into a more compact unity. First came the plebeian, possessing from very early times all the rights of a patrician burgess, except the right of holding a magistracy. Next the Latin ally, who was the equal of the citizen so far as regarded private rights, and might even acquire the full franchise by filling a magistracy in his own city. After those we have the other Italian tribes, who stood to Rome in very various and fluctuating relations, according to the manner of their subjugation and the degree of their fidelity. Some, *e.g.*, had only the private rights of Romans, and were governed by a prefect appointed by the Roman prætor; others were allied municipalists, regulating their internal affairs without interference from Rome. Finally, beyond Italy we have an outmost circle of provinces, which were treated worst of all. In the first instance, they were used simply as a means of aggrandizing the sovereign city; their taxes were confiscated and increased; much of their land was appropriated by Roman citizens, and they themselves, when allowed to retain it, had only an usufruct, subject to heavy dues. The laws and rules by which they were governed were prescribed by an edict of the Roman governor, who was all but irresponsible, and could use the rod or the axe without the possibility of resistance or revenge.

Thus the Roman Empire becomes a vast hierarchy, in which the provinces form the base, and on them are successively built Italy, Latium, and Rome. And even within the city there is the division of patrician and plebeian, or in later times, of the ruling aristocracy of noble families of both orders, and the simple freemen. This is the spectacle that the Roman Empire presents to us when its career of conquest is drawing to a close. It had crushed all nations beneath it, but only to rear an immense throne for privilege: and it is this immense system of inequality and exclusion on which the sympathies of the Roman historians are spent. But it was impossible that the work of Rome should stop here. Her genius tended to equality, and all her greatest men were levellers. Her work was not to set the nationality of Rome or of Latium above all the world, but to bring all nations under one equal law. She had subdued the nations by assimilation, by partially adopting other nations into her family. She was urged by inevitable necessity to complete what she had begun. She had sacrificed her exclusive prejudices to overcome the world; she was obliged to sacrifice herself, her nationality, and even her liberty, to maintain the conquest.

Roman history presents to us a higher unity of meaning and purpose, if we regard the Latin war, the Social war, and the last wars of the Roman Republic, as, in a certain sense, continuations of the struggle of the plebeians for equal rights; that is, if

we regard them, not as the insurrections of conquered subjects, but rather as one long political struggle between the privileged and the unprivileged members of the same State. For Rome could not regard any longer as foreigners those whose blood and treasure she had used so freely, and whose rights she had already partially acknowledged. Plato said that all fighting between Greek and Greek was to be regarded as civil dissension and not as war. And so we may say that the contests between the many and the few, between the city and the empire, are but the fights of opposing factions, though the Forum is changed for the battle-field.

The great struggle for equality begins, as has been said, with the plebeians, who consisted mainly of those conquered populations transferred within the walls by the policy of the kings. There is some reason to believe that the later kings were attempting to emancipate themselves from the aristocracy by becoming leaders of the people. They were tyrants in the Greek sense, and perhaps on the Greek model. By the expulsion of the kings the aristocracy regained their early predominance, and were enabled to exclude the commonalty. Yet the commons soon began to make head against them. They could not be prevented from doing so, for it was they who provided, in the most literal sense, the sinews of war. They were aided to this success by the fact that the oligarchy were not united. There were ever from time to time arising among them individuals superior to the prejudices of their order, and desirous of continuing the liberal policy of the kings; and these individuals always counselled concession, or even, in some instances, put themselves at the head of the plebeians to win it. Such were Cassius, Manlius, Mælius, and at one time the powerful gens of the Fabii. These men had to die martyrs for the unity of the State; their order could not forgive them a patriotism larger than its own: yet they at least succeeded in presenting a powerful protest against a selfish policy, and the concessions they forced often outlived them. Finally, after a long struggle, the attack of the commons from without, combined with the authority of many of its own best members within, forced the patricians to open their citadel, the *jus honorum* to the unprivileged many, and the work of levelling had passed through its first stage.

Meantime a new class had come within the pale of the Roman State, who bore all the burdens but had few of the privileges of citizens, and to whom even the plebeians stood in the relation of an aristocracy. These were the Latin allies, the main strength of the Roman armies for centuries. The debate between privilege and numbers had again to be repeated. Here too there seem to have been men among those in actual pos-

session wise enough to plead the cause of the oppressed, and here too the question could not be decided without a sharp struggle ; though in this case, as we have already stated, it was a struggle the scene of which lay not in the Forum, but in the battle-field. The result was in appearance, but only in appearance, unfavourable to the Latins, for the Romans had learnt such a lesson from the contest that they were glad to enrol many of the most important Latin towns in their tribes. This is the second victory of the levelling tendencies of Rome over the exclusive tendencies of the minority.

The admission of the Latins was thus really a popular measure, but it had an effect the reverse of popular ; it threw the powers which had been slowly won by the assembly back into the hands of the aristocracy. The senate again became, as in early times, the controlling power at Rome, and the *comitia* merely the means whereby it transacted business. The cause of this change was that the popular assembly had ceased to be the assembly of the people. The citizens were now scattered at great distances from Rome, and could not come up every market-day for State business. At intervals a great question might draw the farmers to the Forum to record their votes, but in general the mob of the capital, and not the real mass of burghesses, were the only attendance at the assemblies, and the mob of the capital could never be permitted to govern the State. It was natural, therefore, that though the assembly remained nominally supreme, the senate should draw to itself all the real functions of government. The popular body was paralysed by its own bulk, and the oligarchy again assumed the helm of affairs.

And this explains the peculiar bitterness of the third great political struggle, that began when the Italians began to demand a share in the rights and privileges of Romans. The oligarchy, in whom was concentrated in its utmost intensity the narrow national pride of Rome, set their faces against admitting such a *colluvies* of nations to efface the national character of the State : and even the populace, who might be willing to follow their leaders against the aristocracy in other points, felt like aristocrats when they were asked to lower the value of their burghess rights. Again and again great statesmen arose, who saw the nature of the crisis, and urged the dominant party to give way, but the policy of selfishness and exclusion prevailed. The aristocracy thwarted, the populace abandoned, those who sought to do justice to Italy. Tiberius Gracchus, Caius Gracchus, Livius Drusus, successively fell from the height of popularity to ruin and death, when they proposed to extend the suffrage beyond the limits it had reached. But the murder of

the last of these political martyrs set all Italy on fire, and one year's unsuccessful war was sufficient to teach the Romans what reason had not been able to teach them, and the nominal victory was only won by conceding the subject of dispute. A law of the Consul, of the year 89 B.C., gave citizenship to all who had domicile and burgess rights anywhere in Italy, provided he presented himself before a Roman magistrate to claim it within two months. This was practically to make citizenship a reward for desertion to Rome. And even Sulla, the aristocratic leader, confirmed a measure, now a political necessity, which included all Italy within the limits of the city.

By this great concession the original Roman population were completely submerged in a flood of new citizens who did not inherit the traditions of Rome, and were only partially imbued with its spirit. Rome had already passed beyond the limits of a city when it admitted the Latins; but the Latins were kindred in blood to the Romans, and therefore their admission still left the Roman people in some sense one nation. But when the boundary of the State was advanced to the Rubicon, including not only the kindred Latins and the more distantly related Sabellian tribes, but a crowd of Greeks, Etruscans, and Celts, Rome had got far beyond the limits of any national feeling; its nationality was now merely a name, and it might even have drifted away altogether from its traditions, if it had not been for the permanence and conservation of its aristocracy: for notwithstanding their numbers and influence the new citizens seldom rose to the highest honours of the State, and only man by man when they did. The aristocracy was, therefore, the centre of the old national traditions, the representative of the past; and the disorganization of the body of new citizens just admitted into the State, enabled them to protract their resistance long after the outer barrier of citizenship had fallen.

But the municipal constitution of Rome was utterly inadequate to the new circumstances, and its formulas broke down under their weight. It presents the strangest anomalies, the strangest conflict of fact and law. The popular party had been strengthened so immensely that its voice was absolutely decisive where that voice could be heard. The aristocracy, which was scarcely able to maintain its supremacy before, was now utterly powerless before a burgess body that comprised all Italy. Its power lay only in this, that the burgesses had no sufficient organ to express their will. The assemblies ceased even to *appear* to represent the citizens; for it was obviously impossible at any time to bring together even a respectable portion of those who had a right to vote. The true Romans were scattered over the land, unable to communicate with

each other or with the capital; and what assumed the style of the sovereign people, and voted on proposals that determined the fate of the world, was the degraded mob of the streets—ever ready to applaud the highest bidder for their suffrages. The result of all this was that, in ordinary cases, the substantial power was cast into the hands of the senate, who ruled in the interest of their order; but that this power was uncertain and precarious, and liable to sudden invasion from any one who could gain a momentary popularity. For the assembly was the legal sovereign, and the senate was a usurper, who stepped in simply because the legal sovereign was paralysed. Thus any political adventurer who could outbid the senate in bribing the mob, and get a rogation passed in his favour, might at once, and with the most perfect legal justification, wrest their authority from their hands.

The great want of the State, we might feel at first disposed to say, was a *representative system*. Those who had the right to rule, had, from their numbers and dispersion, no means of actualizing this right. The aristocracy, as has been shown, were usurpers, and the representatives of an exclusive policy, against which the genius of Rome, as well as the whole tendencies of the time, revolted,—a policy, moreover, which had already been defeated. The assemblies of the city, the only regular channels of authority, were representatives of nothing, except the will of those who, for the time being, could bribe or cajole them. If the theory of representative government had occurred to any one, we might fancy that the difficulty would have been solved; the citizens of Rome would have found in it a means of expressing their will, and liberty would have been saved. So we might fancy. But representative government implies far more than the election of representatives. It implies a certain community of feeling between all the citizens: it implies that intercourse should be much more frequent, and that intelligence should spread more easily than in those times was possible—for how else could any relation be kept up between the representative and those he represents?—it implies habits of acting together, and we might almost say it implies the unity of a nation. All these things were wanting here; in fact, we may say that there was no one condition of representative government present, except a body of citizens too large to govern themselves in any other way.

If the victory over the reactionary party was to be won, and the invidious distinction which enabled a few noble families to absorb the advantages of the Roman State was to be taken away; if the divisions between the various classes and sections of Rome were to be erased, and the Empire to be made a



unity; if the Roman citizens, and still more the provincials who were aspiring to citizenship, were really to be made equal partakers in the benefits of the State, this could only be by war. Already, as early as the time of the Gracchi, it had been felt that the shifting tumultuous mob of the assemblies could give no consistent support to a popular leader. In one way only could he make the numbers who followed him felt in their full weight—by putting arms in their hands, and making himself their general. Cæsar first clearly discerned this, and used his knowledge to found the Roman Empire.

The army was, in one sense, the most progressive and democratic institution of Rome. Soldiers at Rome were as natural democrats as lawyers were natural conservatives. The popular leader Marius had most of all contributed to this result. Even before Marius indeed, the principle of the Servian constitution, by which the levy was limited to citizens possessed of landed property, and the distinctions in equipment and position were regulated by property considerations, had been considerably modified. Such a principle of arrangement was suited only to a small State, where wars, though frequent, were never long enough to disturb seriously the organization of peace. But it was totally unsuited for the distant campaigns and long terms of service that call forth the professional soldier. Consequently property considerations had been thrust more and more into the background, and the arrangement of the army had come to depend more on length of service, or qualities shown in the field, than on the possessions or rank of the citizens at home. The minimum rating that subjected a citizen to enrolment had been lowered nearly to a third, and the six classes of Servius had changed into three ranks, whose arrangement was determined not by property, but by length of service. The burgess cavalry had ceased to serve, and become merely a second order of aristocracy, while their place was supplied by Thracian, African, and Ligurian auxiliaries. Marius carried out a still more sweeping change, and erased the last traces of the old civic organization. He recruited his foot-soldiers from all classes of free-born citizens, and his cavalry from all subject nations; and, at the same time, he finally abolished all distinctions between infantry of the line, and made the place of each soldier depend on the discretion of his officer. This exclusive regard to military considerations in the formation of armies could not but be carried on still after him, and assist materially in levelling the differences yet existing between the citizen and the provincial or subject ally. When Marius unconstitutionally gave citizenship on the field of battle to a company of Italian allies who had behaved themselves bravely, he showed that the principle of Rome's

political organization was becoming inverted. Formerly place in the army had depended on place in the State, now place in the State was coming to depend on place in the army. The real power of Rome had passed into its camps, and when these camps ceased to be aristocratic, when they ceased to regard the distinction between noble and commoner, between Roman and Italian, between citizen and provincial, these distinctions could not long maintain themselves in the political order of the State. It was not likely that political intrigue could avert this result long, or deceive those who possessed the power into refraining from its exercise. The senatorial party might for a little go on plundering the world on the strength of their prestige, and their knowledge of the forms of a constitution, which they alone could make a show of working. But in the general decay of the binding forces of society, only the discipline of the armies remained firm and vigorous, and these armies could not long be expected to follow leaders like Sulla, who used them to confirm the tyranny of the aristocracy over the countries from which they were levied. The prize of the Empire of the world was hanging suspended to tempt and to reward the first great general, who should also be a leader of the people.

The Empire was a necessity, though the necessity of an unhappy time. Nor are we attributing supernatural wisdom to the Cæsars, when we say that by the force of circumstances, the needs of their position, and their personal ambition, they were urged on to confer a great benefit on mankind. They followed the path that opened before them, seeing but a little way, as mortals do; but their obvious interest and glory led them to do that which was demanded by the spirit of a time in which Christianity was born. The organization of the Empire was so evident, and direct a development of the organization of the Republic, the one arose so naturally out of the other, that it only needed the genius of Cæsar to comprehend the situation and sketch out the plan of operations which all his successors had to follow. His first aim was to dethrone the Roman aristocracy, and change it into a court which derived all its dignity from its nearness to the sovereign, and all its power from being used as his instrument. An empire, and especially an empire sprung out of a republic, needs a nobility to conceal its lonely eminence. Authority must not seem to rest immediately upon bare force. It was not desirable that the armies should know that their general was necessarily emperor. This was one of the '*arcana Imperii*,' and it was an evil day for the Roman world when it was discovered. But a nobility with the necessary associations could not be created on a sudden, even if Cæsar, or any of his immediate successors, could have ventured to cast

aside the claims of that aristocracy, whose names were connected with every great deed of Rome. Cæsar could mix new members with the old ones; he could introduce provincials into the senate, and so lower the position of the great families, and so neutralize the intense national spirit of the Scipios and the Catos. But still he had no easy task before him, when he set himself to make the aristocracy accept *his* idea of their functions in place of their own. They clung with passionate eagerness to the remnants of a nationality that had passed away, and which was identified at once with their interests and their liberties. And the Emperors had for more than a century to combat with deadly foes, whom yet they were obliged to use as friends and servants. The unshaken temper and cool judgment of Cæsar met them with a policy of calculated generosity, and tried to reconcile them to the Empire, by making it as profitable to them as the weal of its subjects would permit. And no doubt this policy was most likely to attain the end proposed, if, in the meantime, he could have secured his own person against the dagger. The history of the civil war which followed Cæsar's death only showed how inevitably all things tended to the dominion of one, even when the aristocracy had the most favourable opportunity of reasserting its power; but the aristocracy was not induced by its defeat either 'to learn anything or to forget anything.' They were decimated and exhausted by war when Augustus began to reign, yet even Augustus, notwithstanding his skill in veiling the Empire under republican forms, was in frequent danger from their plots, and towards the end of his reign, there was, as is noticed by M. Thierry, a revival of republican feeling that might easily have led to fresh assassinations and civil wars. Even members of the imperial family, such as Drusus and Germanicus, shared in this feeling; or at least it was attributed to them by the wishes of the senators. This may partly afford an explanation of the cruelty of Tiberius towards the senate, which contrasts so strongly with his firm and beneficial government of the provinces. 'It was a war between the executioner and the assassin, the axe and the dagger,'<sup>1</sup> in which we are apt to lose sight of the true nature of the conflict in our admiration for the inflexibility of the losing side, and our horror at the ruthlessness with which the emperors used their victory. For the morals of the Roman nobles were in many cases purified by defeat and restored to their first sternness. Stoicism had taught them how to die; while the constant dangers of the imperial position could not but tell on the temper of the weaker emperors, and force them ever deeper in the sea of blood, till the names

<sup>1</sup> Thierry.

of some of them have become bywords for tyranny and cruelty. Besides, as has been already remarked, we see Tiberius and Claudius with the eyes of their mortal enemies. The execrations of those upon whom the Empire set its heel drown to our ears the blessings of the provincials, to whom the emperor seemed an earthly god and providence. Yet even the best emperor, in the position of Tiberius, would have been forced, by regard to the weal of the State, to acts which the Roman historians would call tyrannical. The real spirit of this pseudo-patriotism that opposed the Empire is shown in the words of Tacitus, when he tells us how carefully Tiberius watched over the administration of justice in the Roman courts of law, and then adds the remark, that while 'justice was thus secured, liberty suffered.' Could anything be more unreal, or blind to the signs of the times, than the feeling thus expressed? Tacitus firmly believed in the 'right divine' of the Roman nobles 'to govern wrong.' What would have become of the world, if the Romans had in this sense preserved their liberty?

The work of subduing the Roman aristocracy into a mere instrument of government, was, however, subsidiary to a much higher and more important one. It was the great vocation of Rome, and above all, of the Empire, as the last product of Roman civilisation, to level all inequalities of right, and by an impartial government and law, to fuse all the races of the Empire into one. The whole meaning and compass of such a plan cannot have been revealed to Cæsar; yet the bold and rapid steps which he took towards comprehension, prove that he had at least some foresight of the end. In a few short years he had sketched out by his laws the main outlines of a policy which the successive emperors had only to fill up and complete. His error was rather that he went too fast for the world. There is a haste and impatience in genius that would anticipate the slow course of time, and compress centuries into a short lifetime. But 'the world wanders its own wise way,' and will not submit to the wishes of the eager reformer, who sees the future as if it were already present. Therefore we see a kind of justice in Cæsar's fall. His thoughts remained to guide those who came after him. The work was taken up by the slow perseverance of Augustus, a man who never hastened and never rested, who did not hurry men's minds by rapid change, but who quietly and gradually undermined the old, and stone by stone built up the new in its place, till at the end of his life the Empire stood forth in its bare strength and majesty, and only a single touch of his successor was necessary to make the republican forms that had concealed it crumble away.

The first care of Augustus was to bring the problem to be

solved within attainable limits. The insatiable ambition of Cæsar had dreamt of new conquests; Augustus saw that the Empire was in danger of outgrowing itself and perishing by its own weight, and he fixed on certain boundaries which he counselled his successors not to attempt to pass,—a counsel which was only in a few cases disobeyed: on the west, the ocean; on the south, Mount Atlas and the African desert, the Cataracts of the Nile, and the confines of Arabia Felix; on the east, the Euphrates, Armenia, and the Black Sea; on the north, the Rhine, the Danube, and the ocean again. Beyond these limits the power of the Empire was felt only by a few outlying nations, like the tribes of Armenia and Caucasus, whom the Romans kept in a sort of doubtful dependence, and used as a first fence or break-water against the tide of barbarian invasion that continued from time to time to break, as it were, in successive waves on the immovable line of the Roman stations and garrisons; till finally, after a resistance of centuries, the discipline of Rome gave way before efforts of those who copied it, and animated it with a fiercer spirit.

Within these chosen limits Augustus proceeded steadily with the work of levelling. Compared with the indiscriminate liberality of Cæsar, he bestowed the gift of citizenship with a somewhat grudging hand. Still, he did not cease to bestow it. He adopted the policy of continuous enfranchisement, and carried it out in his slow and sure way. His successors never ceased to move in the same direction, till Caracalla put the crown to the work by admitting the whole Roman world to the city of Rome. But though this communication of equal rights took a long time to complete, in principle everything had been already conceded when Augustus and Tiberius began to administer the provinces, not for the good of the sovereign city, but for their own; and to treat them, not as aliens, out of whom as much as possible was to be got, but as members of the State, to whom as much as possible was to be given. This change was greatly favoured by the development of that immense system of jurisprudence, which may be called, in a special sense, Rome's gift to the world. The levelling tendencies of the Roman genius, and the exigencies of her ever-widening empire, had early led her to invent or adopt, in addition to her own national customs and laws, simpler rules for the administration of justice to those who were in the State, yet not of it. Mr. Maine has well shown how universal law, freed from all national peculiarities, gained ground every day upon the national law of Rome. The Stoic philosophy, with its theories of natural right, hastened the emancipation of the Roman lawyers from the conservative prejudices of their order, and led

them continually to seek for simplicity and universality in their legal formulas. In fine, the Roman law separated from itself all that was local and incapable of general application in the customs of the city, and became a purely rational system—a system of rules from which all privileges were removed, and by which all men might be governed.

It is this, above all, that forms the great distinctive feature of the Roman Empire as contrasted with other despotisms,—that the emperor is merely the centre and administrator of a vast system of law and justice. He is himself above law, but he never really separates himself from it. Indeed, it is only by using this instrument that he can wield effectually the powers in his hand. The empires of the East were empires of caprice: their sovereign had no such instrument of government put into their hands as the Roman law, and hence their will never really penetrated the discordant masses whom they pretended to dominate. They might plunder their subjects, but they could not govern them. But in Rome the machine of government was so excellent, and interest so obviously led to its use, that even under a very bad Cæsar the provinces probably enjoyed a measure of security and justice such as the best native sovereigns had seldom been able to bestow. Furthermore, the steady application of the same general principles of law to men of all nations could not but tend to suggest at least the idea of universal morality. History shows that the morality of a nation usually takes the external form of law before it sinks into the feelings and habits of the people, and produces among them a special type of moral character. And so now the universal morality—the morality that should transcend all national peculiarities—had the way prepared for it by a universal law, that displaced the partial codes and customs of different races.

We may sum up, then, in a few words, the work and character of Rome. She was the great leveller—the great organizer of the world. She was the political fate of the ancients, that awed into silence the vagaries of individual and national freedom. To fulfil this her work she had herself to cease to be a nation. The people among whom the mighty tradition of Rome began, who first dwelt within the walls of the city, had, long before the Empire, ceased to be of much account among the millions of new citizens: their peculiarities were forgotten, or preserved only in a few fragments of early law. But the *great name* lives on, animating new citizens gathered from all nations, from Latins, Samnites, Greeks, Asiatics, and Germans. The purity of blood may be lost, but the tradition of discipline and organization remains, when scarcely a single family is left of those who founded the Eternal City. Rome had become an idea—we

might almost say, a legal fiction—which had no existence except in the tradition of government, handed down through successive generations of lawyers and statesmen, and the tradition of discipline inherited by its armies. When we name Greece, we call up the idea of a national character, individual and unique, expressing in the most energetic play of social and political life, and in the most varied forms of art and literature. Rome, on the other hand, suggests to us little but the universal principles on which men may be conquered, and the universal principles on which they may be governed. A monotonous energy of will, acting not for self but for the State, is the characteristic that repeats itself, almost unchanged, in every generation of her great men. Yet Rome, with the two great and only products of her genius—the arts of war and law,—did a service to the world only less than Greece, with her universal culture, her art, and her philosophy. By the former of these two Roman arts, Rome broke down the material barriers that had separated nation from nation, and made all the civilized world one. By the latter she did something to break down the more obstinate spiritual barriers of custom and belief, which often keep up national divisions long after outward unity has been established. It was at Rome, and among Roman lawyers, that Stoicism found most acceptance for its great doctrine that all the isolated States on earth are but houses and streets in the *πολιτεία τοῦ κόσμου*, the great state of the universe; and that there is no distinction between Greek and Barbarian, bond and free, except virtue.

But here we have reached the limit of the good that can be attributed to Rome. She was, as we have said, the great leveller and organizer of the world, but again and again, in modern as in ancient times, she has shown that the energy, the spirit, the life to animate her organization must come from others. The Empire was not civilisation, but peace—the necessary husk or shell of civilisation. Establishing an outward and forcible order without, it did little to diminish the chaos of man's spiritual life within. The establishment of outward unity indeed might do something to awake a thirst for a more catholic truth than was presented by the varying traditions or religions of the nations of the ancient world. And we do not wonder, though we smile, when we see the Cæsars, who organized everything, trying to organize religion. But a pantheon of deities, such as Augustus got together, was a very feeble and artificial substitute for a universal religion. Such a belief, if we could suppose it to have any hold on the thoughts of men, would have deserved the censure of Goethe on the religion of India. It would have added to the confusion of life, instead

of affording to mankind a guiding clue through that confusion. This attempt to *make a religion*, is perhaps one of the facts that make us feel most clearly that, with all her greatness, there was something unspiritual, something barbarian, and almost brutal, in the genius of Rome. The greatest blessings which she was the means of bestowing on the world were not the gift of Rome herself. Urged on by a kind of demoniac energy, she broke down the walls of cities, and erased the frontiers of nations. But in place of the national life which she destroyed, what had she to give? Her own national life and religion she crushed, as she did that of other nations, by the very impulse of her advance. She could not therefore communicate that. All national beliefs had passed away, and left a void filled only by confused superstitions, which in all their intensity expressed rather the desire to believe than actual belief; and even those superstitions that still retained a semblance of life, came not from Rome, but from Asia. Rome was a form without a spirit, into which any spirit might be poured. It gave opportunity for Asiatic religion and Greek culture to spread into the West, but itself had neither culture nor religion to bestow. Had it not been for the fact that the germ of a higher civilisation was about to be cast into the world, the Roman Empire would perhaps have been the greatest curse that ever befell mankind. When the greatness of Cæsars and of Cæsarism is preached, it is well to remember that the Cæsar is great mainly to destroy, and that the benefit he does to mankind is mainly to prepare the way for a higher spirit than that which animates himself. If the emperor was a 'political Messiah,' as some have called him, he was worshipped in the despair of the world; and it is well for mankind that the era of these Messiahs of brute force is ended. Rome made room for Christianity, but she was herself often animated by a spirit directly opposed to that of Christ. She knew as little of the future she was serving as the grass knows of the animal destined to feed on it. She went her own way, in obedience to her own impulses; but the Christian teacher, or even the Stoic philosopher, discerned the signs of the times better than the Cæsars, and it was they that first taught Rome the meaning of all it had been allowed to do.

Rome crushed and levelled all. The only powers left standing in the world were the majesty of the emperor and the imperial government, on the one hand, and on the other, the individuals of the subject population. The free life of the city, which had absorbed the energies of an earlier time, was gone. Men were, as we may say, isolated and *individualized*. In place of the lost patriotisms and the religions on which these had



rested, there was needed a principle of belief at once more universal and more personal, which should give inspiration and strength to the individual in his solitary life, and at the same time make the bond of common humanity an efficient substitute for the decaying bond of race and country. For if this were not done, the Roman Empire would only have brought men together in a common slavery, that they might be repelled by a mutual hate.

Hence we need not wonder that in spite of the blessings of peace and security, a cloud of sadness and despair fell upon mankind under the early Empire. Under the shadow of the '*immensa pacis Romanæ majestas*,' life and property were protected as they had never been protected before; but man cannot live by bread alone, and now there was nothing else left to live by. Hence springs that longing for a purer past, so often expressed in the Roman writers, which is usually the proof of an unworthy present. Hence that artificial praise of the simple life of peasants, '*O fortunati nimium, sua si bona nōrint*.' Hence that feverish seeking for new religions in which to hide from themselves, that brought the Greeks and Romans under the dominion of Asiatic superstitions they would at an earlier time have despised. A kind of hopelessness takes possession of the world, as its cherished beliefs fall in ruins around it. The imperial power seemed the only thing left to worship, and for a time men idealized and worshipped even that. We are not to impute to flattery the constantly renewed demand of the provinces to be allowed to build temples and set up images to Cæsar, for who else was there to fill the place of the dethroned gods of the nations? Cæsar was the representative of that organization that had proved too strong for the national religions, of the only order that still maintained itself on earth. Slavery was justified to itself, as submission to a god and not to a man.

There were, however, two philosophies or systems of thought that attempted to furnish a better satisfaction to the desire of all nations. For at this time we find philosophy, deserting the 'quiet woodland ways' of speculation, coming forward as a preacher and a reformer, and trying to be popular and practical. These two systems of thought were Stoicism, and that Alexandrian philosophy or theosophy which, for want of a better name, we may call Neoplatonic. In Alexandria, the East and the West met together, and for the first time tried to understand each other. Indeed, we may say, that in that city all literatures, religions, and philosophies were poured together. The result was a sort of confusion of tongues, a chaos of the spiritual world, in which all definiteness and distinction of thought was lost. The Platonic dialectic was confused, by those who called themselves followers

of Plato, with the mystic ecstasy of an Eastern prophet, and Jews forgot their intense exclusiveness, to discover that Plato was only Moses speaking in the Greek language. Mythology began to be interpreted as a direct and conscious allegory of philosophic truth, and the gods of Olympus were identified with the Platonic ideas. Thus religion was petrified by abstractions, and philosophy was made impure by superstition. And the indirect influence of Christianity, when it began to make itself felt, at first only added another element of discord. Never perhaps in the history of the world had mankind been oppressed by such a burden of 'thoughts beyond the reaches of their souls.' Never had they been less able to cope with and master their thoughts. Hence, we may say, that the Alexandrian philosophy exhibits to us not so much a solution as a full expression of the problem to be solved. Philo and his school are comprehensible in the light of Christian philosophy, and the phantasmagoria of a wonderful dream becomes intelligible when its forms are traced back to what we have seen in daylight. But here the dream is a prophecy as well as a recollection. The human spirit is at work upon the material before it, shaping and organizing; but it is as yet unable to penetrate the crude mass with intelligible meanings.

The Stoic, on the other hand, retires from a world which he can imperfectly comprehend, and which he cannot alter, into his own soul. He is not absorbed and satisfied by the State, nor can he, like Plato, build an ideal republic for his spirit to dwell in. The old bottles are too completely worn out for even a philosopher to put new wine into them. Under the heavy hand of the Empire all that was noble and beautiful in the spiritual individuality of nations has been crushed. A cold abstract rule of force has taken the place of the spontaneous energy of citizens. Nothing in public life flows fresh from the will of the people, all from an alien and indifferent authority. The political life of free States, in the intense meaning it had for the ancients, is gone, and no other life is yet begun. What remains for man but to withdraw into himself and defy the world? Self-centred, self-dependent strength (*δραπαγία*), is the aim all philosophers of the time set before them; it is the aim of the Epicurean, of the Sceptic, but above all of the Stoic school. Stoicism would make the individual as indifferent to the Roman Empire, as the Roman Empire is to him. The purely spiritual might of the individual soul defies and bears up against the purely material force that rules the world. This is the greatness of Stoicism. It withdrew a few heroic souls from a world lying in wickedness, and concentrated them in an attitude of stern and invincible resistance. Hence its denial of pain. To be indepen-

dent of the external world we must conquer that by which it has a hold upon us, our own sensitive nature. Pain must be denied to be an evil. The one thing which alone is good can be maintained in spite of pain. I am free from it if I can deny it.

Stoicism was natural. It was natural that the individual should seek within himself for that moral power which had vanished from the outward institutions and the general life of man. Yet such a negative attitude towards the world was necessarily one of constant effort and pain. Man is social, as the earlier Greek philosophers had maintained, and his life when driven back upon itself becomes barren and unprofitable. We can say very little of the wise man, the ideal of the Stoics, except that he is free from the world. We must describe him by negatives. In fact, positive elements can be given to morality in so far as we contemplate the individual, not merely in his isolated life, but in his relations to his family, his nation, or all mankind. Contemplate him apart from his fellows, and you find in him nothing but the caprice of desire, the principle of the Epicureans, or the mere negative assertion of freedom, the principle of the Stoics. It is true that when we regard man as the Stoics did, merely as a spiritual individual, we go far to level all the distinctions between man and man. Our common humanity becomes the great thing, and outward differences of rank, and intellectual capacity and race, sink into the background. And so far Stoicism might be said to reveal the deeper unity of mankind. The cosmopolitanism which was not altogether absent from the teaching of the earliest Stoics, becomes more and more distinct in the later philosophers of this school, with whom we may suspect some indirect influence of Christianity. Epictetus, for instance, says that he who looks upon himself as citizen of the world, must consider any special State too small for him. And Marcus Aurelius, the imperial philosopher, tells us, in words which read almost like a verse of the New Testament, that the wise man must regard himself as a citizen of the city of Zeus, which is made up of gods and men. Yet Stoicism was rather a command to seek community with the world than a power to do so, and Marcus Aurelius did not comprehend his own principle of human brotherhood, when he saw it animating the unlettered masses.

Christianity alone was able to turn into a passion that which Stoicism had vainly and imperfectly preached as a duty, and to make the mere tie of common humanity stronger than ever had been the love of kindred or of country. Like Stoicism, Christianity met material force with altogether spiritual weapons; but it did not, like Stoicism, merely resign and endure. It not only defended the individual against the world, it enabled him to

invade it in his turn. The Stoics had shown that force could not injure spirit; the Christians showed that spirit can conquer force. Its invasive charity blessed and converted the persecutors. The most spiritual of the ancient philosophies, Platonism, had presented as the ideal of human excellence one in whom self had died out, and whose action was become the impersonal utterance of reason. But the unselfishness of the ideal Platonic philosopher is negative, and ends in justice; the unselfishness of the Christian saint was positive, and ends in love. How difficult is it now, when Christianity has become familiar, to realize the revolutionary power of her utterances, when in the first freshness of her wonderful faith in God and man, she went forth into the highways and byways, and compelled the outcasts of ancient civilisation, the slaves and the publicans, to come in! One thing is clear, that but for Christianity, the work of fusing all races into one, which the Empire had undertaken, could never have been accomplished.

How the Church and the Roman Empire learnt to adjust themselves to each other, we cannot here describe. It has lately, indeed, been well described in the brilliant Essay of Mr. Bryce. The Roman Empire at first treated the Church with tolerant indifference, then learnt to dread it, and finally committed itself to a long struggle against it. And the Church, in its first purity, as we gather from the New Testament, often looked upon Rome as her mortal enemy. For though both Rome and the Church aimed at the same end, unity, they used opposite means and methods. Rome sought to subdue and mould the spirit through the outward organization of life, Christianity to remodel the outward life by a new spiritual influence. There was natural war between the kingdom of material force and the kingdom of truth. In later times there came a reconciliation. The New Jerusalem, that had descended pure as a bride out of heaven, became encircled by the walls of Babylon the Great. The Church gave vitality to the Empire; the Empire became the protector of the Church. It was natural and necessary that it should be so. Christianity had to be brought safe to the modern world through ages of barbarism, and it was to the discipline or the tradition of the Empire that the task of protecting it was committed. Yet the earthen vessel could not but corrupt in some degree the heavenly treasure which it preserved. Forms of government and rules of earthly policy alien to the spirit of Christianity tainted its discipline and its doctrines; and even to this day the influence of that materialistic despotism, to which for a time it had to ally itself, has not passed away from the Christian Church.

- ART. II.—1. *Report of the Royal Commission on the Operation of the Acts relating to Trawling for Herring on the Coasts of Scotland*, 1863.
2. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Sea-Fisheries of the United Kingdom*. 2 vols. London, 1866.

For several years past there has been a growing conviction in the public mind that the supply of fish is declining, that the constantly increasing demand for this valuable article of food—the result of the facilities of transport which the railways now afford—is likely to issue ere long in a great scarcity, unless efforts were made to check certain supposed reckless modes of fishing. In spite of the old proverb, ‘There are more fish in the sea than ever came out of it,’ certain misgivings have, not unnaturally, arisen in the minds of some who have paid attention to this interesting question, that old Ocean is not inexhaustible, and that we are doing serious mischief to its resources by over-fishing. The question is one of very great national importance, and the Royal Commissioners, amongst other matters of inquiry, have discussed this one of supply with extreme care and discernment. The questions submitted to the Commissioners for investigation were the following:—

- ‘1. Whether the supply of fish from the fisheries of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is increasing, stationary or diminishing?’
- ‘2. Whether any of the methods of catching fish in use in such fisheries involves a wasteful destruction of fish or spawn; and if so, whether it is probable that any legislative restriction upon such methods of fishing would result in an increase of the supply of fish?’
- ‘3. Whether any existing legislative restrictions operate injuriously upon any of such fisheries?’

The Commissioners (2) began their inquiries at Cullercoats in Northumberland on the 22d of September 1863, and concluded them at London on the 25th of March 1865. The Report, with the Minutes of Evidence, was published last January. When we say that as many as eighty-six places were visited, namely, thirty-eight in England, three in Wales, twenty-two in Scotland, two in the Isle of Man, and twenty-one in Ireland, and that the bulky second volume of the Report embodies no fewer than sixty-one thousand eight hundred and thirty-one questions, we

may fairly hope to arrive at some satisfactory conclusions relative to our sea-fisheries.

With regard to the first question, whether the supply of fish is increasing, stationary, or diminishing, the Commissioners state, that though there has been much conflicting evidence on this point, they 'have had no difficulty in coming to the conclusion, that on the coasts of Great Britain the supply of fish is increasing, and that it admits of progressive increase.' This is encouraging, and is, we think, fairly supported by the evidence. The supply of fish fluctuates according to the locality and the season of the year. Thus 'in the autumn of 1863, the north-east coast of England yielded a meagre inshore fishing, while in the following year we found,' say the Commissioners, 'on the east coast of Scotland, the haddock-fishing had been one of the best ever known. And at the same time that the inshore fishing was unproductive in 1863, that carried on by the decked vessels farther to sea was yielding an abundant supply.' It is important to bear this fact in mind, for fluctuations are no trustworthy evidence of decline.

There are no means of ascertaining, even approximately, the annual yield of fish on the coasts of the United Kingdom, with the exception of the statistics of the Northern herring fishery, collected by the Scotch Fishery Board. The only facts which the Commissioners say they have been able to obtain are returns of the fish traffic on several great lines of railway by which the fish is transported from the fishing ports to the markets. These show, on the whole, a steadily progressive increase from year to year. If we look at the aggregate supply of fish conveyed by the North-Eastern, the Manchester Sheffield and Lincolnshire, the Great Northern, and the South Devon Railways, for the last nine years, we find that in 1856 the weight in tonnage was 11,714; in 1857, 15,156; in 1858, 21,015; in 1859, 27,440; in 1860, 27,468; in 1861, 33,337; in 1862, 36,869; in 1863, 37,833; in 1864, 40,337,—from which it appears that within the period of nine years, 'the supply carried by these lines of railway has increased more than threefold.'

The annexed table shows a more full return for the years 1862, 1863, and 1864, and 'embraces nearly the whole line of coast from the Firth of Forth on the north, by the east, south, and west coasts of England, to the Solway on the west, which is of a very satisfactory character.'

*Quantity of Fish forwarded by the undermentioned Railways.*

RAILWAYS.	1862.	1863.	1864.
	Tons.	Tons.	Tons.
North British (Firth of Forth and adjacent Ports),	12,292	11,507	15,088
North-Eastern (Northumberland, Durham, Yorkshire, and Lincolnshire Ports),	23,017	23,510	23,470
Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire,	5,480	6,300	8,494
Great Northern (Great Grimsby),	5,270	5,221	5,343
Great Eastern (Norfolk and Suffolk Ports),	42,995	51,829	56,409
London, Chatham, and Dover (Part of Coast of Kent),	587	878	1,403
Brighton and South Coast (Coast of Sussex),	1,741	1,436	1,937
South Devon ( " Devon),	3,152	2,802	3,030
West Cornwall ( " Cornwall),	1,288	707	2,295
Midland (Morecambe Bay, etc.),	2,482	2,274	2,056
Chester and Holyhead (Carnarvon and Dublin),	800	1,371	1,853
Preston and Wyre (Fleetwood, etc.),	670	886	1,003
	99,724	108,721	122,381

‘ This return shows, in 1863, an increase of eleven per cent. over 1862, and in 1864, of twelve per cent. over 1863. It is particularly interesting as bearing upon the alleged falling off of the take of fish on the eastern coast of England, where, instead of a decline, there is shown to be an annual increase exceeding 10,000 tons.’

The arguments which have been employed in proof of the assertion that our fish supplies are falling off, will be considered in our examination of the second question submitted to the investigations of the Commissioners. The following sentence deserves special notice :—

‘ The evidence, where strongest in favour of a gradual decline in the yield of fish, was nearly always accompanied by statements showing a progressive increase in the number of men and boats engaged in the fishing. And not only have these numbers uniformly increased, but there has also been an increase in the length of each fishing-line and the number of hooks upon it, in the length and depth of the nets, and in the size and sea-going qualities of the boats. The machinery for fishing has been increased in efficiency, while in proportion to that efficiency, the cost of working it is actually diminished.’—*Report*, vol. i. p. 10.

One of the most important sources of food supplied by the sea is the herring fishery, and it is very satisfactory to know that in this case also there is no evidence whatever to show that

herrings are becoming scarce. It is quite true that fluctuations are felt both on the English and Scottish coasts, but, as was said before, fluctuations are no indication of decline. So plentiful sometimes are the herrings off the coast near Scarborough, 'that 700 to 800 tons are said to be sent thence into the interior of the country by railway in a single day. From Lowestoft vast quantities are distributed in a fresh state among the manufacturing towns during the period of the fishery, Birmingham and Manchester taking the largest share. At Yarmouth, where from 3000 to 4000 men are engaged in the autumn herring fishery, the take of 1862 and 1863 was better than had been known for twenty years. Nor is the benefit confined to our own country. The French boats follow the herring on the British coasts in large and increasing numbers, and the Dutch herrings, which are so much prized in the Continental markets, are mostly caught within sight of the English shores.' The small and uncertain business which the herring fishermen at Howth began with some six or eight years ago, realized last year a gross produce of £94,000. At certain times, we are told, the sea literally teems with herrings, and the state of the weather, or the restrictions enforced by capricious legislation, are often the only causes of a temporary failure in the catch. To give an idea of the extraordinary fecundity of this fish, it is enough to say that 'the weight of herrings annually caught is probably greater than that of all other sea-fish together.' When we consider how important an article of nutritious diet the herring is to the poorer classes of the population, we can appreciate the conclusion to which the Commissioners have arrived, that the supply is fairly equal to the demand.

It is curious to read of the effects which the extension of railway communication has had in altering and unsettling the old conditions of the business. Formerly the consumption of fish was principally confined to the inhabitants or neighbouring people of the towns on the coasts. Now, owing to facilities of expeditious transmission of fish by means of our numerous railways, 'there is not a considerable town in any part of this country which has not a regular supply of fresh fish. The immediate effect of this is to increase the price in the fishing towns, and neighbourhoods which had previously the command of the supply, while any general rise of price is, on the other hand, checked by new fishing stations being brought within the range of supply. It has thus been found that the new demand arising from railway access to the central parts of the country, is to a great extent met by supplies from fishing ports which were formerly comparatively isolated. The result is a greater equality of price, and no material advance in the cost of the coarser



kinds of fish, which are most abundant, and are mostly consumed by the less wealthy class of the people.' The Commissioners give two tables, showing the retail prices of different sorts of fish in the markets of Manchester and Newcastle-upon-Tyne since 1856, from which it appears that at Manchester during the last ten years the price of fish has undergone very little change, while at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, every kind of fish, excepting crabs and lobsters, has doubled in price in the course of the last ten years. 'The reason is obvious. The dwellers on the sea-coast have now no longer a monopoly of the supply of fish caught on their shores, they must share it with the great towns of the interior, to which railway facilities are every year affording readier and cheaper access, and with which the telegraph places the fish-dealers in instant communication.' There can be little doubt that the population of this country is at present more *ichthyophagous* than it was before the introduction of railways. Formerly eaters of unsalted fish were chiefly confined to the people of the coasts, now fresh herrings and mackerel are bought by the whole inland population.

The following passage from the Report is interesting, as showing how a word, originally applied in a certain definite sense, sometimes continues to be used, though with altered meaning, after circumstances have changed its first signification :—

'On the east coast of England, and in the London fish-market, the trade divide the fish into two classes, "prime and offal." The "prime" comprise sole, turbot, brill, and cod. The "offal" are chiefly haddock, plaice, and whiting. The term "offal" seems to have been introduced at a time when the demand for fish, and the means of conveying it to market, were much more limited than at present; and when it was therefore often found necessary to throw overboard much of the less valuable description which could not bear the cost of transport. The use of the word "offal" is continued to the present day, but it may now be held to signify the more plentiful and lower-priced class of fish which finds its way in greatest abundance to the large towns. There has been little increase in the price of plaice, but haddocks, which in former times were often thrown overboard when the take was great, are now used in two ways, either fresh or smoked; and for the latter purpose have been in great demand at an increased price.'

The great benefits which railway communication has conferred upon the community, in affording them the means of obtaining wholesome fish, which, previous to the facilities of ready transport by this method of locomotion, were actually thrown away, is strikingly illustrated by the remarks of one of the largest salesmen in Billingsgate :—

'We could not get our fish to market with the same facility that we do now. Then it was not unusual to throw, on an average, one-half the produce of the voyage away before we came home.

'12,661. What proportion do you throw away now?—We don't throw away a fish's eye now.

'12,662. Are none thrown away at all?—No; some of our baskets may only fetch 8s., whilst others will fetch £3 or £4. We have food for the poor and food for the rich.'

It appears that the proportion of prime and offal fish caught by the trawl varies considerably; but that on the average there is one-fourth of the prime, and three-fourths of the offal. Soles seem to be the most highly prized of the prime fish, and are more eaten in London than any other kind. Our neighbours on the other side of the Channel appear to be of the same opinion; and during the summer a considerable supply from the London fish-market is sent daily to Paris.

Notwithstanding the vast resources of the sea, the various successful methods of catching its finny inhabitants, and the ready means of their transmission to all parts of the kingdom, it cannot be said that fish, for the most part, is anything but a dear article of food. This is owing in a great measure to the exorbitant prices which the retail dealers ask. The fisherman gets about £7 a ton for his fish, prime and offal together. He receives for prime fish 3d. to 4d. a pound in the Billingsgate market, while the buyer is charged 1s., 1s. 3d., and 1s. 6d. a pound by the retailer.

The Commissioners suggest 'that some check should be put upon this extravagant rate of profit, by a daily return, inserted in the newspapers, and signed by the clerk of the market, of the wholesale prices of the various kinds of fish sold in Billingsgate.'

Fishermen are for the most part a prosperous class of men, and a great change for the better has happened to them since the Committee of the House of Commons inquired into the state of the sea-fisheries in 1833. At that time

'the Committee reported that the fisheries in the British Channel had been in a declining state since the Peace of 1815; that capital employed in them yielded no profit; that the numbers of boats and men were decreasing; and that the fishermen and their families were in a greater or less degree dependent on the poor-rates for support. The statistics show that the fisheries are now in a very different condition. The capital employed yields a satisfactory return. The boats are every year increasing both in numbers and size; and instead of being dependent on the poor-rate for their support, we do not think that any class of our labouring population are now in more comfortable circumstances than the British fishermen. Their numbers, as shown by the census reports, have nearly doubled within the last

twenty years,—a progressive ratio of increase indicating a degree of prosperity probably not exceeded by any other class of our population.'

There are, however, two exceptions to this general prosperity of fishermen—(1.) The men engaged in the oyster-fisheries in the bays and shallow waters along the coast were everywhere represented to the Commissioners to be in a state of great depression, owing to the scarcity of this esteemed mollusc. (2.) The evidence and statistics of the Irish sea-fisheries also represent a great falling off in the number of boats and men employed along the coast. On these two points the Commissioners write—

(1.) 'In many places the oysters have within the last three years almost entirely disappeared. The valuable oyster-fisheries off Jersey, which between the years 1855 and 1860 gave an annual return of from £30,000 to £40,000, have during the last three years produced from £3000 to £4000 a year only. In the estuary of the Thames the greatest scarcity prevails, and the price of the native oyster has more than trebled during the last four years. It has, however, been conclusively proved to us that this scarcity is due to a succession of bad breeding-seasons for the oysters, for which no well-ascertained cause can be assigned. In the estuary of the Thames there has been no general good breed of oysters, either in public or private beds, since the year 1858.'

(2.) With respect to the Irish sea-fisheries, the Commissioners report that the returns show a diminution within the last twenty years of 10,583 boats and 52,127 men. But it is important to remember in this case that a large number of men employed in fishing off the Irish coast are not 'fishermen, in the true sense of the term.' The great majority of boats under fifteen tons 'belong to small farmers along the coast, who, though reckoned in the return, are only occasionally engaged in fishing, and do not send away regular supplies of fish to the market. What they take is hawked about the country in their immediate neighbourhood.'

Sir James Dombain, for many years Inspector-General of the Coast-Guard, gives the following evidence on this point:—

'37,344. From your knowledge of the fishing population, what proportion of the so-called fishing population are real fishermen, who live by fishing?—Very few indeed. At the same time, at places such as Waterford, Dungarvan, and Kinsale, there are people that live entirely by fishing; but almost all the rest are fishermen and farmers, and probably at the very time they would have more chance of success than at another, they are mostly attending to their farms.'

The Commissioners are of opinion that the great decline in the number of the fishermen is wholly due to the effects of the

Famine of 1848 and the subsequent emigration. 'It might have been anticipated,' they say, 'that during the famine the fishermen at least would be secure from its effects, and would not only have plenty of food themselves, but would be the means of averting starvation from others. But such was not the case: it was found that the people would not live wholly on fish, nor would they out of the small means remaining to them buy fish in preference to meal or potatoes; the fishermen, therefore, suffered not only from the loss of their own crops of potatoes, but from want of market for their fish. They shared to the full extent in the sufferings of the famine; and as most of them became physically incapable of going to sea, it was frequently found that men were starving, while fish were in abundance on the coast. In many parts of Ireland the fishing population has not yet recovered from the depression and ruin caused by the famine; and the subsequent emigration, by taking off the youngest and ablest of the fishermen, and leaving behind the old, the feeble, and the incompetent, has still further operated, not only in reducing the numbers, but in lowering the average condition of those who remain behind.'

There are, however, exceptions to this lamentable state of things. The herring fishery of Howth has become a very important business showing enterprise and activity; Dublin trawlers are thriving, as are those of Dingle Bay; while the oyster-banks at Arklow, the last few years, have been yielding good supplies.

The Commissioners have no doubt that, with greater enterprise, skill, and the application of capital, a greatly increased supply of fish might be produced from the seas round Ireland; at the same time, they assert that the 'mine of wealth,' so often referred to by the witnesses they examined, as existing in an undeveloped state off the west and south coast, may be a reality or not; but, looking at the nature of the coast, the frequent severity of the weather, the great depth of water, and the total want of shelter outside a few bays and inlets, and the opposition of the local fishermen to the introduction of improved methods of fishing, they are inclined to think that such anticipations are little likely to be realized.

The Commissioners make a rough estimate of the annual consumption of trawled fish by the inhabitants of London—taking no account of the vast quantities of herrings, sprats, shell-fish, and other fish supplied by other modes of fishing,—and calculate that about 80,000 tons are eaten every year; being about equal to the amount of beef annually consumed in London. 'But the price is very different. The fisherman receives, on an average, little over £7 a ton for his fish, prime and offal together,

—the farmer is readily paid for his beef, not less than £60 a ton.' This part of the Report concludes with the following suggestive and instructive remarks:—

'The evidence we have taken, coupled with the increasing scarcity and high price of butchers' meat, leaves no doubt in our minds that a great field for profitable enterprise is open for the application of increased capital and skill to the sea-fisheries of the United Kingdom. Within the last two years, a single London company have increased their fishing fleet by ten sailing and two steam vessels, and are now building two more steamers. The same course is being followed by others, and though by such means the supply of fish to Billingsgate is constantly increasing, it fails to keep pace with the demand. The well-known fishing-grounds in the North Sea are even yet only partially fished. The Dogger Bank, which has an area of several hundred square miles, and is most prolific of fish, is to a great extent unworked by the trawlers, and new grounds are still being discovered where fish are found in great abundance. Between England and the Continent the average depth of the German Ocean is 90 feet. One-fifth of it is occupied by banks which are always being added to by the muddy deposits of the rivers of both countries. In extent they are equal to the superficial area of Ireland. To these banks the animals of the ocean chiefly resort, and this great and prolific field is free to the industry of all.

'The produce of the sea around our coasts bears a far higher proportion to that of the land than is generally imagined. The most frequented fishing-grounds are much more prolific of food than the same extent of the richest land. Once in the year an acre of good land, carefully tilled, produces a ton of corn, or two or three cwt. of meat or cheese. The same area at the bottom of the sea, in the best fishing-grounds, yields a greater weight of food to the persevering fisherman every week in the year. Five vessels belonging to the same owner, in a single night's fishing, brought in 17 tons' weight of fish,—an amount of wholesome food equal in weight to that of fifty cattle or 300 sheep. The ground which these vessels covered during the night's fishing could not have exceeded an area of fifty acres.

'When we consider the amount of care that has been bestowed on the improvement of agriculture, the national societies which are established for promoting it, and the scientific knowledge and engineering skill which have been enlisted in its aid, it seems strange that the sea-fisheries have hitherto attracted so little of the public attention. There are few means of enterprise that present better chances of profit than our sea-fisheries, and no object of greater utility could be named than the development of enterprise, skill, and mechanical ingenuity, which might be elicited by the periodical exhibitions and publications of an influential society specially devoted to the British fisheries.'

<sup>1</sup> With great satisfaction we see that a great Fish Congress is about to be held at Arcachon. Mr. James Caird, M.P., one of the Royal Commissioners, is, we believe, the originator of this capital idea.

Upon the second question submitted to the examination of the Commissioners, namely, whether any 'of the methods of catching fish in use in the sea-fisheries, involves a wasteful destruction of fish or spawn, and, if so, whether it is probable that any legislative restriction upon such methods of fishing would result in an increase on the supply of fish,' an immense quantity of evidence of a conflicting character has been brought forward; the Commissioners very properly considering it their duty to encourage the complainants to state their views fully, so as to sift out by careful and varied questioning the amount of truth contained in their multitudinous allegations. The complaints were found for the most part to have been made against one class of fishermen by others, 'who, rightly or wrongly, conceived themselves to be unjustly injured in their most important interests,' and as they have been rebutted by persons whose means of living largely or wholly depend upon their power to continue the alleged wrongful practices, it will not be a matter of astonishment, so far as it records merely personal convictions and assertions that can be neither proved or disproved, that is, of the most conflicting character. Not that fishermen are more untruthful than other classes; on the contrary, the Commissioners fully acknowledge the frankness with which they gave their evidence, and the intelligent manner in which they stated their views, but they are as a class 'exceedingly unobservant of anything about fish which is not absolutely forced upon them by their daily avocations; and they are consequently not only prone to adopt every belief, however ill founded, which seems to tell in their own favour, but they are disposed to depreciate the present in comparison with the past.'

The task of arriving at the truth amid so many contradictory assertions must have been by no means an easy one, and very great credit, we must say, is due to the Commissioners for the ability, diligence, and fairness which they have displayed in the investigation of this matter. The broad principle by which they were guided to their verdict was, that (apart from the restrictions prescribed by international law or by special treaties) the produce of the sea is the property of the people in common; and that methods of fishing are fitting subjects for legislation only so far as such legislation can be shown to be necessary to secure the greatest possible advantage to the whole nation from the sea-fisheries, either by suppressing wasteful and uselessly destructive modes of fishing, or by removing legislative obstacles in the way of improved modes of fishing, or by preserving peace and order among fishermen.

The complaints against methods of taking fish are classified by the Commissioners under the following two heads:—

'1. Complaints that a given mode of fishing is wasteful, and tends to diminish the supply of fish permanently.

'2. Complaints that a given mode of fishing interferes with the lawful occupations of fishermen of another class, or of other persons.'

With regard to the first series of complaints, three distinct issues have been considered:—

'a. Does the alleged waste take place, and to what extent?

'b. Can the waste which occurs be shown to have affected the supply of fish?

'c. If waste has occurred to a sufficient extent to affect the supply of fish, how far is it desirable to interfere by direct legislation, and how far is it better to resort to natural checks?'

As regards the second series it was necessary to inquire—

'a. Does the alleged interference occur, and to what extent?

'b. If the interference occurs, does the public interest require the intervention of the State?'

Under category 1, beam-trawling in the open sea, all kinds of sweep-net fishing (beam-trawling, shrimping, seining, circle-net fishing), and fishing with small-meshed nets and weirs in bays and estuaries, have been objected to. And first, as to beam-trawling, 'one of the most important of the modes of the sea-fisheries, whether we regard the number of the men employed, the capital invested in vessels and gear, or the produce offered to the consumer.' Not fewer than 955 sail of trawlers, taking account only of the Thames, Yarmouth, the Humber, Ramsgate, Brixham, Plymouth, Liverpool, Fleetwood, and Dublin, and leaving out of consideration the minor ports, vessels of between 40 and 60 tons, are employed in the North Sea, the Channel, and St. George's Channel. These trawling vessels are manned by at least 5000 men, and represent a capital of, at the very lowest estimate, £1,000,000; they supply the market daily with, perhaps, about 300 tons of fish, valued at from £1500 to £2000.

Some idea of the extensive business of the trawl-fishing may be gathered from the fact that it is worth the while of a single fish-salesman and trawl-owner to pay between £2000 and £3000 a year for ice in which to preserve his fish!

But the importance of trawling, as a means of supplying the markets, is very clearly seen by the evidence given at Billingsgate, by a fish-salesman, who had twenty-six years' experience, and was the owner of thirty-five trawlers:—

'12,637. In what proportion is the London market supplied with haddocks caught by the trawl and caught by the hook?—I should say ninety-nine to one. Where there is one haddock that comes to

the market from the hook, there are more than ninety-nine brought by the trawlers.

'12,638. Supposing that it might be considered a proper thing to put an end to trawl-fishing altogether, what would be the consequence with regard to the supply of fish to the London market?—There would scarcely be any at all. There would be no flat fish whatever. I have had 26 years' experience now, and never more than one turbot came to me that had been caught by the hook, and that was last winter.

'12,639. Then there would be an end of turbot altogether?—Yes.

'12,640. How would it be with regard to soles?—There would be none whatever. They could not catch any with the hook.

'12,641. What other fish would the London market also be deprived of if trawling were put an end to?—There would be no turbot, brill, plaice, and various other kinds of fish that might be mentioned.'

The same witness asserted that about 100 tons a week were purchased by himself alone for the last four or five years, the whole of which was supplied by the trawl, with the exception of about ten or twelve tons of codfish caught by line-fishing, and that if trawling were done away with there would not be a tenth part of the fish which is at present supplied to the London market.

These remarks are sufficient to show the extreme importance of trawling as a mode of taking fish, and what an injury the whole community would sustain if legislative enactments were to put a stop to it. Now, let us look at the objections alleged against trawl-fishing, and then estimate the value of the evidence adduced.

Trawling is alleged to be a wasteful and destructive mode of fishing—

1. Because the whole, or the majority, of the fish brought up by the trawl are dead, and so much damaged as to be unwholesome, or otherwise unfit for human food.

2. Because the beam and net dragging along the sea bottom tear up or destroy the spawn of fish.

3. Because the net brings up a vast quantity of the fry of fish, or of fish so small as to be unsaleable, which is all thrown back dead into the water.

4. Because in consequence of the latter effects of trawling all the grounds over which the trawlers work are becoming rapidly exhausted; so that not only are line fishermen unable to obtain any fish there, but the trawlers themselves are obliged to seek other localities, and are in fact becoming rapidly ruined.

Upon these objections the Commissioners report:—

- '1. The assertion that trawled fish is always or commonly brought up, not only dead, but so much damaged as to be unwholesome and unfit for human food, has been made, and strongly persisted in, by several witnesses; but we feel bound to express our conviction that the statement is incorrect, and indeed absurd.



‘ That such is the case is abundantly proved, not only by the direct evidence that has been brought forward, but by very simple considerations. It will hardly be maintained that the soles and turbot which are so largely consumed in London, and for which so good a price is paid, are damaged and unwholesome fish; and yet the evidence of the fish-merchants and salesmen of Billingsgate, just now quoted, distinctly proves that these fish are supplied by the trawl. Still less is it consistent with probability that a million of money should have been invested in a business which supplies the public only with a damaged and unwholesome article.

‘ The fact is that in fine weather, and when the trawl-net is not down too long, the whole, or by far the greater proportion of the fish taken up, come up alive, and perfectly uninjured. In bad weather, on the other hand, when several hours of hard toil may be spent in getting the trawl on board, and its contents are exposed to much washing about by the sea; or when the trawl becomes too full from the great abundance of fish, or when it takes in stones or other rubbish, a certain proportion of the fish may be injured and rendered unsaleable.

‘ No evidence has been brought before us sufficient to prove that the amount of waste thus accruing is appreciably greater than that which is incidental to other modes of fishing, from similar or different causes.

‘ 2. The statement that the beam and the net of the trawl dragging along the ground tear up and destroy the spawn of fish, has not been justified by the evidence adduced. Many of the unhesitating assertions which have been made before us on this head, in fact, are only intelligible upon the supposition that the witnesses were ignorant of the real mode of working of the trawl-net, and of the true nature of many of the substances brought up by it.

‘ Those, for example, who have enlarged upon the crushing of the spawn by the beam and head-irons, would seem to have forgotten, in the first place, that a large portion of the weight of these parts of the trawl is taken away by its immersion in water; secondly, that the head-irons are contrived for the express purpose of keeping the beam off the bottom; and thirdly, that it is the interest of the trawler to give the trawl as little hold of the bottom as is consistent with its keeping there; that his object is, in fact, to sweep and not to dredge the bottom of the sea.

‘ We have sought in vain for proof that the trawl brings up and destroys the spawn of fish. The fact has been absolutely denied by the most intelligent and experienced trawlers; and careful questioning of the witnesses who have professed to be cognisant of it has in all cases shown either that they spoke from hearsay, or that by “spawn” they meant the fry of fish; or most usually that, as is very common with sailors, they called eggs of squids, jelly-fishes, zoophytes, ascidians, and in fact all soft and gelatinous-looking animals of the sea, which have nothing to do with fish, by the general name of “spawn.” We therefore consider the second allegation, like the first, to be without foundation.

‘ 3. It would appear that a certain quantity of small and inferior

fish is very generally brought up in the trawl-net; the proportion of such fish to the whole take varying within very wide limits, according to the season of the year, and the depth of the water in which the trawling takes place. In shallow water, especially in the summer time, the proportion would appear to be greater than it is in deep water. The greatest opponents of trawling do not assert that more than half the fish is thus small and inferior; its supporters usually admit a proportion of one-twentieth to a third in weight of the whole. With respect to what becomes of this small and inferior fish, it would appear that, according to circumstances, it may be thrown overboard or sold to the poorer classes.

‘It is important to note that the small fish thus taken are of the same kind as those of larger dimensions, upon the catch of which the profits of the trawlers depend, so that they themselves should be the first to feel any injury to the supply of fish which might result from the kind of waste now considered. On the other hand, it has never been alleged that ling, cod, and conger, in which the line-fishermen are so largely interested, or mackerels, pilchards, or herrings, upon which seine and drift fishermen depend, are caught by the trawl in an immature and uneatable condition.

‘Whiting and haddocks of small size, though marketable, are taken by the trawl; but fish of similar dimensions are also captured by the liners, against whom, indeed, the charge of taking immature cod has been especially brought.

‘4. What weight is to be attached to the allegation that the trawlers permanently exhaust the grounds over which they work, and that consequently they not only ruin the line-fishermen who fish in their neighbourhood, but are necessitated to seek new localities if they would not be ruined themselves, may be best understood by attention to a brief abstract of the history of the rise and progress of trawling in the seas which wash the three shores of England, commencing with the Channel. The Plymouth trawlers work now, as they have always done, over an area of the sea-bottom about 21 miles long by 9 miles broad, all the year round. Forty years ago about thirty vessels were occupied in this way. At the present time there are sixty-four vessels trawling over the same area, and the tonnage of each of these is double that of the smacks formerly employed. The tonnage, and consequently the capital invested, have therefore quadrupled in less than half-a-century. At the same time the take of fish is estimated, on an average, at half-a-ton *per diem* for each vessel. Off Brixham, trawling has been carried on for the last century, the greater proportion of the vessels fishing over a limited area. The smacks are nearly one-half larger than they were formerly, and 50 per cent. more numerous.’

That the reader may form some idea of the manner in which this mode of fishing is carried on, let us fancy ourselves on board one of the deep-sea Northern trawlers hailing from Grimsby. The fleet, about seventy in number, is just preparing for a start; the dark sails are flapping against the booms. The

anchor of our craft, a cutter-rigged Torbay-man,<sup>1</sup> is being heaved up, the operation being, of course, accompanied by the well-known chorus of 'Ho, heave ye ho!' repeated at regular intervals, which, when mellowed by distance, falls like music on the ear. Our smack is manned by five hands, the master, two strong men, and the same number of stout apprentice youths, and we are bound towards the great Silver Pits, a much-frequented trawling-ground to the south of the Dogger Bank, and about forty miles from Grimsby, where are soles and haddocks in abundance, besides turbot, brill, and other flat fish. While our vessel is making rapid way over the dark sea let us notice the different parts of the trawl-net, before it is lowered into the deep, 'bearing destruction,' as Homer would say, 'to the raw-devouring fishes.' We see that the trawl is a purse-shaped net between sixty and seventy feet long, being about forty feet wide at the mouth, and gradually diminishing to four or five feet at the commencement of the smaller end of the net, or 'cod,' as it is technically termed. This narrow part is about ten feet long, and is closed at the extremity by a draw-rope. The net is kept open at its broad mouth by a wooden beam, which is fixed upon two upright iron frames three feet high, one at each end; these are called the 'trawl-heads.' The bottom part of the 'trawl-head' is flat, to rest upon the ground. The under side of the net corresponds to the back, excepting at the mouth, where it is curved deeply inwards; along this portion runs the 'ground-rope,' extending from one trawl-head to another; when the net is on the ground, this rope rests upon the bottom. The net has pockets, one on each side; they are formed by lacing together the upper and lower parts from near its mouth, their openings facing the cod end. To each trawl-head is attached a stout rope or 'bridle,' about fifteen fathoms long; these are fastened to the 'warp' by a shackle; this warp is about 150 fathoms long, as thick as a man's wrist, and immensely strong; it is the rope by which the net is drawn or towed by the vessel. The meshes are of various sizes, ranging from four inches square near the mouth to an inch and a quarter square in the cod. This portion of the net is protected on its under side by pieces of old worn-out nets, called 'rubbing-pieces;' the upper part is of strong Manilla twine, so as to give it buoyancy; the lower portion is made of hemp of a heavier material. We will suppose we have arrived at our point of destination, and that the men are hoving the trawl over the side of the vessel. Down sinks the net with its beam uppermost, and about

<sup>1</sup> This term is generally in use to designate all those fishing-smacks built on principles first introduced from the west of England. See some interesting chapters on deep-sea trawling, in *Land and Water*.

100 fathoms of warp are payed out, the depth being about twenty-five fathoms. The trawl-heads are evidently on the ground, for had the net capsized in its descent, an irregular jerking of the warp would have apprised the men of the fact. In that case the net must be hauled up and 'shot' again. But the even strain upon the tow-rope tells us all is right. The net is drawn in the direction of the tide; and while we hope it is gradually adding to its stock of enclosed fishes, let us endeavour to describe its action. The ground is smooth; this is a necessary condition for a successful trawl; for rocky ground would soon tear the net to pieces. The trawl-irons rest on the bottom, and the inside curved margin of the net, with its border of ground-rope, gently rubs the noses of any fish that may be before it. It is the nature of fish to lie with their heads opposite the stream, so when the ground-rope warns them they ought to 'keep moving,' the fish dart forwards; if they take an upward direction, the advanced upper portion of the net prevents their escape; if they find their way to the cod or lower end of the net, and, being in alarm, endeavour to gain its mouth and thus to escape, they are almost sure to enter one of the pockets.

The rate at which our smack has been towing the trawl has been about a mile an hour faster than the tide, and as it has been down during nearly the whole of one tide, the master has given orders for 'hauling' or recovering the trawl-net. This operation is performed by the aid of a windlass; the bulwarks of the smack are taken away, and the hauling commences. The great weight bespeaks success. Steadily the warp is wound up, and the great trawl, with its welcome burden of treasure, is drawn alongside and pulled on deck. What a scene of excitement it is, as fish of various forms and colours are emptied out of the cod and pockets! What a flapping of fins and shaking of tails, and opening and shutting of mouths! Crawling crabs of grotesque form scudding away, some with legs like a spider, others with the soft parts of their bodies encased in the deserted shells of certain univalve molluscs, old oyster-shells in profusion, perforated by numerous small round holes, the work of some boring annelid, and now the habitation of sponges belonging to the genus *clionia*; bearing on their surfaces delicate forms of *serpula*, now, indeed, hiding their diminished heads within their tortuous tubes; various starfishes, such as the red sun-star, the fragile *ophiuræ*, the snake-armed *ophiocomæ*, the common five fingers, the detestation of oyster-cultivators, on account of the havoc they make with that highly esteemed mollusc,—they meet with no pity at the hands of our boatmen;—crawling worms of various species, and of rainbow hues when in their native element, but exhibiting now, indeed, none of

their attractions. We observe also many sea-urchins (*echini*), some as large as a baby's head, others of the size of a walnut, with purple spines of different sizes and forms; several sea-cucumbers, *polyzoa*, and zoophytes in abundance, tunicated molluscs, designated 'spawn' by line-fishermen opposed to trawling; aggregated masses of whelk eggs, also 'spawn' in the zoological system of the line-fishermen; grapelike bunches of cuttlefish eggs; leathery nidamenta of rays and 'dogs'; magnificent scallops; huge oysters, which, though very inferior in flavour to natives, are palatable enough to an appetite sharpened by the invigorating sea-breeze. But nearly all these things are 'rubbish,' excepting to the eye of the naturalist, so overboard they go. Let us glance at the fish; we see several skates, with their long prickly tails and squinting eyes,—not bad food, however, when properly cooked with cockle or egg sauce,<sup>1</sup> and less popular than its merits deserve; haddocks, which, though classed as 'offal,' are capital food; soles and turbot, some of these last-named fish being thirty pounds' weight, and more; spotted dogs, 'offal' in the true sense of the word; plaice, flounders, and brill. But what is this long, narrow, and compressed fellow, of which we see but a single specimen? 'Take care o' that chap, for, by the powers, he'll mak' your fingers tingle!' exclaims one of the boatmen, as he sees us about to take hold of him. His erect phalanx of dorsal spines bespeaks mischief. This is the great-weever or sting-bull, capable of inflicting a severe wound with his poisoned weapons. This fish is the 'noli me tangere' of the ocean beds. But the rubbish is soon thrown overboard, and the men have plenty to do to sort the fish, and to consign them to their respective departments. There is a supply of ice on board, and every facility for preserving the fish in a fresh state. Home again we return with our marine treasures, and soon reach Grimsby with wind and strong tide in our favour. In a few hours after our landing, the result of our trawl is distributed throughout the country.

We need not follow the Commissioners in minute detail; suffice it to say that it abundantly appears that so far from the trawlers ruining themselves by over-fishing, the contrary is the case. The Brixham fishermen are adduced by the Commissioners, according to most convincing evidence, as an illustration of the prosperity that attends trawl-fishing. At Ramsgate, fifty

<sup>1</sup> The skate is not duly appreciated in these days. College dons, however, in times long past, then doubtless, as now, good authorities on such points, held this fish in considerable estimation. Willoughby (lib. iii. cap. 8) tells us that the cook at St. John's College, Cambridge, bought a skate of a respectable fishmonger in that city which weighed 200 lbs., and that it was sufficient to dine (in *prandium sufficisse*) 120 men. He omits to tell us the sauce.

years ago, there were not more than three or four trawlers of twenty-eight or thirty tons; at present there are fifty sail, averaging from forty-five to fifty tons, the property of the fishermen themselves. From the port of London, in the year 1822, there were not fifty sail of trawling vessels; there are now, we are told, 200 sailing from the Thames alone. Fishermen who have been in business for the last twenty years find the supply of fish increasing. 'Each separate vessel catches more fish than it did ten years ago, and ten years ago it caught more than twenty years ago,'—satisfactory evidence in support of the assertion that trawling has not exhausted the supplies was taken at many other parts around the coast. The conclusion to which the Commissioners come with regard to the all-important subject of trawl-fishing is contained in the following sentences:—

'1. That fishing by the use of the beam-trawl is the source of by far the greatest and most progressive supply of fish, other than herring, to the principal markets of this country; that certain descriptions of fish, such as soles and plaice, could not be largely supplied by any other mode of fishing; that it engages the largest capital, employs the most numerous body of hardy fishermen, is the least under the control of the weather, and obtains the greatest returns of fish for the labour and capital employed.

'2. That there is no reason to believe that trawling in the open sea destroys the spawn of fish.

'3. That trawling in the open sea involves the capture of a certain very variable proportion of small fish, which is wasted or not, according to circumstances.

'4. That there is no evidence to show that trawling has permanently diminished the supply of fish from any trawling ground, but that there is proof to the contrary.

'5. That trawling in the open sea has not interfered with the supply of fish from line-fishermen; unless it be by catching, in a more expeditious and regular manner, fish which the line-fishermen might otherwise have taken.

'6. That trawling in the open sea is not shown to be a wastefully destructive mode of fishing, but the contrary.

'7. That any legislative restriction upon trawling in the open sea would result in a very great decrease in the supply of fish.'

It might perhaps be supposed, *a priori*, that no amount of fishing, of whatever kind, would have much effect upon the supplies furnished by the deep sea, an opinion which is fully borne out by the evidence; but with regard to certain modes of fishing carried on in bays and estuaries, it might at first sight appear that there is great danger of exhausting the supplies there. Although, unfortunately, little is known respecting the spawning

places of most of the marine fish, yet it is certain that young fry are at certain times of the year seen abundantly in the bays and estuaries, and that a vast number of these little fish are captured by shrimp net-fishing, and other small-meshed nets. This part of the evidence therefore is highly interesting. The Commissioners allow that shrimpers not only take great quantities of immature shrimps, but numbers of immature flat and other fish, a large proportion of which are doubtless killed. Every one who has examined the contents of a shrimper's net, knows well what a number of infantile soles, turbot, and plaice are emptied out on the wet sand, and though some of these may survive the effects of their capture, yet numbers, from their delicacy, undoubtedly perish. Again, seine and circle nets enclose small fish as well as large. The trawl when used in bays brings up more young fish than when used in deep water. 'Stow nets, and some kinds of weirs, such, for example, as those used in the neighbourhood of Swansea, take vast quantities of small and unsizeable fish along with those that are saleable. So much is admitted on all sides.' The question then as to whether the alleged waste occurs must be answered in the affirmative. The inference that the waste must affect the supply of fish seems obvious enough. 'Nothing can seem more consonant to reason,' the Commissioners say, 'or more necessary *à priori*, than that the supply of any kind of fish should be permanently diminished by this great and constant destruction of the breeding fish, or of the young fry; and yet nothing is more certain than that in many cases this apparent necessity does not exist.' However illogical and paradoxical this assertion may seem to be, we fully concur with the Commissioners that it is true, but before we give the reason let us look at the facts:—

'On the eastern coast of Scotland and England, herrings just ready to spawn have been captured in great and steadily increasing quantities every year for centuries, and yet the number of herrings is as great as, if not greater than, ever. It has been already demonstrated that although beam-trawling in the open sea does destroy a certain proportion of immature fish, the supply of trawled fish has not decreased, but, on the contrary, has largely increased. In Morecambe Bay shrimps have been taken in vast and rapidly increasing quantities, without the least restriction upon their size or age, breeding or not breeding, for many years, but shrimps are as abundant as ever.'

Now for the reason.

The argument adduced in support of the assumed axiom that waste necessitates diminution, 'owes its apparent force to the fact that it overlooks one of the most important conditions of the question. It is assumed that any destruction of fry effected by man, bears a large ratio to the destruction resulting from

other causes, an assumption which in several cases is certainly, and in most is probably, altogether erroneous.'

This interesting question as to the destructive agencies of man compared with those of natural enemies over which man has no control, was admirably considered by the Royal Commissioners appointed to report on the operation of the Acts relating to trawling for herring on the coasts of Scotland in 1863.

'Consider the destruction,' the Commissioners at that time wrote, 'of large herring by cod and ling alone. It is a very common thing to find a codfish with six or seven large herrings, of which not one has remained long enough to be digested, in his stomach. If, in order to be safe, we allow a codfish only two herrings *per diem*, and let him feed on herrings for only seven months in the year, then two herrings  $\times$  210 days = 420 herrings as his allowance during that time; and fifty codfish will equal one fisherman in destructive power. But the quantity of cod and ling taken in 1861, and registered by the Fishery Board, was over 80,000 cwt. On an average thirty codfish go to one cwt. of the dried fish. Hence at least 2,400,000 codfish were caught in 1861. But if fifty codfish equal one fisherman, 2,400,000 will equal 48,000 fishermen. In other words, the cod and ling caught on the Scotch coasts in 1861, if they had been left in the water, would have caught as many herrings, as a number of fishermen *equal to all those in Scotland and six thousand more*, in the same year; and as the cod and ling caught were certainly not one tithe part of those left behind, we may fairly estimate the destruction of herring by these voracious fish alone, as at least ten times as great as that effected by all the fishermen put together. When it is further considered that the conger and dogfish probably do as much mischief as the cod and ling; that the gulls and gannets slay their millions, and that the porpoises and grampuses destroy additional untold multitudes, it will probably be thought no exaggerated under-estimate if we assume that our fishery operations, extensive as they are, do not effect five per cent. of the total destruction of maties and full herring that takes place every year. And when it is further considered that sea-trout and innumerable other fish prey upon the herring-fry, and that flat-fish of all kinds resort in immense numbers to the spawning-grounds of the herring to prey upon the freshly deposited ova, it would seem, as we have said, that the influence of man, whether conservative or destructive, upon herrings, must be absolutely inappreciable.'

Again, the waste of young fry as occurring by the retiring of the tide in the summer-time, bears an enormous proportion to that effected by human destructive agencies. That a great waste occurs in this way is allowed even by those fishermen who attribute everything that is injurious to the trawlers and shrimpers. The following evidence, elicited by cross-examination, is very instructive. A Morecambe Bay opponent of shrimping is the person interrogated :—



' 55,461. Have you, when the tide goes out in the summer, seen a large number of the fry of fish of all kinds destroyed by the sun and the heat?—I have seen it sometimes on the sands.

' 55,462. Do you not think that there is a great destruction of fish in that way?—The Almighty who made them has made an allowance for that; there would be plenty and to spare for food for all our families, if they were not unhappily destroyed.

' 55,463. There is a vast destruction in that way?—Yes, plenty; but I think there is an allowance for waste of that sort.

' 55,464. There is a vast destruction in that way?—Yes, there is.'

The same fact is more strikingly demonstrated by the evidence of another Morecambe Bay fisherman favourable to shrimping. This witness having stated that he did not think there would be any advantage to establish a close-time during which shrimps should not be taken, is further questioned:—

' 54,604. One reason you assign for that is, that shrimps are constantly increasing in quantity?—I think the shrimps are mostly destroyed in hot weather. There are little bits of sand edges left by the tide. The tide runs hard on those banks, and leaves ridges that will hold a table-spoonful of water. The young brood of all kinds stop in these little bits of crevices, and when the weather comes very hot, the water completely dries, and leaves them lying dead on the sand. There are a hundred thousand times more destroyed in that way than in any other way.

' 54,605. Nothing can prevent that?—I have seen them rolling up as far as the eye could follow them. I have seen a roll of the small fry going on the banks just as the tide took them; you would be surprised to see the quantity destroyed in that way.

' 54,606. There is a large quantity of dead fish left in that way?—Yes; there is an enormous quantity of small tiny things just shaped that are left dead.

' 54,607. They are left dry by the evaporation of the water?—Yes.

' 54,608. What are they?—They are all kinds of fish, but chiefly shrimps and little flukes.

' 54,609. Do you think there are any small soles?—Yes; there are small soles among them. There are small fish of every kind.

' 54,610. What other kinds?—They will be chiefly shrimps and flukes, I think. The flukes leave their spawn in the water, and it floats about and stops in these little bits of crevices, and when they are left dry they are killed at once.

' 54,611. Do you ever see any young herrings or haddock or cod amongst them?—No.

' 54,612. Has frosty weather the same effect upon the young fry which are left on the sands when the tide goes out?—They go into deeper water as the weather becomes colder.'

It has already been stated that in several cases fluctuations

occur. Fish that have been caught in certain localities in great abundance suddenly disappear. Very natural indeed it is for those fishermen, who are opposed to some particular and successful mode of catching fish which they do not themselves pursue, to attribute to it these sudden disappearances. Haddock have disappeared from the coasts about Dingle Bay, in the south-west of Ireland. The opponents of trawl-fishing readily brought forward their reason, which, however, was found to be entirely untenable. The evidence of Mr. Andrews is full of interest on this matter :—

‘ There is one question,’ he says, ‘ which is a matter of great importance, and that is the disappearance of the haddock on every part of the coast. That is easily accounted for. They are a voracious kind of fish, which go together in shoals, and they do not feed, like the cod and ling, extensively on the sprats or smaller fish, but they feed on the crustacea and mollusca. They feed on the ground, where there are quantities of maritime animals, such as the different kinds of crustacea and mollusca and the hermit-crab, which in deep water is without its shell. The haddock comes in on those places, and is taken on the south side of the bay in great quantities. For the last two years they have moved out of Dingle Bay, but I am certain that off the islands, the Skelligs and others, they are in as great abundance as ever. It is only in consequence of the boats not being able to go out for a long distance to fish that they are not caught. Cahirciveen is a place where the haddock used to be in great abundance for years, and they were taken by the canoe-men. I believe there is not a single haddock to be had there now, yet no trawlers have ever fished there. They have disappeared off certain grounds in that manner, but upon the coast, and all round the coast, I believe the haddocks are as abundant as ever, if the boats went out to the proper grounds.’

It would appear from the above evidence that a failure of the haddocks’ principal food was the cause of their retiring to other and deeper parts of the bay, where they would find a greater abundance. *De gustibus non est disputandum*. The haddock has a weakness for mollusca, in preference to the softer and more readily digestible fish, while the flounder, we are told, is more restrictive as to diet, and depends for the most part upon a supply of young mussels ; and if either kind of fish finds his favourite food not readily procurable in sufficient quantities to satisfy his appetite in any particular locality, he very wisely goes elsewhere in search of it. The following evidence, given at Dumfries, is most interesting both to the fisherman and the naturalist :—

‘ 54,339. Do you know whether the men who trawl for flounders make a good business of it on the whole?—It all depends on the

season of the year. There is a very good prospect for flounders this season, because Brewing Scar is all covered over with young mussels, which has not been the case for six years before.

'54,340. Have you found any other banks on which to trawl for flounders, where you could make a good catch this year?—We got eighteen stone on Monday, and, with a good breeze of wind, we might have doubled it.

'54,341. What is that compared with last year and the year before?—The catches were very thin then, on account of the scars being sandy.

'54,342. Has flounder-fishing fallen off?—Yes.

'54,343. On account of the scars not being well covered with mussels?—Yes.

'54,344. Has anything been done to the scars to render them less productive of mussels?—No; but the sand gets on them, and chokes the mussels, and the fry of the young mussels cannot get them.

'54,345. Then that is according to the weather and tides?—If the scars are bare and keep clean, they will get covered with "freer" directly.

'54,346. Is that the spat of the mussels?—Yes; if there be plenty of that "freer," there will be plenty of flukes.

'54,347. Does that vary in different seasons?—Yes; it depends on how the channels work and run up.

'54,348. What is the nature of the soil of the scar?—It is stone. It is about thirty years ago since we came into this country, and from Preeside; then they could not get a fluke. And what was the cause of that? It was because the scars were sanded up, and they were obliged to go over to Cardornock to fish there. The sanding up of the scars was the cause of it.

'54,349. Is it within your knowledge that thirty years ago there was as bad a flounder-fishery as there is now?—Yes; and I have been told that the Preeside men went across to fish.

'54,350. Is there any witness here whose experience goes as far back as that?—The man from whom I had that is not here, but he told us that he was for some time going from Preeside to Cardornock to fish for flounders, and that was all on account of the scars being bare.

'54,351. You say that the scars this year present an appearance favourable to good flounder-fishing?—Yes, they do, and it will be a good flounder-fishing.

'54,352. Then, in your opinion, it is not the mode of fishing that has injured the flounder-fishing, but the want of food for flounders?—Yes, just the want of food.'

Another witness bears the same testimony; he says that wherever there is a strike of mussels, the flounders will come from a long distance to that strike; that is when the mussels are about the size of coffee-beans. They crack them and eat them, and they are attracted there from places all round.

Sometimes the prejudices of the fishermen come out very strongly, and in a most amusing manner; thus a staunch opponent of shrimping—who thought the decrease in the quantity of flounders was entirely due to that dreadfully destructive business, and considered the matter to be so serious that he was ‘almost afraid to think about it’—cannot conceive how any man could ever eat a shrimp. Shrimps were ‘never intended for food for man. Anybody can see that they were only intended for food for fish.’ So impressed with the truth of this observation is our worthy friend, that he repeats it again: he would ‘stop the trade altogether, because it is not a benefit to any one; shrimps were never intended for food. Anybody can see that. What man could fill his belly with shrimps? It is a ridiculous thing to suppose that they were ever intended for food. Only look at them!’

That part of the Report which relates to the objections brought against so-called trawling for herrings, corroborates the conclusions arrived at by the Commission of 1863. One of the Commissioners who sat on the present inquiry, namely, Professor Huxley, was also engaged in the previous one; but as the other two were not members of the previous Commission, it was ‘thought desirable to investigate the matter anew, and independently.’ The principal alleged objections to taking herrings by circle-net fishing were, that it caused a diminution in the supply of fish by scaring away the herrings from the localities where circle-net fishing was allowed; that the fish caught by this method were often so damaged as to be rendered unfit for the purposes of the curer; that it is a wasteful mode of fishing, by destroying a number of fry and a quantity of spawn. The result of the careful investigation of each of these objections satisfactorily and convincingly negatives all of them. The Commissioners have demonstrated, from the Fishery Board returns, that the fishery of Loch Fyne has suffered no diminution by the operations of the circle-net fishermen, but that, on the contrary, it has steadily progressed, making allowances for fluctuations, during the periods when circle-net fishing was prosecuted, and they state that the result established for Loch Fyne is found to apply to the west coast of Scotland as a whole. They affirm, with reference to the quality of trawled herrings, that the evidence laid before them, and the experience of the Irish, Norwegian, Newfoundland, and Labrador fisheries, prove that trawled fish, when properly handled, are fit for the purposes of the curer; that the reason of their occasional inferiority for this purpose is the reckless mode of pursuing a system of fishing, in the constant apprehension of being caught in the violation of the law. And further, they state that the

defects of trawled herrings, where they exist, depend very much upon the mode in which they are treated after they are caught; that it is a matter of their own observation that 'herrings *may* be taken by the trawl in considerable quantities, alive, and perfectly uninjured,' whilst there is the evidence of fish-curers to prove 'that drift herrings may, if badly managed, fall into the very same condition as that which is alleged to be characteristic of trawled herrings.' Can any one be surprised if the following treatment congeals the herring's blood, which, being incapable of flowing at the gutting, blackens the backbone, and ultimately the fish itself?—

'We have ourselves seen,' the Report continues, '80 crans, or upwards of 90,000 herrings, arriving in one boat, under the burning heat of an August morning, shovelled into baskets, and then conveyed in carts, late in the morning, to the station of the impatient curer. If the general catch is large, the herrings must be again heaped up in the curing-pits.'

But, as the Commissioners very justly say, differences of opinion upon the point of inferiority for curing purposes of trawled fish over drift-net ones 'are really of very little moment. The question is not whether the trawled fish yield an article as delicate-looking and tempting to a connoisseur as the drift-net fish, but whether they furnish so cheap and nutritious a food that there is an abundant demand for them.'

Neither have the Commissioners been able to find any satisfactory proof that trawl or circle-net fishing for herrings is, when properly managed, in any way wasteful or destructive to the spawn and fry:

'We are of opinion,' they say, 'that it has been, and may be, a very important means of supplying the market with an abundance of fish, and that not unfrequently under circumstances which preclude the capture of herrings by the drift-net fishermen. And whatever may be the case as regards herrings, it is certain that a method of fishing precisely similar to the so-called "trawling" has been practised in taking pilchards from time immemorial on the coast of Cornwall, without any suspicion having arisen that it is destructive to the brood of the fish, or that it in the slightest degree injures the fish for curing purposes.'

We need dwell no longer on this part of the subject, but will only remark that the various complaints against certain successful modes of fishing, made by fishermen who have neither the energy nor inclination to adopt them themselves, appear for the most part to be utterly untenable. It is, we think, impossible to read the evidence, and not to agree with the Commissioners, 'that none of these complaints are of sufficient gravity

to render special legislation necessary or desirable, except as a matter of police.'

In reviewing the complaints of one class of fishermen against another, the Commissioners have very wisely and fairly assumed as a postulate, that, *prima facie*, 'one class of fishermen have as much right to use the sea for the purposes of their trade as any other. No one has any vested right, or exclusive interest, justifying him in so occupying the sea as to prevent others from fishing in his vicinity. For example, if a line-fisherman shoots a line of three miles, he has no right to say that no trawler shall work near it, so as to run the chance of working over it or destroying it; he lays his line at his own risk, with the knowledge of the danger, and subject only to a remedy at law, if it can be shown that the trawler wilfully or negligently damaged it.'

They consider that there would arise a fair case for legislation, if it could be clearly shown that a given mode of fishing is by far the most profitable, but is impeded, or prevented, in consequence of another and less profitable mode of fishing being carried on over the same ground. But that, if two or more modes of fishing are carried on at the same time, subject to certain unavoidable losses arising from their mutual interference, unless it be clear that a larger supply of fish would be acquired by restricting the use of one of them, it is the interest of the public that no such restriction should be made.

With respect to the third question which the Commissioners had to consider, viz., whether any existing legislative restrictions operate injuriously upon any of the sea-fisheries, it is necessary first of all to say something about the practical working of existing laws.

The fisheries are either unrestricted or restricted. 'Upon certain kinds of fishery no restrictive legislation has taken place. There is none, for example, upon line-fishing. Any person is at liberty to catch fish, with hooks, when, where, and how he pleases; unless, indeed, he is limited by Art. 57 of the Convention Act, which prohibits the setting of fishing implements in any place where herring or drift-net fishing is going on. There is no restriction upon the size of the mesh, or the make, of the net used in drifting for pilchards; nor upon any net used in sprat-fishing or lavidnian-fishing; nor in respect of the time of the year at which these fish may be caught. There is no restriction upon the taking of any kind of shell-fish (save oysters), except so far as such may be involved in the regulations affecting nets and other fishing implements.' The restricted fisheries are such as are either (1.) the subjects of general rules, or (2.) those which are limited by special regula-

tions. As relates to the first division, 'modern legislation, in respect of the sea-fisheries of England, may be said to date from the Convention entered into between this country and France in 1839.' Certain injuries, it had been alleged, had been committed by French fishermen fishing within British limits during the breeding seasons, and quarrels arose in 1837 and 1838 between the fishermen of France and those of the Channel Islands; hence the origin of the Convention, whose object was threefold:—1. To define the limits of exclusive fishery all round the coasts of both countries; 2. To provide regulations for preventing collisions between the trawlers and the line and drift fishermen in the seas lying between the coasts of Great Britain and of France; 3. To settle the limits of the oyster fisheries between Jersey and France. Now, according to the ninth article of this Convention, British subjects were to have the exclusive right of fishing within three miles of low-water mark along the coasts of the British Islands, and French subjects similar rights on the coasts of France. 'In bays not more than ten miles in width, the three miles are to be measured from a straight line connecting the two headlands.' It appears that, in pursuance of the eleventh article of the Convention, which provides that, with a view to prevent the collisions which from time to time took place *on the seas lying between the coasts of Great Britain and of France*, between the fishermen of the two countries, a commission should be appointed to prepare a set of regulations for the guidance of the fishermen of the two countries, a code of regulations was drawn up and confirmed by the respective Governments in June 1843, and was on this side of the Channel embodied in an Act of Parliament, dated August 1843, popularly known as the Fishery Convention Act. This Act embraces other subjects than those contemplated by the Convention. It contains eighty-nine articles, some defining the boundaries and the limits of the exclusive fisheries between Jersey and the coast of France, others providing for the numbering of all fishing-boats, both British and French, others regulating trawl-fishing, defining the size of net, length of beam, etc., and the distance trawlers may fish from herring-boats; others regulating the herring-fishery, others mackerel-fishing or oyster-fishing, others giving rules concerning nets, or instructions as to fishing on the Sabbath-day. According to the sixth section of the Act, the Queen has power to suspend the operation of these articles with respect to the fisheries on the coast of Ireland, and an Order in Council did, on the 23d of August 1843, 'suspend the Act with respect to the fisheries on the whole of the coasts of Ireland, so long as such fishery should be carried on exclusively by the subjects of Her Majesty. As foreign fishermen have

never been known to fish off the coasts of Ireland, the Convention Act has, in virtue of this Order in Council, had no operation on that coast.' Now it appears that there are great differences of opinion among the legal advisers of the Crown with regard to the limits within which this Act operates, whether, in fact, it has any operation within the three-mile limit from the shores of this country.

'The better opinion appears to be that it has not, on the grounds—(1.) That the Act is penal, and is therefore to be construed strictly; (2.) That the policy of the Act extends no further than the obligations under the Convention; (3.) That under the Convention, the obligations of this country extend no further than the enforcement of the regulations outside the three-mile limit. Within that limit, where no Frenchmen may fish, there is no obligation whatever arising out of the Convention, but this country is entitled to carry out what municipal laws and regulations it pleases.' The anomalous character of the Act, if it has no operation within the three-mile limit, is thus pointed out by the Commissioners—

'If this contention be right, there is in Great Britain a code of rules minutely regulating the boats, nets, modes, and even times of fishing of nearly all orders of fishermen, who fish beyond the three-mile limit of the coast, and of bays of less than ten miles' width; but, with certain possible exceptions, to be mentioned below, there is no law which in any way affects the fishermen who fish within the three-mile limit. They may fish with what boats or gear, or mesh, or wherever or whenever they please, without interference of the law; if, however, they use their nets beyond that limit, and they are such as are contrary to the provisions of the Convention Act, they are liable to have them seized. For example, the Convention Act forbids the mesh of a trawl-net to be less than one inch and three-quarters from knot to knot, with the plain intention of preventing the taking of fish below a certain size; so that if a trawler, using a mesh of only one inch from knot to knot, take care to confine himself to bays and creeks, where it is alleged the destruction of small fish does most harm, he is free from prosecution under the Act, and his nets cannot be seized; but if he goes beyond the limit into deeper water, where he is probably less likely to take young fish, he is liable to be fined £10, and his nets may be seized and condemned.'

Another objection to the Convention Act is, that it operates upon the French and English fishermen only. The Belgian and Dutch boats may, in the absence of any treaty engagements between their countries and ours, fish when, or where, and in what manner they please.

The Commissioners next comment upon an Act, 1 Geo. I. c. 18, which appears to be unrepealed, except so far as it relates



to the supply of fish to Billingsgate, by 9 and 10 Vict. c. 346. So very restrictive are the orders of this Act, that 'if it were enforced, every description of sea-trawling and shrimp-fishing would be practically prohibited.' One provision of this repressive Act was that all nets, excepting those used to take herrings, pilchards, and sprats, should have a mesh not less than three inches and a half from knot to knot; the consequence would be that fish of 6 lbs., or even 10 lbs., would pass through such nets.

It appears that in England there is no board or public office whose special duty it is to make any regulations or bye-laws respecting the fisheries. 'Orders in Council have in some cases been made for the enforcement of or in restriction of the Convention Act; the Customs officers have, under that Act, the power of seizing nets, and the Admiralty have from time to time placed cruisers upon various parts of the coast to enforce observance of the Convention on fishermen, both British and French, who frequent it for the purpose of fishing. The cases which come most within their cognisance are such as arise out of the herring-fisheries on the north-east coast of England, where considerable numbers of French boats resort every year to prosecute the herring-fishery, and where at times disputes arise between the fishermen of the two countries; and in the English Channel, where, at the instance of the French Government, the regulations with respect to the oyster-fishery have been strictly enforced since 1852.'

The legislation with regard to the sea-fisheries in Ireland has for many years been in the hands of the Commissioners of Public Works, who 'have had an almost absolute authority to make regulations with respect to the different modes of fishing carried on there.' Now, although the Board is possessed of almost unlimited powers, the policy which it has pursued in exercise of those powers has been one, as far as possible, of non-interference with the fishermen; they say—

'We have been frequently urged to restrain particular modes of fishing, on the plea of their being injurious; whereas, in general, it was their effective results and novelty that occasioned the complaints against them; the objections chiefly arising from the competing interests of persons or communities who had habitually pursued different and probably inferior systems; and occasionally originating in some old-established prejudices, or assumed peculiar rights.'

With respect to the fisheries of Scotland, the Acts which have been passed bear almost entirely upon the herring-fishery; we shall confine our remarks with regard to the laws enforcing restrictions upon particular fisheries to their bearing upon the Scotch herring-fisheries. And here, as the Commissioners have

pointed out, there are several and large anomalies. The herring-fishery was at one time free on all the coast of Scotland during the whole year, but in 1860 an Act was passed enforcing a close-time between January 1st and May 31st, during which it was illegal to take herrings on any part of the west coast south of the Point of Ardnamurchan; between the Point of Ardnamurchan and Cape Wrath the close-time was between January 1st and May 20th. What have been the practical effects of the enactment of this close-time? Let us hear the Commissioners. They have been—

‘ 1. To make illegal, and punishable by fine and imprisonment, on the west coast of Scotland, that which is not only legal, but is specially taken under the protection of a Government Board, on the east coast. Ardrishaig and Anstruther are within a day’s journey of one another. Last spring a person in Anstruther might catch and cure any quantity of herrings; and on his giving due notice to a Government officer, the latter would have been bound to inspect his cure, to see that his barrels were sound and of the right sizes, and finally to place an official stamp of approbation (whereby the sale of the herrings abroad would be facilitated) upon all those which came up to a certain standard of cure. If his fellow-countryman at Ardrishaig had attempted to do the same thing, the boat in which the herrings came ashore, and the nets by which they were caught, would have been seized, and he himself might have been imprisoned and heavily fined.

‘ 2. To reduce the population of some of the Western Islands to misery and starvation, while abundant food was lying in front of their doors, by preventing them from taking herrings.

‘ 3. To destroy, or greatly impede, an important branch of fishery, by preventing the use of herrings as bait for codfish.

‘ 4. To require the introduction of a special police, and to introduce a habit of smuggling, and a spirit of disobedience to the law, among an orderly and well-disposed, though very poverty-stricken population.

‘ 5. To produce all these results without a shadow of evidence to show that the enforcement of a close-time has a beneficial effect upon the supply of fish, or in any way promotes the public interest; though without doubt the close-time is exceedingly convenient for the curers, in its twofold effect upon the labour market and the herring market.’

Here we have another anomaly :—

‘ The close-time which is enacted for Scotland and the Scotch seas, whatever force it may possibly have for persons domiciled in Scotland, fishing within the limit of three miles from the coast, or bringing the fish into Scotch coasts, cannot apply to Englishmen and Irishmen fishing beyond the limit. And thus the Close-time Act is practically a prohibition to Scotch fishermen to do that which English, Irish, or foreign fishermen may do with impunity, so long as they do not bring their fish into Scotch ports.’

The Government very promptly put a stop to this state of things, and in 1865 passed an Act repealing the Close-Time Act absolutely to the north of the Point of Ardnamurchan ; and limiting close-time to the months of February, March, and April, and a portion of May, to the south of that Point.

The Commissioners give us some information with regard to the Board by which the herring-fishery on the coast of Northumberland and in Scotland is in some respects controlled. This Board sits at Edinburgh, and is called the 'Board of British White Herring Fishery;' it was constituted in 1808 by the 48th Geo. III. c. 110. It has been placed in a difficult position by the repressive legislation of recent years. Consisting as it does of many members of high social position and of professional standing, the views of the Commissioners have in general been more advanced than those represented by the Acts which they were obliged to enforce. These Acts have therefore been put into operation with as little severity as possible. Trawlers have thriven under the administration of the Board, which never hesitated to express their opinion that the Acts which they were sometimes forced by selfish interests to bring into active operation were unwisely conceived, and were prejudicial to the interests of the fisheries. The powers of this Board extend only to those places where the mode of curing herrings according to the 'system of the white-herring cure' obtains. The herrings, having been previously gutted, are placed in barrels with interposed layers of salt, so that they are preserved in a moist state, instead of being dried and smoked like red-herrings. The chief demand for herrings thus cured is made by the Russians and people of Central Europe. 'The functions of the Board are, primarily, to superintend and regulate this branch of the export trade, by seeing that the measures used between the fishermen and the curers, and the barrels in which the curers sell fish to the foreign merchants, are of the proper size; by inspecting the herrings when cured, and attaching an official brand to all that come up to a certain standard; by attending upon the export of British white-cured herrings, to inspect them, and ascertain that they are in proper order before exportation. In addition to these duties, the Board is expected to aid in the enforcement of the Acts of Parliament relating to the herring-fisheries, for which purpose it employs police and a cutter, and is assisted by the loan of steam-vessels by the Admiralty. It receives and restores lost fishery property; furnishes returns and statistics from Scotland and the Isle of Man; and finally, it has to administer a Parliamentary grant of £3000 a year for the improvement and building of fishery piers and harbours in Scotland only. The Board consists of unpaid commissioners, and is provided with a paid secretary, clerks,

and fishery officers, two sergeants of police, nine fishery constables, the commander of a cutter, his mate and crew, and the engineers of the Board.' We are then told that the actual cost of this establishment to the country is nearly £7000 a year.

The jurisdiction of this Board in England is confined to Northumberland, because at present that is the only county in which the system of the white-herring cure is practised. Every curer of herrings, according to this mode of treatment, must give notice to the Board that he is going to cure; then the fishery officer comes and inspects, sees that a barrel of a particular size is used, and no other, and that a particular measure is used, and no other; if the fishery officer is satisfied in these respects, and with the quality of the herrings to be exported, he affixes his brand on the barrel, for which operation the curer pays fourpence. This brand is a certificate that the barrel of herrings contains the proper quantity, and comes up to the official standard of excellence.

But it is optional with the curer whether he will have the brand affixed or not; 'so long as the barrel is of the right size, the herrings it contains may be putrid without the fishery officer having the power to condemn them.'

With regard to this branding system, much has been said both in favour of it and against it. 'The only admissible argument in its favour are those derivable from its effects upon the foreign trade in white herrings.' It is granted that the branding system is beneficial to the curers and merchants, and thus acts favourably upon the fishermen; but there is also plenty of evidence to show that the herring trade would probably be equally prosperous without it. It is alleged that foreign merchants readily take the herrings of the Stornoway curers without any brand, and that not more than half the herrings cured in Scotland are branded. Moreover, the branding system is objectionable as a matter of commercial policy, for why should Government grant this 'exceptional contribution from the public purse to the support of a particular trade?'

The Commissioners with good reason say—

'We have been unable to discover why the State should undertake to guarantee the goodness of a barrel of herrings rather than that of a barrel of pork, or of a bale of cotton, or of any other commodity; and why, in this sole instance, among the enormous foreign commercial transactions of this country, the Government should interfere between buyer and seller, and relieve the former of that necessity for care and caution in the transaction of his own business which is incidental to every other branch of trade.'

To sum up this whole matter, the Commissioners state that they have found the laws relating to sea-fisheries complicated, confused, and unsatisfactory; many restrictions even of late

date never enforced; and they add that many of these restrictions would be extremely injurious to the interests of the fishermen and of the community if they were enforced; that with respect to these and others, the highest legal authorities are unable to decide where and in what precise sense they are operative; with regard to England, leaving the oyster-fisheries for the present out of consideration, that the sea fisheries are practically under no restriction, or next to none; that those of Scotland, on the other hand, are actively superintended by a Fishery Board, with defined powers, and supported at a cost of £7000 a year to the country; that the fisheries of Ireland are legally under the control of a Board which possesses almost unlimited powers, but that it is the practice of the Board to exert these powers as little as possible, and only under pressure from without; the Commissioners therefore consider that the functions of these Boards, so far as the sea-fisheries are concerned, might cease without any injurious effect upon the fisheries.

With regard to the Convention Act, the Commissioners entertain no doubt that as a whole it ought to be repealed, but that it would be of great advantage to make certain articles of that Act the basis of a special Sea-Fisheries Police Act. We have already referred to the great uncertainty there is with respect to the scope of the Convention Act, while we are told that with regard to the substance of the regulations laid down, the greater part of them are not and never have been attended to by any person, that many are impracticable, and would be injurious, if able to be put into practice. They also recommend that all restrictions which prevent foreign fishermen from entering British or Irish ports for the sale of fish, be removed in Great Britain and Ireland; and that measures be taken to secure the like freedom for British fishermen in foreign ports.

With respect to the failure of the oyster-fisheries during the last few years, the Commissioners affirm that there is not the slightest evidence to show that the decrease is to be attributed to over-fishing, or to any causes over which man has direct control. As to the very interesting subject of oysters, however, we hope to speak more fully than our present space allows, on another occasion.

We cannot conclude this notice of the Report on the Sea-Fisheries without once more expressing our admiration of the diligence, fairness, and philosophic reasoning which it evinces; and we trust that the Legislature will soon take the matter into consideration, with a view to abolish the numerous anomalous and repressive Acts which affect the sea-fisheries of the United Kingdom.

- ART. III.—1. ALBERI—*Relazioni degli Ambasciatori Veneti*. 15 vols. Florence, 1839-1858.  
 2. BAROZZI E BERCHET—*Relazioni degli Stati Europei*. 5 vols. Venice, 1858-1862.  
 3. TOMMASEO—*Relations des Ambassadeurs Vénitiens sur les Affaires de France au xvi. Siècle*. 2 vols. Paris, 1838.  
 4. BASCHET—*La Diplomatie Vénitienne*. Paris, 1862.

IF the memory of a glorious past, of former influence, and material prosperity, can afford a consolation to a nation when placed in very different circumstances, Venice is not to be pitied. Sad as may be her present position, the result at once of political causes and of inevitable vicissitudes in the direction of trade, the very stones of her walls are eloquent in their record of times gone by, and the State may well be proud of her almost unequalled treasure in the shape of carefully preserved records, the title-deeds and annals of her glory.

In this respect, at all events, the Austrian Government have shown themselves not indifferent to the responsibility which they have assumed towards Venice. Since 1818 they have caused a vast collection of the public muniments and records to be formed within the walls of the ex-convent of the Franciscans, where nearly three hundred rooms are now filled with these treasures. Other records are preserved in the library of St. Mark, to which Petrarch bequeathed his books, and in the Correr Museum; and if to these be added the documents still preserved in private collections, Venice cannot be considered otherwise than as a rich mine of historic wealth.

Nor has this great treasure been secured without risks. In 1574 and 1577 serious fires occurred, which destroyed many precious documents; and in 1797 the amenities of a French invasion transferred to Paris a large portion of the historic documents, which were only finally restored in 1815. Lamentable indeed would it have been if these archives, which Venetian patriotism had carefully preserved for so many ages, should have been transferred from within her walls.

In an age like the present, when historic investigation is constantly proceeding with increased activity, and when a deeper feeling of responsibility on the part of public writers has called forth a more conscientious examination of original documents, it was not to be expected that the Venetian records would be left unexplored; but a very general interest had already for many years attached to them, owing to the publicity which, by one means or another, had been given to some of the more important documents. We allude to the diplomatic correspond-

ence of the State; and when it is remembered that the series begins with the early part of the thirteenth century, it would be difficult to over-estimate their value, historically considered, even had not the documents themselves been distinguished by the ability and intrinsic merits which have been so universally acknowledged in them.

When we speak of the diplomatic correspondence of Venice, we must at the outset draw a distinction between two classes, the *despatches*, properly so called, and the *relazioni*, or general reports which were rendered to the State by the ambassador on his return from his mission. The different character of the two classes will be gathered from the following passage, which we transcribe from the pages of M. Baschet, an author who has well justified the confidence which the French Government reposed in him when they confided to him a literary mission to Venice:—

‘ Les dépêches sont donc tout ce que les *relazioni* ne sont pas; elles sont l’analyse presque quotidienne d’événemens successifs, elles sont frappées au cachet des impressions du moment, elles développent les affaires ou les négociations à mesure qu’elles sont traitées; tous les Ambassadeurs de tous les Princes écrivaient ou devaient écrire des dépêches. Les *relazioni*, au contraire, étaient des œuvres largement conçues, fruit d’une observation qui avait ses loisirs, résultats d’une application patiente à se bien informer. Si les dépêches étaient l’anatomie descriptive d’un fait sur lequel la politique du Gouvernement auquel elles étaient adressées avait souvent à discuter, les *relazioni* elles étaient l’anatomie générale d’un de ces grands ensembles, appelés empire, royaume, ou république; aussi, inspirées auprès de telles sources, furent-elles souvent de grands morceaux d’éloquence. Les dépêches rappellent les procédés de l’école hollandaise, les relations la façon large de Rubens.’<sup>1</sup>

The English reader is fortunately in a position to judge as to the interest and value of the *despatches*. Mr. Rawdon Brown has given us an admirable translation of those written from England by Giustinian in the time of Henry VIII., and we are not aware of any writings which give a more graphic and life-like description of the times, of the King himself, and of Wolsey, or of the political relations between England and France at the period to which they relate.

Our present object must, however, be confined to the *relazioni* of the diplomatic series, for similar reports were drawn up by other Venetian officials; and the first decrees regarding them, of which the purport is known, date as early as 1268 and 1296, according to which every envoy was bound, fifteen days after

<sup>1</sup> Baschet, p. 35.

his return from his mission, to deposit a written report of the proceedings on which he had been engaged, and the general result of his observations. 'By this means,' said the decree, 'their perpetual remembrance will be preserved, and the study of them may serve as an instruction for those who may be called upon to govern us.' The envoy was further called upon to read his report before the Grand Council; and here we may be permitted to pause, and to endeavour to picture to ourselves the scene and the mode in which he thus rendered the account of his stewardship.

'Reportez vous,' writes M. Baschet, 'à ce noble endroit de la salle des séances du Sénat Vénitien; voyez cette salle toute illustrée des splendeurs de l'école Vénitienne. Les plafonds, les murailles rappellent par les œuvres des grands maîtres qui y sont peintes les gloires de la patrie—de tous côtés sont les images mémorables de glorieux ancêtres.'<sup>1</sup>

Surrounded then by those local associations which make Venice so dear to every true Venetian, which distinguish her from every city, and which will continue to make her a subject of the deepest interest to every student of history and lover of art, it was his duty to address an assembly in which each member of the patrician order, who belonged to a family inscribed in the 'golden book,' was called on to take his place so soon as he was twenty-five years of age. In the words of M. Baschet, 'Par cela même qu'on était patricien on devait être, on ne pouvait ne pas être, un serviteur actif de sa patrie;' the only exception, indeed, being in the case of those who embraced the ecclesiastical profession; and who, according to the Venetian constitution, were thereby disqualified from taking part in the temporal affairs of the State.<sup>2</sup> To this assembly was intrusted the election, by a majority of votes, of the principal political and administrative *employés* of the State, a right which they had exercised in the case of the individual then addressing them. Before young and old—before those whose names were identified with past services, and before those yet waiting the moment when public duty would call them to active employment—he had to discourse of events which might have an important bearing on the fortunes of his country; he had to report the particulars of his personal intercourse with sovereigns and ministers, whose very names were suggestive of hopes and

<sup>1</sup> Baschet, p. 416.

<sup>2</sup> As an instance of this jealous feeling shown by the Venetians, we would cite the heading of '*Roma expulsis*' prefixed to some of the decrees, and which, Mr. Rawdon Brown explains, implied that all patricians who had any family connexion with Rome had withdrawn during the discussion.—Rawdon Brown, *Cal. Venet.* xxxvi.



of fears; and he had to give a faithful account of the position and material resources of nations with whom the republic might have to co-operate, or in opposition to whom it might be necessary to enter into skilful combinations. For us, in modern times, it must be difficult to appreciate the depth of interest with which the recital of these *relazioni* must have been received by such an audience. We can only do so if we bear in mind that the time had not arrived when public interest was to be frittered away in the endless details and amateur diplomacy of newspaper correspondents, or the national curiosity wearied rather than satisfied by the pages of Parliamentary Blue-books.

Nor do the Venetian agents appear to have failed in the manner in which they performed the duty thus imposed on them. The *relazioni* which have been preserved, and which extend in a series more or less continuous down to the date of the fall of the republic, are well entitled to take a high place in popular estimation, and this not only from the importance of the events to which they relate, but from the charms of the style in which the narrative is clothed. Written in the beautiful language of Italy, they are striking from simplicity of composition; the personal details, however minute, are, considering the date at which they were written, remarkably free from coarseness, or even from caricature; and if sometimes a vein of irony becomes apparent, it is conveyed in the delicate and graceful form best fitted to be appreciated by the keen Italian intellect.

The ambassadors were always of the patrician order, and two were occasionally despatched on a joint mission; their term of office was originally fixed at two years, and they were prohibited from being accompanied by their wives, but exceptions were made to both rules. On the other hand, and as a compensation, a decree of 1268 enjoined: 'et si erit tantum unus, habeat unum cocum.' If not allowed a wife, a cook, at all events, was indispensable. They were prohibited from receiving presents, but if any were offered by the sovereigns to whom they were accredited, the gift was laid by them before the Council, who decided whether it should be accepted or not. As to their emoluments, if credit is to be attached to their frequent complaints regarding their poverty and the ruin of their private fortunes by the expenses attending their position, they could scarcely have been on a large scale. As an amusing instance of these complaints, we will state that Giustinian<sup>1</sup> (1555) gravely informed the Council of a vision which he had had of his daughter. 'Elle m'apparut,' he said, 'une nuit, se plaignant de mon oubli et de mon peu de tendresse, et de ce que non seulement je ne faisais rien pour accroître ses biens, mais que je

<sup>1</sup> Tommaseo, i. 111.

cherchais même à l'appauvrir de plus en plus. Et il me semble que je lui répondais: "Ma fille, ce que je dépense je ne fais que la déposer dans le trésor d'un seigneur très-bon et très-libéral." . . . Ces raisons semblaient calmer l'agitation de ma fille.' The prudent-decree to which we have alluded saved the needy ambassador, at all events, from a risk which we find pathetically alluded to in a despatch<sup>1</sup> from Henry VIII.'s ambassador in Spain, who wrote in great alarm to state that his wife *threatened to visit him at his post* unless supplied with larger funds! As a general rule, however, there is little of complaint in the *relazioni*. The receptions of the envoys at foreign Courts seem generally to have been magnificently conducted, and their treatment conformable to the position which the republic occupied, and we will only quote as an exception an instance where Giustinian reports that Wolsey had said to the Venetian secretary, 'I charge your ambassador and you not to write anything out of the kingdom without my consent, under pain of the indignation of the king, and of the heaviest penalties.'<sup>2</sup>

But to return from the case of the ambassador to the treatment of his *relazione*, we learn from Mr. Rawdon Brown,<sup>3</sup> that in obedience to the decrees of the Council of Ten, the Venetian Archives, of which they formed an important part, were carefully calendared and registered. The Council also exercised a power of suppression, an instance of which is mentioned as regards the execution of Marino Faliero, where a blank is left, with the single words, N. SCBTVR, 'Be it not written.' Great provision was also made for the secrecy of the documents, but considering the importance which attached to them, it is not surprising that means were soon found for obtaining copies, so interesting both to foreign Governments and to private collectors. A great number of copies are preserved in the private collections in Italy, and another curious source from which copies have been forthcoming is the publication at Venice in honour of marriages, of some manuscript, a custom to which we are indebted for many interesting documents.

In 1589 a collection of the *relazioni* was first printed at Cologne, but it is stated to have been a poor and imperfect work. It was not, however, till a much later period, when the researches of the historian Ranke had established the historic value of the *relazioni*, that active measures were taken for placing these treasures within the reach of general readers.

<sup>1</sup> Brewer, *Cal.* i. 71.

<sup>2</sup> Brewer, *Cal.* ii. 1135. Another case also is reported where Wolsey laid violent hands on the Papal Nuncio, seized his papers, and only with difficulty allowed him to leave the kingdom.—Brewer, ii. 828.

<sup>3</sup> *Cal.* p. 16.

Since then we have had the collections of Cibrario, Tommaseo, Barozzi and Berchet, of Gachard, and of Arnet, and, lastly, the great work of Albèri, published under the auspices of a literary society at Florence, and which contains the most complete collection which has yet appeared of the *relazioni* of the sixteenth century.<sup>1</sup>

We must refer our readers to M. Baschet's pages for an interesting account of these several works; indeed, his work is invaluable to any one who desires to collect a general knowledge of the diplomatic correspondence of Italy in early times. As yet we cannot claim for our own countrymen any prominent place in these researches. The single exception is Mr. Rawdon Brown, to whose valuable work we have already alluded, and who is now engaged—under the direction of the Master of the Rolls—in preparing a calendar of such State Papers at Venice as have a bearing on English history. The first volume of this work has already appeared, and, as might be expected from such an author, contains a variety of very interesting matter; but the calendars published for the British Record Office are little more than indices of contents; very valuable, it is true, to those who are called upon or who have leisure to consult the originals. In justice to England, however, something more than this is wanted, and whilst gratefully recording our deep sense of the obligations which Lord Romilly's department have already conferred on readers of history, we cannot but express a hope that a competent writer will before long be found to present us, in a translated form, with the *relazioni* and despatches relating to English affairs. The labour of producing such a work will be greatly diminished by the publications to which we have alluded, and we have little doubt that it would be amply rewarded by a large measure of interest and popularity.

In the meanwhile, we shall probably best meet the wishes of our readers by placing them in a position to judge of the interest which attaches to the *relazioni* relating to France. In endeavouring to do so, we shall refer, so far as the earlier documents are concerned, to the Albèri collection in preference to that of M. Tommaseo, which is compiled only from the comparatively few and incomplete copies existing in France, an unfortunate circumstance, which diminishes the value of his spirited translations. As regards the *relazioni* of the seventeenth century, the reader must consult the collection of Barozzi and Berchet.

We commence, therefore, with Zaccaria Contarini's report of his mission to France in 1492, the year when Lorenzo the Mag-

<sup>1</sup> Several important Venetian documents have also been printed in the *Archivio Storico Italiano*, published at Florence.

nificent died, and in which Columbus started on his first expedition, when Charles VIII. ruled in France, and had not yet embarked on his Italian expedition. Contarini's mission was one of compliment on the marriage with Anne of Brittany; and at Padua he found his horses, which, as he says, he eventually brought back to Italy 'più belli e più gagliardi' than when he started. The Alps were passed without difficulty; and it is pleasant to trace the stately progress of the mission till its arrival at Paris, where he entered with an escort of 500 horsemen, under the eyes of King and Queen, who gazed on him 'darkly' from the palace. A State reception was to follow, where the King addressed them through the mouth of a minister, and his speech seems to have been more intelligible than that uttered on behalf of the Queen by the Vice-Chancellor of Brittany, of which Contarini states, 'Neither I nor any of my party could understand whether it was expressed in Latin, in ordinary French, or in Italian.' The King himself is described as 'disagreeable in countenance, and with large blanched eyes;' and Contarini adds his own impression, that 'de corpore et de ingenio parum valeat.' Nor was he more reserved in his account of the Queen, then seventeen years of age, of whose affection towards her husband he enters into some very explicit details. Need we wonder at the desire of the Venetian Government to keep these records as confidential as possible?

Contarini's account of France at this period is full of interest. Paris he describes as inferior in size to Padua, but as containing one of the greatest universities in the world, the number of students being nominally 20,000 to 30,000, but, as he himself estimated, 5000 to 6000. The King's ordinary revenue, he calculated, was 3,600,000 francs, and his expenditure more than double, the deficiency being supplied by imposts collected by the Receivers-General—a system devised to avoid a constitutional appeal to the Estates,—of which imposts 'neither prelates nor the upper classes pay any portion, only the commonalty;' and so oppressively did the burden fall on them, that at the conclusion of the Burgundian war, no less than 10,000 persons are stated to have emigrated for this cause to England.

Such was France in 1492. In 1498 Charles VIII. was dead, having outlived the brief success of his Italian campaign. Then followed the period during which Venice befriended Louis XII. in his attacks on Italy, a policy which found its retribution in the League of Cambray. In 1515, Francis I. succeeded to the French throne, and from this time the relations between Venice and France assumed a friendly character. The *relazioni* relating to this period, are, however, not forthcoming; and the next to which we will refer is that of Marino Giustiniani, in 1535,

who enables us to form an opinion of the position of an envoy in France by his bitter complaints at the inconveniences to which he had been exposed in accompanying a Court, which, during his mission of forty-five months, had never spent fifteen consecutive days in one place. Of the Lutherans, he states that their tenets had already infected nearly the whole of France. The military power of the Crown he describes as largely increased, the King being able in a month to bring 47,000 men into the field; the naval force insignificant; taxation heavy, but borne without opposition, 'li pagono senz' alcuna replica,' a phrase which is scarcely rendered by M. Tommaseo's words, 'ils payent gaiement.' The principal towns were exempted from contributing; and lastly, when referring to the friendly relations between France and England, which resulted from a common fear of the Emperor, he states of the English: 'This nation is greatly feared by the French; in fact, ten English are worth twenty French.'

From the report of Francesco Giustinian (1537), which follows next in order, we learn that in France the effect of the Italian wars had been to make a desire for peace universal, and that the country was worn out by the expense, as well as by the exhaustion consequent on war, so repugnant to French nature, a remark on French character which is well supported by recent experience, in the case of peace with Russia in 1856. He also states that, owing to the remonstrances of the French nobility against the insubordination of troops levied amongst the commons, it had now become necessary for the King to rely to a considerable extent on the aid of mercenaries.

The next *relazione* to which we have to refer is a remarkable one written by Matteo Dandolo (1542), of whom M. Baschet observes, 'Il a trop vu pour ne pas être un peu sceptique.' He begins by a general description of France, but comforts his audience by the assurance that it would 'not date from the time of Julius Cæsar,' a sarcasm on some of the over-elaborate details of his predecessors. The nobility he describes as poor, parliamentary authority a thing of the past, and the royal will absolute, except in matters of justice, which still lay with the Chancellor. Indeed, he quotes a saying of Maximilian's, as reported to him by Francis himself, 'The Emperor is the king of kings, because his subjects are princes who do not obey unless they think fit; the Catholic King is a king of men, because those who are able and warlike are entitled to that name; but the King of France is a king of beasts, because he meets with the same obedience from his subjects as man does from beasts.'

In civil matters, he mentions that the Chancellor, as supreme in matters of justice, derived a large revenue from the sale of

offices. He describes the fearful grievance in the shape of heavy taxation, and states that the rural population were flying from their homes, where nothing was left by the tax-collector. The towns, though exempted from ordinary taxation, were subjected to demands for loans conveyed to them in royal letters, and, as he says, 'these are loans which are never repaid.' As regards the nobility, personal service in war was accepted in lieu of taxes; and as for the clergy, the *decimes* were collected by royal mandate, and the King reserved to himself the whole of the ecclesiastical patronage.

Of Francis I. himself, then in his forty-eighth year, Dandalo gives an animated description. Manly and courteous, he was distinguished in all the warlike sports of the day; a keen sportsman, he would not allow the setting sun to cheat him of his stag, but, sleeping at any chance accommodation, he resumed the chase the following day. Once, indeed, we hear of him as lifted from his saddle on the antlers of a stag; and his answer to Dandalo, when he remonstrated against his exposing himself in bad weather, and in ill health, was, 'By my faith, it is the chase which has cured me!'

Nor are we left without a word of one who was to become only too celebrated, Catherine de Medici, the Dauphin's wife. He describes her as loved by the King as well as her husband, and he expresses his fears that her longings for offspring would not be gratified, though, as he says, 'she fails not to swallow every sort of medicine.' But we shall have to allude, in the sequel, to this 'mère de nos Rois,' as she is called by Brantôme.

The next artist whose work deserves a place in our Venetian gallery is Marino Cavalli (1546), whose report relates to the last years of Francis I. Cavalli was a shrewd observer, and did not spare the Senate the result of his observations, in the shape of many practical suggestions. As far as France was concerned, it is evident that, in spite of wars abroad and corruptions at home, the country had made considerable progress during this reign. Paris is now described as the 'capital of the first kingdom of Christendom;' its celebrated university well frequented, and the post of the professors, though ill paid, still so honourable as to be largely coveted. A sixth portion of France was still in forest, and formed a valuable possession of the Crown. Silk production was increasing on a scale which excited the jealousy of the Italian narrator, who adds, that more gold and silk tissues were then used in France than at Constantinople and in the Levant. As to Lutheranism, he states that it had greatly increased; that it was now no longer a question of exceptional cases of heresy, but it had gained over whole

towns, where, by a tacit connivance, the Protestant rites were observed.

In matters of justice, civilisation had made noteworthy progress, for law proceedings were interminable and ruinous in expense; appointments were publicly sold, and the royal authority had become paramount. As to Crown property, what with confiscations, alienation, and taxation, the Crown had so enriched itself at the expense of private individuals, that any independent action on the part of the latter was wholly impossible. But as to public peculations in civil and military matters, he describes them as being of a magnitude '*che è un stupore.*'

Dandolo also gives very full details as to the relations between the French King and the Church. The clergy are described as generally loyal, and as paying their tenths without previous authority from Rome. Francis himself admitted that it would be contrary to Scripture to tax the Church, but he conveniently observed that there was no text against receiving gifts. The Papal privileges in France were reduced to the issue of bulls and the collection of the annates, but the right to these last was beginning to be disputed. Even judgments in ecclesiastical cases depended on the King, and not on the Pope. The prelates were more obedient to the former than to the latter; and as for their reward, we learn from Cavalli that they were the victims of every species of oppression and spoliation on the part of the King; '*insomuch,*' as he sarcastically concludes, '*that all turns out for the King's profit, and for the advantage of the Prelates' souls.*'

He gives us some telling remarks on the Parisians, whose ancient privileges were now at an end, and, whilst they might repine, they could not refuse the King's pecuniary demands. In Cavalli's opinion, they were best fitted to serve under such a rule. And as to the French nation itself, and its fitness for self-government, he states that '*the French, who perhaps recognise themselves as poorly qualified in this respect, have submitted themselves entirely to their sovereign.*' Cavalli's reflections on the political position of France with respect to foreign Powers are full of interest, but our limits will not allow us to allude to them beyond recording his tribute to the merits of our own Henry VIII., whose diplomatic negotiations, and conduct both of war and peace, he acknowledges his obligation to praise '*ad sidera.*' A word or two he also gives as to Diane de Poitiers. '*There are those who believe,*' he guardedly observes, '*that her relations with the Dauphin were then of a Platonic character; but he adds that her influence over the Prince was beneficial, and that she had cured him of many youthful errors,*

amongst which he classes 'a slight indifference towards his wife.'

A year after Cavalli had read this *relazione* to the Senate, Francis was no more, and his kingdom was to fall under the rule of his insignificant offspring. His alternations of success and defeat, of imprisonment abroad and a life of pleasure at home, were all at an end, and we have only to collect our general impression of a character which, with all its faults, was one which evidently possessed great powers of fascination. With all his advantages, with a love for literature and for art which balanced his taste for warlike pursuits, and for those of the forest and field, with a general courtesy, only equalled by his decision in affairs of moment, his life was not one which by any means satisfied just expectations. In endeavouring to discover the cause, Cavalli points out, that whilst he was admirable in the conception of his schemes, he suffered from the want of men competent to bring them to a conclusion. In other words, he was deficient in that great quality in a statesman, judgment in the selection or creation of his agents; and to this defect, Cavalli adds that of his being wanting in personal diligence. Had it not been for these shortcomings, and had his policy been fated to escape the able and determined opposition of such men as Charles v. and Henry VIII., Francis might have left a different name in the pages of history.<sup>1</sup>

The reign of his son and successor, Henry II., was of a very different character, and we glean many interesting particulars regarding it from the reports of Dandalo, Contarini, Cappello, Soranzo, and Michiel, the Venetian ambassadors in France between 1547 and 1561. That period was one of comparative quiet, but it was the lull before a storm. The miseries which had hitherto afflicted France were now to be aggravated by religious dissensions, and by the rivalries and animosities of the heads of the great families. So far, however, as Henry II. himself was concerned, he is described as well-intentioned, but feeble from want of experience, his father having excluded him from participation in affairs. A short time before his coronation, Diane, observing him engaged in earnest prayer, inquired of him the object of so particular a devotion. 'For long life,' was his answer, 'if I can promote the prosperity of my people; if otherwise, for an early death.' Temperate in his own habits, his Court was considered well regulated, when compared with former times. By nature grave, it was said that he had never been seen to laugh heartily. As to education, he was in no position to boast; he could only read and write, 'semplice-

<sup>1</sup> In Albèri's *Life of Catherine de Medici* will be found an account of the unfavourable features of Francis' private character, p. 27.



mente,' as Contarini states. It was his ambition to be considered warlike, and he made an honest endeavour to look into affairs, much to the grief of the Constable, who warned him against such a proceeding as conducive to obesity.

As to the early impression made by his wife, Catherine de Medici, we learn that she had a reputation for kindliness of nature, and that her abilities were considered great, and equal to any emergency; but it was also observed from the first that she was reserved as to her designs, and knew well how to dissimulate. She testified great affection for her husband, wearing mourning during his absence on any military expedition. So long as she remained childless her life was one of mortification, and the following characteristic story connects itself with this period in her life.

Nine years of married life had left her without a child, when she learnt that it was the intention of Francis I. to procure a divorce between her and his son. To the latter she first addressed herself, and found him ready to be persuaded. Not so easy, however, was the task of dissuading his father, but Catherine's speech to him was a model of tact. Ready to submit to the royal exigencies, she would far rather endure this heavy sorrow than contradict his will. She was ready to enter a religious order, or, if he preferred it, to remain in the service 'of the fortunate one,' as she expressed herself, who might chance to become her husband's wife. These words she uttered weeping, and all this to the chivalrous Francis. What doubt of the result? Her success was complete, the scheme was abandoned, and the next year saw her the mother of a son.

We are indebted to Michiel for an account of her personal habits and appearance. Fond of bodily exercise, she was a noted horsewoman, and attached to the chase, where she often accompanied her husband. Nevertheless her complexion, at all events, did not benefit by these habits; it is described as of a 'color livido e olivastro,' and her *embonpoint* was remarkable.

So much for the Queen, and we have now to allude to Diane de Poitiers, Duchesse de Valentinois, with whom, now fifty-eight years of age, the King was, as Contarini states, as much in love as ever. The same writer praised her intellect, and said that she had shown great tact in only secretly interfering in public affairs. The Queen, he wrote, who at first treated the connexion as insupportable, afterwards not only accepted it patiently, but was herself in constant intercourse with Diane. The influence of the latter was opposed by the Constable, who earned for himself her hatred, by finding her a temporary rival in the person of the governess of the young Queen of Scotland. But this opposition was exceptional; all the nobility enrolled

themselves amongst her followers, whilst the King, in publicly adopting and wearing her colours of black and white, took every means of proclaiming his allegiance. Small wonder then that public opinion, adopted even by the historian De Thou, was disposed to ascribe her influence to magic and philters.

Church preferment, in particular, appears to have been placed at her disposal, and this brings us to one of the most important matters alluded to in the *relazioni*.<sup>1</sup> We allude to the mode of dealing with Church patronage, and on this point we are informed that preferments were conferred on courtiers, merchants, soldiers, and heretics, without the least reference to any religious qualification. The public sale of benefices was now become the rule, and it was conducted on such lax principles that Correr mentions cases where the benefice sold was not even vacant, and the incumbent had been in trouble to prove that he was still alive. As to the bull of Leo X., by which this patronage was originally conferred on Francis I., he reports that the King on receiving it observed to his Chancellor, 'This bull will send both myself and you to the devil.'

As a consequence of these evils, the Venetian envoys concur in representing that heresy had enormously increased, having, at the period with which we are now dealing, spread over three-fourths of the kingdom, and comprising within its numbers ecclesiastics as well as laymen, and a larger proportion of the nobility than of the commonalty. The heretics in France openly subscribed funds for their brethren at Geneva, but heresy itself being so little molested, emigration had ceased. In short, as Michiel describes it, the position was a 'tacit interim;' the Pope's power was rapidly declining, and his bulls were looked on with the greatest jealousy; and the Venetian envoy concluded with an anticipation, which was very speedily to be realized, that 'measures of force would eventually be resorted to, when noble blood would not be spared, and an open division ensuing, civil war would be a necessary consequence.'

One word as to internal affairs in France, and we must conclude our observations on the reign of Henry II. Financial difficulties had made it necessary to have recourse to loans; and we learn that the King was raising money at the rate of

<sup>1</sup> A compensation was however given, 'ricevendo il Pontifice, in compenso del sacrificio, che però assicuravolo del mantanimento della cattolica fede in quel regno, assoluzione dall' impegno contratto colla chiesa gallicana di convocare i dicennali concilii, deroganti da quella supremazia che dai pontefici si considera per loro primo e principale attributo.'—Albèri, *Vita de Cath. de Medici*, p. 76.

8½ per cent., or at 6 per cent., with a sinking fund of 4 per cent. Michiel speaks of the public debt at the time of Henry's death as amounting to 36,000,000 or 38,000,000 of francs; and he states that the Italian capitalists, who were the principal creditors, complained bitterly of breaches of faith in the manner in which public obligations contracted towards them were discharged. National insolvency was therefore, at this early period, followed by repudiation of engagements.

In the *relazione* of Suriano (1561), which continues the narration into the beginning of the reign of Charles IX., we learn the views of an earnest Roman Catholic, and a warm admirer of despotism. In our times, when party principles as well as party names are in so undefined a state, it is almost refreshing to learn the opinions of a man like Suriano, with all their honest narrowness and bigotry. Starting with a wail over the instability of human institutions, he states that the curse of heresy was the origin of all evil; he stigmatizes as full of danger the policy of tolerance; and as for Catherine, he laments her want of zeal on behalf of the Church, though he evidently anticipated that it would not be found wanting, if she should succeed in establishing her authority. He sums up his account of France in the following words: 'France is now so infirm that no part of the body politic can be pronounced healthy;' to which we will only add his opinion of French character: 'The French are by nature proud and haughty-spirited in their enterprises, insupportable in prosperity, active in matters where their own interests are concerned, negligent as regards those of others. They are often faithless, . . . and it is said of them proverbially, 'A Frenchman for a friend, but not for a neighbour.' M. Drouyn de Lhuys may perhaps have had this proverb in his mind, though he applied it to another race when he lately wrote to the French ambassador at Constantinople, 'Nous sommes trop amis de la Porte pour vouloir être voisins.'

But to return to our retrospect: the conclusion of the reign of Henry II. was to be the commencement of that of Catherine. We have sketched her as hitherto described by the Venetian narrators, but not without a silent admiration of her power of reserve and self-control during what may be considered a long political minority. It would be satisfactory to know what were her real feelings during that period, how much was assumed in that aspect of outward contentment, or what truth in M. Baschet's theory, that 'son rôle fut de n'en pas avoir.' Everything, in short, in the early life of this remarkable woman, is a matter of interest, and we can safely recommend our readers to M. Baschet's chapter on the subject.

The morning of her life seemed to carry with it the shadows of sunset ; 'elle naquit pour être en deuil,' writes M. Baschet. Losing both parents a few days after her birth, she was removed from Florence to Rome, where she was placed under the charge of Leo x. At six years of age again restored to her native place, a convent was her refuge in a time of political disorder. Then follow offers of marriage for the 'Duchessina,' as she was called ; amongst others, from the King of Scotland, an offer which the Pope rejected, as he said the dower would not pay the expense of couriers to so distant a region. At last, in 1533, at the age of fourteen, married in a foreign land, she finds herself Duchess of Orleans, a dignity soon to be exchanged for that of Dauphiness. In 1559, Catherine, now forty years of age, is a widow, and her sickly son Francis II. has succeeded to the throne. Let us imagine her, as she is described by the Venetian envoy, at his audience of condolence. She sits before an altar in a dark chamber, clad in long black robes, whose ermine collar is the only mark of rank. Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, is her companion, and sits near her, draped in white. A black veil, with which Catherine's head is covered, renders almost inaudible her weak utterances to the ambassador. But outside this chamber of mourning all is changed. Diane's power is gone, and the new king has summoned her to surrender the jewels which were his father's gifts. But his recognition of Catherine's authority is complete. Henceforward all royal decrees are to bear on their face, 'Etant le bon plaisir de la Reine ma Mère et Dame, moi aussi approuvant les choses dont Elle est d'avis, Je suis content et Je commande,' etc. And as for Catherine's own determinations, let us learn them from her letter to her daughter, the Queen of Spain, as given by M. Baschet :—'My principal object is to have the honour of God in all matters before my eyes, and to preserve my authority, not only on my own account, but for the service and preservation of this kingdom, and the wellbeing of your brothers.' To which she added, as a description of her own position, that she was 'left with three young children, in a kingdom divided against itself, where I have none in whom I can in anywise trust, or who is not embarked in some particular interest.'

Whatever might have been her personal difficulties, the Venetian *relazioni* sufficiently prove that the state of France at this period was so critical as to need the energies and abilities of the most competent of rulers. How far was Catherine equal to such an emergency ? Of her ability no one can doubt, but as to her policy, and the means by which it was carried out, the question is very different.

It has been often customary to attribute the internal dissensions of France at this time wholly to causes of a religious nature, and to the spread of Huguenot doctrines throughout the nation. But when the history of the period is carefully examined, there seems little doubt that, powerful as those causes were, they merged, so far as primary effect was concerned, in other matters of a more political and personal character. We have already recorded the impressions of the Venetian observers as to the causes which had so seriously affected the prosperity of France, but equally decisive is their opinion as to the *nature* of the influence which the dissensions amongst the different factions had exercised on the situation. Barbaro (1563) states, without reservation, that the heresy which had originated amongst the nobles was fomented by them as an arm against their opponents; and Michiel (1575) writes that the designation of 'Huguenots' had merged in that of 'Malcontents,' who embraced amongst their numbers both Catholics and Huguenots,—'it is no longer a matter of religion, but one of state.' Political reforms and the assembling of the States were the real objects in view. As Contarini states, 'religion was not the cause but the desire to rule,' and one of the leading proposals of the time was, that *when the Estates had been assembled*, a general national council should *then* be held for the settlement of religious differences.

And yet there is no attempt on the part of these writers—warmly attached as they were to the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church—to conceal the corruptions of the ecclesiastical system. Correr, for instance, after noticing the zeal of the Huguenots, adds that if the Catholic priests were only half as diligent, Christendom would not then have been in such confusion. But whilst admitting the pernicious results which originated from such causes, the Venetian authorities all agree in considering them as secondary to those of a political nature. Most striking also is it to observe, after a perusal of these *relazioni*—so minute in their particulars, and themselves the productions of such shrewd observers,—the absence of any allusion to an earnest seething of the popular mind in matters of faith and religion; no reference, in short, to the questions in agitation, as involving points which, on one side or the other, were treated as of vital importance to the interests of truth. Party factions on one side, and material discontents on the other, had availed themselves of the religious element only so far as it could be made subservient to their own designs. In doing so, they had deprived it of its true nobility, and more effectually than by persecution,—as effectually as by extirpa-

tion,—they had postponed indefinitely the establishment of a purer faith in France.

Such a state of things does not suggest that the position of the French sovereigns was one to be envied, nor did the characters or abilities of the three sons of Henry, who succeeded each other so rapidly on the throne, assist in bringing about a favourable solution. Their names remain indeed associated with the calamities of France, but history recognises them only as a group of insignificant actors around the central figure of Catherine de Medici. The narrative of her influence and intrigues, of her successes and failures, is *the* history of the time. Her temporizing policy is well known, and the Venetian reports fully confirm the popular impression as to the nature of her rule. As to her toleration of the Huguenots, Barbaro records her words to him, that it was 'necessary *for the time*;' and as to her popularity, whilst Michiel, in 1575, describes her as hated, as being suspected of fomenting discords, and accused of withdrawing her sons from State affairs, Lippomano, two years later, states that the French nation had learnt to look on her as a '*cosa divina*.' All agree, however, on one point, her love of power—'*affetto di signorreggiarse*,' as they called it,—and as to her success in obtaining that power; and whilst they admit her faults, they concur in the opinion, that had her policy been different, and had she thrown her influence into either scale, the result would have been fatal to France.

With such contradictory data on which to arrive at a conclusion, it will always be a matter of difficulty to pronounce an opinion on the real character of Catherine. Her name has, however, been so intimately associated with one transaction—the Massacre of St. Bartholomew—that it becomes a matter of deep interest to examine the account given by Michiel and Cavalli, the two Venetian envoys then resident in France. Michiel, indeed, gives us a matter-of-fact narrative of the whole transaction from the first attack on Coligny, when his wounded arm called forth from his adherents the prophetic exclamation, 'This arm will cost more than 40,000 others.' The massacre, he broadly states, was carried out by the King's orders. But what is his account of the origin and motive causes of the affair? Relying, as he says, on the best information, he states of the massacre, 'it was the Queen's act, conceived, contrived, and conducted to its conclusion by her,' and that the shot was fired by a bravo hired for the purpose by Catherine and her son Anjou. His account of the whole transaction is most vivid. We can listen to Coligny's last words to his assassin: 'Young soldier, have some respect for age.' We

can hear the popular voice attributing the responsibility of the deed to Catherine 'as a Florentine, and being a Medici—a tyrant;' and we are ready to trust the narrator when he informs us that, as a consequence, the Italian race had become an object of hatred in France.

M. Albèri, in a short introduction to this report, states that the charge of premeditation thus brought against Catherine is not confirmed by proof. But the evidence of such a reporter as the Venetian envoy is not rashly to be set aside; and how does it stand as compared with that of Cavalli, who, according to M. Albèri, was 'disposed to exclude the idea of premeditation?' Cavalli at the outset treats the matter as one of policy: the Huguenots were threatening, and Coligny's death would deter them; but this alone would not suffice, and therefore Catherine 'resolved, in order to secure herself from such risks, to cause the assassination of the principal leaders.' To Charles the scheme appeared cruel. An hour and a half were spent in persuading him. At last, 'argued out by the Queen and his brother,' he gave his consent.

It is a narrow line between this argument of 'policy' and some notion of premeditation; and we must take Cavalli's statement, coupled with the expressions of his own views, when he says: 'If this good beginning (*così grande e bel principio*) had been properly followed up, the Huguenot cause would have been lost.' M. Baschet, however, seems to us to have well appreciated the state of the case. For Catherine it was a matter of necessity rather than of policy to maintain her influence as against the growing ascendancy of Coligny. Common opinion, according to Correr, had already indicated the death of the Huguenot chiefs as necessary for the public safety; and we have only to quote, as an instance, his own expression, that if those chiefs were thus disposed of, the commonalty would be driven to the mass like sheep with a stick ('*come pecore col bastone*'). But as to Catherine's own sentiments, they will be best understood from her words, which Correr gives as uttered to him:—

'At Carcassonne, one time, I read in a certain chronicle how the mother of St. Louis, a widow, with her son, aged eleven years—she being herself a stranger to the nation,—was opposed by her nobles. And these, uniting with a sect of heretics called Albigenses, and finding help from abroad, it was necessary to resist them. It pleased God to give the victory to St. Louis, but, at the Queen's intercession, peace and concessions were granted. Nevertheless, after a time, and when the King had waxed of age, vengeance fell heavy on his enemies. To this the ambassador answered courteously, "Present things being a

mirror of those which are past, rest sure that the end will not be unlike." Whereto the Queen, laughing, as is her wont when hugely pleased, "I would not," quoth she, "that any should know I have read that chronicle, else they shall say I have followed an example."

This anecdote appears to us to give the key-note as regards Catherine's policy, with all its patience and temporizing at the outset, and its dark conclusion of persevering vindictiveness. We look forward, however, to the long-promised publication of her correspondence, which may perhaps supply more certain means than we yet possess for judging her policy. In the meanwhile, we can avail ourselves of M. Albèri's *Life of Catherine*,<sup>1</sup> in which he has largely consulted M. Capefigue's work on the Reformation and League, and which sets forth the case in its most favourable colours, so far as Catherine was concerned.

How are the facts then stated by M. Albèri? In 1570 the agreement of St. Germans, concluded under the auspices of Catherine, composed for a time the feuds of the Catholic and Huguenot factions; and with a view to carry out the same policy, she next projected the marriage of her daughter Margaret with the young King of Navarre. On the other hand, her son, Charles IX., entered into secret communications with Louis of Nassau, one of the leaders of the Protestant cause in the Netherlands, with a view to devise means by which French co-operation could be afforded without an open breach with Spain. Coligny, as is known, was a party to these negotiations. How far they were *bona fide* on the part of Charles seems very doubtful from the historic sequel, and, indeed, it is new to us to learn from M. Albèri that the youthful monarch 'himself inclined to the principles of the Reformation' (p. 112).

The real enemy whom the Huguenots had to dread was, according to M. Albèri, the hostile population of Paris, who regarded them in the same light as that in which the Jews had been considered in former ages, and who were exasperated by the toleration now extended to the sect. The royal marriage increased the agitation; a spark only was necessary to produce a conflagration, and 'it was the will of Heaven that an opportunity should soon present itself conformable to the fierce intentions of the people' (p. 130).

The motive cause was supplied by the hatred felt towards Coligny by the Duke of Guise, who regarded the Admiral as his father's murderer. So patent was the danger, that Charles himself warned Coligny—'mio padre,' as he called him—against any steps calculated to provoke that resentment, and informed

<sup>1</sup> Florence, 1838.



him that he had introduced troops into Paris to provide for his safety. 'Human foresight cannot, however, avail against the decrees of Heaven' (p. 132). For his own ends, Guise compassed the attack on Coligny of 22d August; but when it was known that the Admiral was wounded, the deeply sympathizing Charles, accompanied by his mother, paid him a formal visit, in which, with loving words and offers, and with a promise that the guilty should be punished, every comfort was afforded to him, and on the departure of the royal party, a guard was placed for the protection of the Admiral's residence, and to resist the entrance of any of the Catholic faction.

On the 23d of August, to follow out M. Albèri's narrative, Guise himself repaired to the royal presence, and requested leave for himself and his adherents to retire from the Court, to which the King replied that they might go where they pleased, but he, for himself, would know how to act if he should be convicted of guilty participation in the attack on the Admiral.

'Factions are endued with a tiger's nature,' continues M. Albèri. The populace had tasted blood, and would not depart from vengeance. 'The aspect of the city was fearful.' A council was called under the presidency of Catherine, the King, however, being absent, as it was feared that his 'youthful generosity' might not lead him to consent to 'the cruel exigencies of policy' (p. 140). Catherine herself wavered between the consideration of civil war, on the one hand, or a 'sudden execution' on the other, to prevent it. The death of the Huguenot chiefs was formally proposed, and it was only after a discussion that it was agreed that the King of Navarre and his brother should not be numbered amongst the victims. In the evening a fresh council: Catherine again described as wavering, but yielding to the remonstrances of her ministers. To this council Guise was admitted. He had in the meanwhile been engaged in organizing a rising of the people, and now, but for Catherine's opposition, he would have induced the council to consent also to the death of the royal princes. The King's consent remained to be obtained, and, after 'long pressing on the part of his mother and the ministers,' it was finally given. 'Be it so,' was his reply, 'but let the massacre be of such sort that none shall remain to upbraid me.' And lest there should be an opportunity for remorse, or for the arming of the intended victims, the massacre was ordered for that very night ('*fu ordinato il massacro per quella notte medesima*'),—the ostensible plea being what M. Albèri describes as '*un assurda cospirazione*' of which the Huguenots were to be accused.

The deed thus authorized by Charles, by his mother and his

ministers, was carried out, and M. Albèri expresses his opinion that, so far as they were concerned, 'they had confined themselves to an approval, inasmuch as it was by the act of others, and contrary to all their wishes and interests, that the initiative was taken' (p. 144). Could Catherine, he urges, hope to preserve a balance between the two parties after the attack on the Admiral?

The massacre, publicly proclaimed by Guise as the '*volontà del Rè*,' proceeded with all its horrors. Coligny, unable to sleep from the effect of his wounds, was giving ear to Calvin's Commentary on Job, read to him by a Huguenot divine. On hearing the assault on his door, he fell on his knees, and called on that companion to unite with him in prayer, and to recommend his soul to heaven. And thus he met his death.

M. Albèri gives us a miserable account of the state of Charles during the massacre—hesitating even after the authority he had given. Then followed arguments to prove, that to uphold the royal authority, and even to neutralize the influence of Guise, he himself must assume the responsibility of the act; and on the evening of the 25th of August, Catherine held a secret council, at which it was determined that this should be done. Nor was time lost. The following morning, and whilst the massacre was yet in progress, the King, attended by a numerous retinue, traversed the city, as if to applaud that which was done: '*Come per applaudire a quanto erasi infino allora operato*,' are M. Albèri's words.

The provinces lost no time in following the hideous example of the capital; but we must hasten to the last act of the tragedy. On the 28th of August, Charles, accompanied by Navarre and his brother, recovered (*ricquistati*) to the Catholic faith, visited the Parliament, and after a recapitulation of the past events, uttered the memorable words: 'It is my will that all should know that the executions carried into effect during these days have been the result of my express orders, with a view to prevent the effects of an abominable conspiracy;' and thereupon the edict for the toleration of the new form of worship was formally cancelled.

We have thus endeavoured to give our readers a fair conception of M. Albèri's account of the transaction, and it will be for them to judge of the extent of justification which he has presented on behalf of Charles and his mother. Nor will our readers fail to appreciate the references to providential decrees, as well as to popular ferocity, to which so much is ascribed by the writer. But what is the general result? The responsibility of the massacre was at the end fully adopted by the King, and

motives of political expediency are unblushingly alleged as overriding every other consideration. As to Catherine herself, there is no attempt to deny her initiative in the matter. She presides over the councils, and it is she who excludes the King for fear he should relent. It is Catherine who, while claiming immunity for the King of Navarre and his brother, gave her vote for the murder of the other chiefs. Her influence is joined to that of the ministers in overcoming any scruples which the King might have entertained. If her policy was an honest policy of conciliation between the two sects, why sanction the presence at Paris of the Huguenot leaders, amidst a population whose hostility must risk the objects she had in view? On a former occasion had she not, aware of a like danger for herself and her son, withdrawn to Fontainebleau? (p. 93.) Is there no room to suspect a secret understanding in Guise's offer to leave the Court, and his reception a few hours later at the council, where the royal consent was finally given? What evidence is there that the guard ostensibly placed for Coligny's protection served in any way to interfere with the catastrophe? And as to the alleged conspiracy, is it not clear, from M. Albèri's own admission, that it was a contemptible fiction?

Our limits preclude us from discussing the question as to the alleged circular of Charles ordering the provincial massacres. Probably the deeds at Paris were a sufficient *mot d'ordre*. We notice, however, with surprise, in some of the royal manifestoes then issued, a statement that, amongst other objects of the Coligny conspiracy, was the death of the King of Navarre,—a project which, as has been seen, was discussed in the council in the presence of Catherine. It is also difficult to repress a natural indignation, when, after reading Charles's promise to the Huguenots, 'de leur estre bon Prince et bening protecteur,' we read his instruction of the same date<sup>1</sup> to Mondoucet, his minister in the Netherlands, in which he states: 'It is probable that the fire thus kindled will spread through all the cities of my kingdom, and that all those of the said religion will be made sure of.' 'Made sure of!' We wonder whether these were the words used by St. Goard, the French minister at Madrid, when, on receiving news of the massacre, he suggested to Philip the immediate execution of all the French prisoners made captive at Mons?

M. Albèri denies the charge of premeditation, and states that Catherine and her son 'used their utmost endeavours to moderate the atrocity' (p. 105). Such hypotheses are considered by him as '*singolari*;' and the reasons given in support are '*bes-*

<sup>1</sup> Motley, *Dutch Repub.* i. 336.

*tiali*' (p. 316), the mere notion is inconsistent with the '*elevato ingegno*' of Catherine. Nay more, he even asserts that the documents in his hands 'go far to absolve Catherine from all guilt of participation in the massacre' (p. 140). If historical facts<sup>1</sup> are taken into consideration, there is however a strong presumption to the contrary. In 1559 we know that an agreement had been entered into between Philip and Henry, Catherine's husband, for the destruction of the Huguenots. Of such an agreement the Queen could scarcely have been ignorant. Alva was the negotiator, and the scheme was indiscreetly revealed by Henry himself to no less a person than William of Orange. In 1564 took place the meeting at Bayonne between Catherine and her daughter, the Queen of Spain; and here again we have to recognise the hateful presence of Alva, specially charged to renew the project, though we learn from his despatches that his proposals were at that time declined by Catherine and her son. Lastly, in 1572, the relations between France and Spain were, it is true, unfriendly, and Spanish suggestion was not immediately forthcoming; the seed had, however, been sown, and the hour of harvest had arrived; and if it be to chance that it is to be ascribed, it is a most singular coincidence how fully the early scheme of Philip and Henry II. was then carried out.

When a man is known at a certain time to have placed in his pocket a pistol loaded, with hostile intent; when he is also known, on a subsequent occasion, to have taken it out, examined the priming, and again replaced it there; and when he is finally known to have discharged it with fatal effect, there will not be wanting grounds for a suspicion that a fixed purpose of a hostile nature had existed in his mind, and that action, however long suspended, was contemplated throughout; and taking into account the whole character of Catherine's proceedings, and giving her the full benefit of M. Albèri's apologies and explanations, we must leave the case with a painful feeling that the stigma which has attached to Catherine's name has by no means been removed.

The careful investigation of a matter like this cannot be considered an idle task. One of the most important duties of the historian is the apportionment between individuals and communities of the degree of responsibility attaching to them; and if the lapse of time may throw difficulties in his way, he has corresponding advantages. The contemporary writer, confused as he must often be by an over-abundance of materials, must also find it hard to preserve an unbiassed judgment. He stands

<sup>1</sup> Motley, *Dutch Repub.* i. 180, 208.

too near the canvas to pronounce on the picture. Take, for instance, our policy in China. Those who recollect Lord Grey's and Mr. Gladstone's early speeches will appreciate how little has as yet been realized in the shape of a moral from our proceedings. We may have thought that we were acting on Bacon's principle: 'Let nations that pretend to greatness have this, that they be sensible of wrongs either upon borderers, merchants, or politic ministers, and that they sit not too long upon a provocation.' But have we during this lapse of years considered how far, in carrying out our policy, we may have treated moral consequences as subordinate to material aims? Not less remarkable is the instance of the Crimean War, where, even with the aid of Mr. Kinglake's graphic pages, the majority of thinkers would pronounce very conflicting opinions, not only as regards the national policy, but even as to the motives on which it was supposed to be founded, and the results which it has secured. Such decisions are reserved for the labours of some future historian, who will promote the ends of public morality by fixing responsibilities, and thus putting an end to a latitude and uncertainty which will attach to the deeds of communities as well as of individuals, so long as they remain in the half-light or deceitful shadows of unwinnowed tradition.

One word more as to the massacre. The difficulties experienced even in these days in arriving at the truth should suggest that some allowance should be made for the attitude taken up by the Pope. *Te Deums*, medals, and frescoes in celebration of the massacre are not in themselves things well fitted to soften Protestant prejudices. But we must bear in mind that upon this, as upon many other momentous occasions, the see of Rome was imperatively called upon for immediate action, before the true facts of the case could by any possibility have been really known, if indeed they were not designedly concealed. Take, for instance, the letter<sup>1</sup> of Philip II. to Pius V., announcing the measures he had adopted against Don Carlos: could any statements have been more misleading and disingenuous? And shall we blame the Pontiff for praising Philip's decision? If due allowances were made on this principle, we are confident that a great step would be gained in the cause of historic truth.

We have endeavoured thus far to give our readers a notion of the *relazioni* of the sixteenth century; for those of the following century we must refer them to the interesting collection of Messrs. Barozzi and Berchet; but before concluding, we

<sup>1</sup> Gachard, *Don Carlos et Philip II.*, vol. ii. p. 557, 650.

would wish to allude to a few particulars which they contain regarding Queen Elizabeth and Mary Stuart. As to the latter, we do not collect those details as to delicate health so frequently poured into Elizabeth's ears by her envoys at Paris. We do not meet with wishes such as Mason expressed to Cecil,<sup>1</sup> that 'God may take her to Him as soon as may please Him'; nor do we learn, as from Throckmorton, the particulars of the 'greenness' of her complexion, and her faintings, only relieved by wine from the altar. But the Venetian reports fully confirm an opinion on Mary Stuart, which, in justice to Throckmorton, we will quote:<sup>2</sup> 'For my part, I see her behaviour to be such, and her wisdom and kingly modesty so great, in that she thinketh herself not to be too wise, . . . but is content to be ruled by good counsel and wise men. . . . I cannot but fear her proceedings with the time.' The time, however, was soon to involve Mary in sad consequences. Correr describes the manner in which she was neglected by Catherine from the day she became a widow; but, wrote he, 'so long as she feared God and preserved her honour, she exercised her authority to the admiration of all.' Then came her failing fortunes and imprisonment in England, which the same writer anticipated would involve Elizabeth in a difficulty, only to be resolved by a '*siroppo resolutivo*,' and thus, wrote he, 'this life, hitherto a comedy or tragi-comedy, may end in a tragedy.'

As to Elizabeth herself, there are many allusions to the various matrimonial schemes; amongst others, some curious details as to the D'Alençon courtship. Lippomano's secretary describes Elizabeth as presenting him every morning with a *bouillon*, and states that, in order to prove to Elizabeth the falsehood of some alleged personal deformity, the prince presented himself to her in a '*giuppone d'ermesino incarnato*,' which we take to have been some tight-fitting silk costume. However intimate the relations, the match was, however, not to be; its unpopularity in England was great, and the secretary alludes to a popular tract against it, which we conclude was the 'lewd seditious boke,' entitled the *Gaping Gulfe*, against which Elizabeth fulminated a proclamation in 1579.<sup>3</sup> The Queen certainly appears to have entertained, at all events, very friendly feelings towards this prince, 'short in stature, marked with smallpock, and displeasing in manner,' as he is described by the Venetians. M. Baschet gives us a very curious letter which she wrote to him on sending him some presents, in respect to one of which she expressed herself, 'Veuillez voir dans l'autre,

<sup>1</sup> Stevenson, Cal. State Papers, i. 179.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* iii. 473.

<sup>3</sup> Lemon, Cal. i. 633.

qui est un tour de toque l'image de la couronne de ce royaume que je voudrais d'autant plus vous mettre de ma propre main sur la tête, si j'en avais absolument le pouvoir,' and equally friendly is the tone of her letter to the Netherland States,<sup>1</sup> in which she recommended him as 'un Prince qui lui est si cher qu'Elle fait autant de lui comme d'un autre soi-même.'

In conclusion: the readers of history may be divided into two classes, those who are content to follow the lead of some writer of established reputation, and those who desire to examine authorities for themselves. It will be no slight advantage for both, that, forsaking for a time their accustomed form of study, they should endeavour to observe the continuous flow of events from the vantage-ground of some independent position. Though the aspect may thus seem to be *ex parte*, still, if the point of vision is well ascertained, the moral which will be drawn from the facts which pass before the eyes can be corrected by an appreciation of any bias attaching to the position of the observer, whilst he will secure all the advantages which attach to a fresh point of view, and one which commands the scene in its general aspects. If this be true, we can point out, so far as the times to which they relate are concerned, no better guides than the reports of the diplomatic servants of Venice.

<sup>1</sup> Motley, *Dutch Repub.* iii. 399.

ART. IV.—*The Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World; or, the History, Geography, and Antiquities of Chaldaea, Assyria, Babylon, Media, and Persia.* By GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A. Vols. I. to III. London. 1862–65.

THE student of history in its widest form—of the records of civilized mankind for the last four thousand years—of that wide field of inquiry of which modern history formed though the brightest, but an infinitesimal portion if measures, by years—cannot fail to be struck, like Pascal, with the ‘mingled greatness and littleness of man.’ Nation after nation has risen into greatness, only to fade and utterly disappear. At successive times and in widely severed countries—now in China, or India, in Egypt, or in the valley of the Euphrates, or far away amid the highlands of Peru, on the plateau of Mexico, or amid the now wilderness of Yucatan—some tribe of mankind has flowered into civilisation, has risen like a sun amid the surrounding barbarism, only to set, leaving again the darkness of night behind it. Each has perished in turn, extinguished by some other tribe or nation—by some people which hated it, despised its knowledge, and sought not to profit by or perpetuate its peculiar civilisation, but to destroy its monuments and obliterate its memory. In the youth of civilisation, nations preferred to destroy each other’s works and wisdom, rather than to preserve and profit by them.

Another and not less striking feature of those early times, so dissimilar from the present state of things, was, that each civilized community led a solitary life of its own, unknown to the rest of mankind,—a fountain of civilisation within its own narrow sphere, but whose light did not spread to other parts of the world. Barriers of darkness lay between them, separating each from the others. Egypt, China, India, Babylonia, were local suns, each shining brilliantly in its own narrow sphere, faintly illuminating a few surrounding satellites; but each of them was as little known to the other as the solar systems of the bright abysses of space are known to this little orb of ours. And just as we look upon this fair planet where we dwell as if it were everything, and all else were naught—as if it were in fact (as our ancestors believed) the centre and chief end of creation, and that all the other distant orbs existed only to act as suns or moons or stars to us, things which would be meaningless and useless but for the fact of our existence: even so did each of those old nations regard the rest of the world. Each, shut in by impassable barriers, or looking disdainfully athwart the intervening darkness upon the distant glimmering



lights beyond, led a hermit life, borrowing nothing from others, and developing knowledge and civilisation for itself. Even when, after the collision of races began, a people succeeded by martial superiority in establishing itself in the seat of a prior civilisation, it scorned the rich spoils of knowledge there laid like tribute at its feet—it would not stoop to pick them up, and preferred to destroy the mental wealth of the vanquished, rather than to preserve and inherit it.

It was in this fashion—so strange to us of modern time—that the great drama of civilisation proceeded in early ages. Each nation, either from necessity or by a bigoted choice, began life anew, working out for itself the endless problems, alike in the arts and in beliefs, which existence forces upon man's regard. Just as every individual has to learn for himself the varied lessons of life, so in far greater degree did those old nations proceed. By this means a vast variety of development, in different parts of the world, was rapidly attained in the early stages of civilisation. The very isolation of the nations of antiquity helped to produce the same result. The growth of humanity doubtless would have been hastened if the means of locomotion and of diffusing knowledge which we now enjoy had existed from the first; but in such a case the career of mankind would never have been so various. A certain form, or forms, of civilisation would have been more rapidly developed, but there would not have arisen that infinite and beautiful variety of national life which the past has bequeathed as a legacy of instruction to later times.

We of the present day can best appreciate the advantage of this. Now-a-days, no nation does or can lead a solitary life: it knows, and is in direct communication with, and is more or less affected by, all the others. National life, instead of necessarily developing diversity and variety as in early times, now tends more and more towards unity, similarity; and this tendency is as truly the progress of matured life as variety is the product of healthy youth. An eclectic spirit is the special characteristic of the present age. Each nation, having grown up to maturity in its own way, now begins to look around, and to learn from others. Without abdicating its own individuality, it compares itself with others, and modifies and improves its own life by observing what is good in theirs. This tendency will continue and advance: the natural result being the gradual disappearance of many points of difference, and a greater approximation of civilised life to a common standard. Variety, almost endless, has already been established; the special progress of the future will be in selecting whatever is good in each of those varieties, and crowning the work of ages by a fuller,

freer, and grander type of national life than has yet been developed by any single people.

Professor Rawlinson startles us by observing how little modern Europe has advanced upon the civilisation of one of those old and long-dead countries, Babylonia. It must be confessed that in many departments of art and knowledge, mankind have advanced little during the last two thousand years, but in the practical and general use of that knowledge we have advanced surpassingly. It is true that the germs of knowledge, upon which the greatest triumphs of modern times are based, were familiar to a favoured few in one or other of the earliest civilized nations. It is also true that in some departments of human development we have actually not advanced at all. The motive power of steam, the application of which to practical use is the grandest triumph of the present century, was known to, and employed by, the ancient priesthood of Egypt. The compass, which enables our mariners to traverse the trackless wastes of ocean, was in use in at least equally remote times in China. Electricity, another great triumph of our times, was known as a fact to the Greeks and Romans. Astronomy, in Babylonia, was carried to a perfection which only in recent times has been equalled and surpassed in Europe. Printing was invented and turned to practical account in China nearly a thousand years ago. Constitutional government, another boast of our age, was recognised as the principle of administration in China before the Christian era; and even the last phase of that system, namely, competitive examination as the means of selecting the *employés* of the State, was adopted in China a thousand years ago, before William the Conqueror had set foot in England. In mental philosophy, the sages of India, and in a lesser degree of China, long ago anticipated all the really notable phases of that science in modern Europe. The same may be said of the doctrines of morality (as apart from religion). And in fine art, no country, it is allowed on all hands, has yet surpassed the wondrous development of the beautiful which arose in the narrow peninsula of Greece, at a time when all the rest of Europe lay in the darkness of barbarism. Even as regards the department of fine art in which modern times have most excelled—namely, poetry,—we put more knowledge into our verses, but not more beauty.

The special and really grand triumph of modern times has been to carry the *uses* of knowledge to an infinitely further development than ever before; and also to extend that knowledge, and its practical appliances, to the general mass of the community. Learning, instead of being confined to a few, sometimes to an exclusive sect, has been made the portion of the

community at large; and the knowledge of the properties of matter—for example, steam-power, the compass, and electricity—has been turned on the widest scale to practical use. The immense outburst of human power, the amazing development of human faculties, which so remarkably characterize recent times, are due to the two great agencies of the printing-press and the steam-engine. The former, combined with a knowledge of languages, enables the student, without stirring from his arm-chair, to behold the world, both past and present: it makes him acquainted with the best thoughts of the best men, in all ages and countries; it enables him, as it were, to live in distant countries and remote times, and to see their people and places, almost as if he were actually there. The steam-engine, while increasing a hundred-fold the productive power of man, and thereby greatly adding to human well-being, has attained its most marvellous results in its twin offspring, steam-navigation and railways, which have thrown the whole world open, carrying thousands of men daily into all corners of the earth, and drawing all nations into mutual acquaintance and incipient brotherhood. And the knowledge which steam-locomotion enables us to acquire, the printing-press preserves and diffuses. The knowledge acquired by travel, instead of being confined to a few, almost to travellers themselves, is spread abroad like a common property; it is published, as it were, on the house-tops and in the highways, so that every one who has an ear to hear can hearken and understand.

With this vast and sudden expansion of the means of knowledge, which have virtually rendered each educated man a cosmopolite, an equally notable change has taken place in the spirit and desires of mankind. In the products of the printing-press, the literature of long-past times has become the property and inheritance of the cultivated classes in Europe. We not only have the means of knowing the past in literature, and of seeing the distant by means of improved locomotion, but our desire to see and to know have been proportionally increased. We have lost the bigotry and intolerance natural to early times. Instead of despising, we desire earnestly to know the past history of our race, however diverse from our own; we have come to view it in an impartial spirit, willing to do justice to every form of civilisation which has arisen in the Divine drama of humanity. Hence our numerous translations of ancient literature; hence our explorations of the globe, and most of all, of those parts where civilisation and power once had their mighty seats. We make a study of distant China and India, alike in their present condition and in their more famous past. We resuscitate the records, and investigate the relics, of ancient

Mexico and Peru. We translate and comment upon the old books of Confucius, Zoroaster, and Mahomet. We study the hieroglyphics and photograph the temples of ancient Egypt; artists make a pilgrimage to the pillared beauties of desolate and desert-girdled Palmyra; and we explore the sites, and arduously seek to reconstruct the history, of vanished Persepolis and of mound-buried Nineveh and Babylon.

A wide chasm separates nearly all of those old civilisations from the comparatively modern civilisation of Europe. Rome, the connecting link between the old times and the new, and the true mother of civilized Europe, was but a village upon the Palatine Hill when some of those old civilisations were crumbling into the dust. Rome embraced the transition from Paganism to Christianity; she introduced to civilized Europe the arts of short-lived Greece; she gave a conscious existence by her conquests, to the present nationalities of our continent; and died at last, slowly and grandly, beneath the united pressure of the new states and nations which she had called into being. But in pre-Roman times, in that earlier period of which we have been speaking, there were three distinct centres of grand civilisation (apart from the isolated worlds of India and China), all remarkable in this, that they arose in narrow localities. These localities were, the narrow valley of the Nile, the not much wider valley of the Tigris and Euphrates, and the bare and rocky peninsula of Greece. Greece, severed into little rival States, no bigger than the republics of mediæval Italy, never combined into one power, and each finding full vent for its energies in contests of arms or in art with its fellows, never became a great political power—never threw its chain as a conqueror over other countries. It sent out colonies indeed, but these remained severed like the states in the mother country. The vast energies of the Greeks never coalesced in building a solid commonwealth, much less in creating an empire. Save in the expedition of Alexander, the last grand triumph of Greek life—the solitary effort of an exceptional man,—the Greeks contented themselves with their narrow peninsula, girdled by the blue seas, and fringed with the rocky islets of the Ægean. Egypt led a life of equal political quiescence, and much more isolated morally from the surrounding countries. Stable and colossal, like her own pyramids, she lived politically alone in the world, rarely overpassing the desert frontiers of her narrow valley, and maintaining to the last the calm immutable aspect of her own Sphinx, undisturbed in her power and idiosyncrasy by foreign influence and invasion, until the sword of the Persian Cambyzes pierced her god, and let out the life of Egypt. Unity of power characterized Egypt, as diversity and disunion char-

acterized the political condition of Greece. But there were no aspiring forces in Egypt, no ambitious nationality, to convert that centralization of power into a means of foreign conquest. The expeditions of Rameses and Sesostris were as exceptional phases of Egyptian life as the conquests of Alexander were in the history of Greece.

Very different was the history of the Mesopotamian valley, and of the States which there grew up into power. Unlike Greece and Egypt, the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris was from the earliest times the scene of a hurtling of rival nationalities,—of a series of great conflicts and changes, one power rising in succession upon the ruins of another; and, at the same time, each was inspired by a spirit of ambition and conquest, which made it a great political power. This, at least, is true of every one of the ancient Mesopotamian powers after the early Chaldeans. Assyria succeeded to Chaldea; the Mede and Babylonian to the Assyrian; and the Persian to all. And after that, the Greek, the Parthian, and the Arab followed each other in successive developments of civilisation, power, and religion. Babylon and Nineveh perished, only to give place to Seleucia, Ctesiphon, and Bagdad. Until at last, with the advent of the barbarous Mongols, followed by the rude Turks, the fabric of empire, the reign of civilisation ended, and barrenness and depopulation overspread the region,—until now-a-days the once famous valley, the most famous of its size in the world, presents nearly the same aspect as it did to the first Chaldean settlers—a land of barrenness and desolation; as if the power and science of civilized man had never raised it from its primitive sterility into a region blooming as the rose, a garden-land of fertility, and for ever famous as the seat of ancient power, and in many respects the fountain of subsequent western civilisation.

In the infancy of mankind, and when the lower portion of the valley still lay in the chaotic state natural to the embouchure of great rivers, half land half water, a Hamitic population first appears on the scene, navigating in reed skiffs the mouths of the rivers and the shallows of the Persian Gulf, and doubtless living to a great extent upon the produce of the rivers and sea. By and by the process of reclaiming the land from the loosely wandering and ever overflowing waters begins. The rivers are confined to their main channels by embankments, and in the alluvial soil thus reclaimed the population find abundant harvests. The colossal figure of Nimrod suddenly rises as a great monarch on the scene, and, temporarily welding together the various tribes of the locality, becomes a militant king of so exceptionally great power for those early times as to leave

behind him a name and fame which, even at the present day, live in the memory and imagination of the wandering Arabs who now pasture their flocks upon the ruins of Assyrian and Babylonian greatness. It was a great but transient outburst of power, the creation of one man, and in the main perishing with him. A long historical blank follows; but still, as the recent explorations show, the Hamitic population, now mingled to some extent with other blood, and assuming the name of Chaldeans, steadily work their way inland, raising town after town in the lower part of the valley. First Ur (in early times on the shores of the Persian Gulf), then Larsa and Erech, then Wipur, and at last Babylon, arise on the alluvial flats. Navigation expands, trade is developed, and the industrial arts, notably those of textile fabrics, are prosecuted with success. Babylon, and all the other cities of the new state, arose like London, out of the soil in which it was built. It was built out of the clay on which it afterwards stood. Just as at the present day, in the suburbs of London, we see first the clay-surface of the ground scaped off and converted into bricks, and then the bricks converted into rows of houses upon the place from which the clay had been taken, even so was it with the cities of Babylonia. They arose out of the ground on which they stood. And mighty indeed were many of the edifices so reared 'by the waters of Babylon.' After Nimrod, Chedor-laomer is the next great name which appears in Chaldean history. Like his greater predecessor, temporarily uniting the various peoples of the region—not only of the valley, but also of the adjoining region to the east,—he turned the energies of his people into the channels of war, and carried his arms not only up the whole length of the valley, but also into Syria, down past Damascus, to the shores of the Dead Sea. This also, like Nimrod's, was the exploit of an exceptional man, never to be repeated until the era of the Assyrian Sargonids. Nevertheless Chaldean—now in turn to be called Babylonian—power gradually streamed up the 'Doab,' or valley of the Euphrates and Tigris, new towns or cities arising on the scene, till Nineveh begins to rise into view on the banks of the upper Tigris.

Then a new power appears on the scene. The Semites in the upper portion of the valley begin to overshadow the Babylonians, and grow into the dominant power. The Chaldeans were a people of the sea-coast and the alluvial plain; the Semites were a people who came from, and doubtless had for long sojourned in the mountains which border the valley on the north. This Semitic population (from whose loins came Abraham and the Jewish nation) evidently straggled down into the valleyland of the Tigris and Euphrates in weak and desultory

bands; and to a trifling extent they seem to have formed part of the population of Babylonia (probably existing among the Chaldeans as small but distinct tribes) from the earliest period of which we have trustworthy records. But in process of time the Semite Asshur went forth from Chaldea and founded Nineveh. Probably he went forth as a Babylonian governor, as a satrap of the king: certainly he could not have gone forth in hostility to the Babylonian government, because, for centuries afterwards, Nineveh and the adjoining district was an integral part of the Babylonian kingdom. It is not less evident that this Semitic population, henceforth to be called the Assyrian, must have been more numerous in the upper portion of the valley than in the lower. Asshur in fact, and his companions, in going forth from Chaldea, probably did so with a view to rejoin the main body of their own race. They went forth from an alien people, carrying with them the knowledge of civilisation and the arts which they had acquired among that people; and as a dominant caste or family, they communicated that knowledge to the uncultivated Semitic population in the upper portion of the valley. Asshur, to whom this new nation owed its development, seems to have left in his descendants a dynasty (so to speak) of princes, a ruling family, which ere long became kings. The new state gradually outgrew its vassalage to Babylonia, and became first the rival of that earlier kingdom, and at last the dominating power in the valley.

The main body of the Assyrians were a race but recently descended from the highlands of Armenia, the upland region which bounds the valley on the north; and they showed the characteristics of their origin, alike in the locality where they established their power, and in their physical organization. They were a stronger and brawnier race than the Babylonians, and, unlike the Babylonians, they delighted in the hardy pursuits of the chase. Nineveh, the chief seat of their power, and apparently the centre of their population, was situated at the confluence of the Zab and the Tigris, and comparatively near to the mountains. In the woody heights of the adjoining Zagros chain, the Assyrian monarchs and princes could enjoy the perilous pleasures of the chase, in which they delighted; and on the western side of Tigris, the low range of the Sinjar hills, and the wide open plains which stretched to the Euphrates, afforded ample scope for the chase of the gazelle, the hare, and also of the wild buffalo: while, either on the one side of the river or on the other, the lion, 'king of beasts,' was easily found in those times, and was the favourite object of pursuit to the martial sovereigns of Assyria. So as regards physical and moral

organization, the Assyrians bore to the Babylonians somewhat the same relation as the British do to the French. But in quickness and originality of mental capacity, the Babylonians had an immense superiority over their Assyrian neighbours. In arts and science, Nineveh simply copied Babylon; and in the form of their religion the Assyrians likewise followed the Chaldeans, although the spirit of their religion was graver, and never seems to have given birth to the license which unquestionably was connected with Babylonian worship. Comparatively devoid of originality alike in the arts, in science, and in religion, the Assyrians were nevertheless conspicuous in two of the greatest elements of national power, namely, in military spirit and skill, and in political capacity. They possessed that element of ascendancy over other peoples, which in a higher degree characterized the Romans. The Assyrians, in fact, may justly be called the Romans of Asia. As the Romans in art and science borrowed from the Greeks, so, in great degree, did the Assyrians borrow from the Babylonians; and in physical prowess and bravery, in political ambition and military skill, and also in the comparative grave spirit of their religion, they as much excelled any other Asiatic nation, as the Romans did the other peoples of Europe. But the Assyrians were before the Romans,—they were a great power before Rome was founded,—and naturally, if not necessarily, they were far behind the Romans in those principles of enlightened humanity and conciliation, without which no stable fabric of widespread empire of foreign rule can possibly be erected. It was as a conquering and luxurious race that the Assyrians flashed forth over the old world. They were the proud lords of western India, levelling cities, firing tower and temple, and carrying away peoples as it pleased them. Hardy in the camp, they were luxurious at home. Heroism and effeminacy by turns claimed them. Warlike booty enriched the state, and brought all that luxury and magnificence could desire within the reach of the king and the nobles. But they were great warriors to the last, and only fell in an hour of passing weakness, and before the attacks of a combined host greatly exceeding in numbers the army which they could muster in defence.

Another and totally different people next appear on the scene. The Medes become the masters, not of Nineveh,—for they destroyed it utterly—but of Assyria, the upper portion of the Mesopotamian valley. And here we are brought face to face with a strange but unquestionably historic fact. Although thus becoming the masters of Assyria only six centuries before Christ, the Medes had conquered and established a dynasty in



Babylonia sixteen centuries previous to that date. Nevertheless, in the long interval between these two successful irruptions into the Valley, they totally disappear from the view of history. They are never mentioned—so far as has yet been discovered—in the records either of Babylonia or of Assyria. As a nationality, they seem to have totally disappeared from the countries adjoining those kingdoms. In what character then did they first appear in the Valley, more than twenty centuries B.C., and what became of them in the long period which elapsed before they again appeared in the vicinity as a nation, some two centuries before the fall of Nineveh? It seems to us that the Medes who conquered Babylonia or Chaldæa twenty-two centuries B.C., were a migratory band of that race; that they were not the Median race or nationality as a whole, but simply an adventurous offshoot from it; and that their irruption was like those of the Scythic and Celtic peoples, which play so remarkable a part in the history of ancient times—an irruption not made by the race *en masse*, but merely by one or more roving tribes, seeking their fortunes in the world. The Median conquest of Chaldæa took place at a time when the main body of that people still sojourned in Bactria and the adjoining regions, to the north-east of their future and more famous settlement in the western provinces of the country now called Persia. The Median dynasty in Chaldæa lasted upwards of two centuries; and when it was overthrown and supplanted by a native Chaldæan dynasty, we conjecture that some of the conquering tribe remained absorbed in the Chaldean population—where they left traces of their language; while the upper and more energetic portions of the intruders withdrew from the Valley, first into the country from which they had issued (namely, the western provinces of modern Persia), and soon afterwards migrated northwards, either returning to their homes in Bactria, or setting out on new expeditions into the region around the Black Sea, where scattered settlements of Medes were recognisable in the time of Herodotus. One settlement of Medes is noticed by the father of history, so far west as in the country adjoining the Adriatic, who still preserved the dress and appearance of the parent race. Certain it is that as a recognisable nationality, the 'Madai' disappeared from the borders of the Mesopotamian valley, until the middle of the ninth century B.C. Previous to that date, the Assyrian kings had again and again ascended through the passes of the Zagros chain to the plateau of Iran, without ever experiencing any serious opposition, and without ever meeting with any people calling themselves Medes. It is only in the later half of the ninth century B.C. that the Assyrian monarchs, in their victorious and hardly

opposed irruptions into the Iranian plateau, make mention of a Median people; and these were so weak that they readily agreed to purchase immunity from the predatory invasions of the Assyrians by paying tribute to Nineveh.

But towards the close of the seventh century B.C. the Medes assume a new attitude, and by a sudden bound pass from weak vassals into formidable assailants. How was this? The change dates from the appearing of Cyaxares on the scene. It seems established that this chief came from the north-east, from the mother country of the Medes, at the head of a migratory and apparently powerful band of followers; and almost immediately he became the head or king of all the Median tribes who lived in the upland region, lying to the north and west of the Mesopotamian valley. Daringly ambitious, he quickly led his feudatory bands down through the passes of the Zagros chain, to measure his strength with that of the monarch of Nineveh. The discipline of the Assyrians easily prevailed over the impetuous but desultory attacks of the Medes, and Cyaxares was driven back to the east of the mountain chain. Rapidly profiting by this sharp experience, Cyaxares re-organized his army, adopting to a large extent the military system of the Assyrians, just as the Romans learned tactics and discipline from their enemy during their wars with King Pyrrhus. Again descending into the valley, Cyaxares met with better success, but was interrupted in his campaign, by the news that the Scythian hordes were descending from the north through the eastern passes of the Caucasus upon his own country. Withdrawing his army to the Iranian plateau, he there encountered the barbarous invaders, and, doubtless immensely overpowered by numbers, experienced a total defeat. For a few years the Scyths reigned in Media,—probably not troubling themselves with ruling the country, only exacting tribute for their chiefs, while the common class moved about in tents, feeding their flocks on the best pasture-grounds. But the main body of the Scyths passed on into the Mesopotamian valley, devastating Assyria—apparently the fortifications of Nineveh were too strong for them,—and then pushing forward into Syria, bearing down all opposition.

It was a dreadful but transient irruption. Scattered and sinking into enfeebling excesses, the Scyths soon 'melted from the fields like snow;' the main body, apparently, making their way back to their northern homes. Cyaxares, with his usual daring and stratagem, cleared Media of them by killing the chiefs at a banquet, and thereafter easily expelled the leaderless throng. And no sooner was he rid of the Scyths than once more he made war upon Nineveh. Assyria must have been greatly

weakened by the devastations of the Scyths; the prestige of her arms also was broken; and at the same time her King was an unworthy heir of the mighty Sargonid monarchs who had so long led the Assyrian hosts to universal victory. But even yet Nineveh was a great power. Cyaxares no longer trusted to his own resources for success in his expedition against the Queen of the Valley. He fomented an insurrection in southern Babylonia, and the insurgents combined their operations with his. To meet the danger thus coming alike from the west and from the south, the Assyrian monarch divided his forces. Remaining himself with the main army to repel the invasion of the Medes, he despatched his trusted general Nabopolassar with a lesser force to defend Babylon against the rebels in the south. But Cyaxares soon won over Nabopolassar to his side, by giving his daughter in marriage to Nabopolassar's son, and agreeing to recognise him as king of Babylon. Nabopolassar then joined his forces to those of the insurgents whom he had been sent to oppose, and thereafter marched up the Valley and united his army with that of Cyaxares. But even then the Assyrians proved themselves redoubtable antagonists. The allied armies of the Medes and Babylonians were several times defeated in the field. At length, by a night-attack, they stormed the camp of the Assyrians, and broke the strength of their army. The Assyrian king and the remainder of his troops withdrew into Nineveh, whose strong ramparts easily bade defiance to the assaults and military appliances of the attacking host. At length, after nearly two years of ineffectual siege, when Cyaxares might well have despaired of success, an extraordinary flood in the Tigris swept away a large extent of the city walls; and the Assyrian monarch in a fit of despondency gave up the contest, set fire to his palace, and consumed himself along with the ladies of his harem, and much of his wealth. And what the conflagration spared the Medes destroyed. Nineveh was blotted out, sank into mounds of grass-covered ruins, and one of the great twin capitals of the valley for ever disappeared from the scene.

Babylon rose into a new kingdom under Nabopolassar; Assyria was ruled as a dependency by Cyaxares, from Ecbatana on the other side of the Zagros mountains. Neither of these kingdoms, neither the Median nor the Babylonian, lasted a century. Cyaxares, indeed, was all-powerful for the whole term of his reign. He extended the empire of the Medes into Asia Minor to the banks of the Halys; and, supported by a Babylonian contingent, he even overpassed the Halys, and made war with balanced success upon the ancient kingdom of Lydia, and the neighbouring States which made common cause with it against

the invader. Peace was at length established between the warring powers,—Cyaxares giving one of his daughters in marriage to the son of the Lydian king, as he had already given one to the heir of the Babylonian throne, the illustrious Nebuchadnezzar. Politically, as well as by might of arms, Cyaxares did his best to found, as well as create, a great empire. But after the maker of a new empire there should come a consolidator, and the son and successor of Cyaxares showed no special capacity for government. He had no urgent motive to engage in war. The dynastic alliances made by his father had given him for brothers-in-law his neighbours in the only two powerful kingdoms which lay upon his frontiers. Was not one of his sisters Queen of Babylon, and another Queen of Lydia? And with the king of Babylonia, at least, he was on terms of stable friendship. So Astyages gave himself up to luxury and indolence. Luxury, imported from conquered Assyria, sapped the energy of the Median chiefs; and the army, while preserving its organization, lost its experience in actual warfare. The veterans of Cyaxares died out, and the new levies were untried in the field. Neither did Astayges exert himself to consolidate the various parts of his empire. The semi-chaotic state in which it was left by Cyaxares continued, while the efficiency of the army diminished, and the energy of the court was impaired by luxury.

Another turn of the wheel of fortune came. The Median monarchy was supplanted by the Persian. Under Cyaxares and his successor the sister nation of the Persians was a vassal-state of the Medes. And, as usual in the East, the son of the king of the vassal state was kept, virtually as a hostage, although enjoying royal hospitality, at the Median court. This, at least, was the case with Cyrus, the crown-prince of Persia, during the reign of Astyages. But the young Persian, ambitious and apparently inspired by a religious zeal against the corruptions of the Median court, seeing also the weakness of its military and administrative power, conceived the idea, if not of supplanting the monarchy, at least of establishing his own country, Persia, as an independent kingdom. The young Persian prince chose his time well. The king of the Medes was now advanced in life, and a dynastic change in Babylonia had severed the close alliance which had previously subsisted between the two powers. The son of Nebuchadnezzar, the nephew of the Median king, had been dethroned by a usurper, and no help would come from that quarter. Escaping from the Median court, Cyrus raised the standard of revolt. Astyages, old as he was, put himself at the head of his army, and a succession of battles took place, with varied result, in one of which

the King of Persia, Cyrus's father, was slain. At length Cyrus succeeded in putting the Median army to the rout, and he followed up his success so rapidly as not to allow his adversary to recover from the blow. In Media, unlike Babylonia and Assyria, there were no strongly fortified cities, in which an army, defeated in the field, could still cope with the assailing foe. Cyrus became monarch of Media, as well as of Persia: and the Medes and Persians were so nearly akin that the revolution hardly bore the character of a conquest,—it was accepted as readily as if it were simply a change of dynasty. Medes and Persians alike were employed in the service of the State by the new king; no difference was made between the conquerors and the conquered; the Median chiefs shared in the favours of the Crown, and the people continued their pursuits as usual, paying no more taxes than before. Armenia and the other vassal States of the Median crown continued in their allegiance and paid their tribute to the new king just as they had done to his predecessors on the throne. And so the short-lived kingdom of the Medes came to an end, and the monarchy of the Persians began. The only difference made by the successful revolution of Cyrus was to weld together the Median and Persian peoples—to make them one united and henceforth indissoluble nation, and also to place at the head of affairs a prince who was at once a statesman and a soldier, and who was inspired by a spirit of conquest which quickly made great changes in the political condition of south-western Asia.

The revived Babylonian empire—whose knell was rung when Cyrus mounted the Medo-Persian throne—was almost as short-lived as the Median empire had been. But in the latter half of its brief duration, its career was as brilliant as that of Media under Astyages had been inglorious. Nabopolassar, the founder of the new or second empire of Babylonia, had, as an active ally, shared in the glories of the Medes under Cyaxares; and when he was gathered to his fathers, Babylon found in his son, the great Nebuchadnezzar, the most illustrious monarch that had ever occupied her throne. He even surpassed in achievements and magnificence the mightiest monarchs of the illustrious Sargonid dynasty of Assyria. His genius shone forth alike at home and abroad. Again and again he marched his armies up the right bank of the Euphrates (which river was the frontier of the Median kingdom), subduing all the upper part of the valley which lay to the west of that river, and advancing victoriously into Syria, subjugating Judea and Damascus as well as the more important coast-region of Phœnicia, overthrowing the armies of Egypt, and extending his suzerainty even to the distant banks of the Nile. At the same time he added greatly to

the magnificence of Babylon and to the prosperity of his people. Bringing back with him from his military expeditions droves of captives, he employed them in the erection of grand palaces and fortifications for his capital, and also in the construction of irrigating canals, which widened the cultivable area of Babylonia. Greatest among these latter works was the 'royal river,' a broad and deep canal connecting the Euphrates with the Tigris. He built the great wall of Babylon, and the Hanging Gardens—two of the seven wonders of the ancient world. He dug a vast reservoir for irrigation near Sipparah, 140 miles in circumference and 180 feet deep. He built quays and breakwaters along the shores of the Persian Gulf, and founded a city on its shores. Although stricken by a strange disease, a madness during which he fancied himself a beast of the field, yet health and prosperity returned to him, and the closing years of his reign were as glorious as the first.

The heir to his throne, the son of the Median Princess for whom he built the celebrated Hanging Gardens, was a weak prince, and hardly had he mounted the throne than he was deposed by Nabonadius, a man not of the blood-royal. The new king, aware that his usurpation had broken the alliance previously subsisting between Media and Babylonia, seems to have fully appreciated the position of affairs, and began to surround his capital by new and formidable works of defence. Doubtless he beheld with satisfaction the revolt of Cyrus, and the overthrow of the Median dynasty which had been so closely related to the Babylonian line which he himself had supplanted. But he quickly found that the change only increased the peril of his own position. Cyrus, burning to extend alike his empire and his religion, naturally first directed his ambition against Babylonia. The Babylonian army was scattered to the winds by the onset of the Persians; Nabonadius retired into one of his fortified cities, leaving Babylon to be defended by his son, the luxurious Belshazzar. Probably King Nabonadius regarded his capital as inexpugnable, and thought it good strategy to lie as it were on the flank of the invaders, and harass their operations. Cyrus, however, at once directed his forces against him, and captured Borsippa, where he had taken shelter, showing remarkable generosity in his treatment of his royal captive. Babylon, on the other hand, set all his efforts at defiance. That great city—by far the strongest of its day, and apparently the most strongly fortified city in the whole ancient world—laughed to scorn the attacks of the Persians, and, amply supplied with food, beheld with contemptuous indifference the prolonged leaguer to which it was subjected. Despairing of capturing the city either by assault or by blockade, Cyrus resolved to have

recourse to a novel but perilous stratagem. Unknown to the besieged, and by tedious labour, he cut a deep and broad canal at a point several miles above the city, into which the Euphrates was to be diverted from its course, so that his troops might enter Babylon by the channel of the river, which flowed through the city. This engineering feat—and it was no small one—was successfully accomplished. The canal was completed, and the means of obstructing the great river and diverting it into the new channel were ready. But this, after all, was nothing. Unless he could take the Babylonians by surprise, the attempt to enter the city by the bed of the river could only result in a bloody repulse, or in the destruction of his army. The Euphrates, as it flowed through the city, was shut in on either side by a lofty embankment or quays, and the only access from the river to the city was at certain points, by flights of steps, each guarded by a strong gate. If those gates were shut, success was hopeless; and the attacking force, in the bed of the river, would be easily overwhelmed by the missiles showered down upon them by the Babylonian troops from the quays on either side. But fortune was propitious; and the terrible doom so long denounced against Babylon by the seers of Israel at length overtook her:—

‘When all was prepared, Cyrus determined to wait for the arrival of a certain festival, during which the whole population were wont to engage in drinking and revelling, and then silently in the dead of night to turn the water of the river and make his attack. All fell out as he hoped and wished. The festival was even held with greater pomp and splendour than usual; for Belshazzar, with the natural insolence of youth, to mark his contempt for the besieging army, abandoned himself wholly to the delights of the season, and himself entertained a thousand lords in his palace. Elsewhere the rest of the population was occupied in feasting and dancing. Drunken riot and mad excitement held possession of the town; the siege was forgotten; ordinary precautions were neglected. Following the example of their king, the Babylonians gave themselves up for the night to orgies in which religious frenzy and drunken excitement formed a strange and revolting medley.

‘Meanwhile, outside the city, in silence and darkness, the Persians watched at the two points where the Euphrates entered and left the walls. Anxiously they noted the gradual sinking of the water in the river-bed; still more anxiously they watched to see if those within the walls would observe the suspicious circumstance and sound an alarm through the town. Should such an alarm be given, all their labours would be lost. . . . But as they watched, no sounds of alarm reached them—only a confused noise of revel and riot, which showed that the unhappy townsmen were quite unconscious of the approach of danger.

‘At last shadowy forms began to emerge from the obscurity of the deep river-bed, and on the landing-places opposite the river gates

scattered clusters of men grew into solid columns,—the undefended gateways were seized,—a war-shout was raised,—the alarm was taken and spread,—and swift runners started off to “show the King of Babylon that his city was taken at one end.” In the darkness and confusion of the night a terrible massacre ensued. The drunken revellers could make no resistance. The king, paralysed with fear at the awful handwriting on the wall, which too late had warned him of his peril, could do nothing even to check the progress of the assailants, who carried all before them everywhere. Bursting into the palace, a band of Persians made their way to the presence of the monarch, and slew him on the scene of his impious revelry. Other bands carried fire and sword through the town. When morning came, Cyrus found himself undisputed master of the city.<sup>1</sup>

It was mainly by the effects of disunion that the two grand sister-kingdoms of the Valley fell. They were the greatest military powers of their time. The martial temperament and belligerent spirit were more strongly developed in them than in any of the contemporary civilized States of the world. Their armies were well organized, constantly practised in wars, and were well furnished with all the appliances of military skill and power, alike for operations in the field and for the siege of fortified cities. Their forces consisted of war-chariots, of cavalry, and of infantry both light and heavy armed. Their cavalry used both the sword and the lance, especially the latter; their heavy infantry were armed with the spear, while their light infantry consisted of archers and also of slingers. In siege operations, they employed the battering-ram, mining, and scaling-ladders; and they knew how to protect their working-parties from the slingers and bowmen on the walls by means of a covering apparatus similar in kind, though not equal in efficiency, to the *testudo* of the Romans. The Assyrians especially were a remarkably martial people, brawny and muscular, as well as proud and daring. And although we hear a great deal of the luxurious habits alike of the Assyrians and Babylonians, it would be a mistake to suppose that such luxury ever directly affected the mass of the people. It was necessarily confined to the court and the wealthy classes, which constituted a very small part of the population. Nor do we find, as a matter of fact, that this luxury had any appreciable effect in enervating either the monarchs or the chiefs. In Assyria, the usual relaxation of the kings, in times of peace, was in the hardy and perilous pursuits of the chase. The Babylonians were a less physically powerful race than the Assyrians—sparer in form, and in the main of a less lordly type. They were also more given to the pacific pursuits of trade and manufacture. They were ‘towns-

<sup>1</sup> Rawlinson, vol. iii. pp. 516-18.



people' in a much greater degree than the Assyrians, and did not show in an equal degree the passion for foreign conquest which inspired their neighbours of Nineveh. But they had all the 'pluck' which so generally characterizes towns-people, and which often proves an equivalent for the stronger physique of a rural population. They were constantly getting up revolts and *émeutes*,—rebellions and fighting to the last. Even after the conquest of Babylon by Cyrus, their love of revolt did not forsake them, and was the main cause which at length brought total ruin and devastation upon their city. In truth, in reading the history of the Babylonians, we have been struck with the points of resemblance between them and the Parisians of modern times. The same mental activity, the same quickness, restlessness, fickleness, and the same pluck and aptitude for fighting. For the sake of illustration, we might parallel the points of difference between the Babylonians and Assyrians by those at present existing between the French and the British. In solid power and physical strength, and in the graver spirit which pervaded alike their religion and their society, the Assyrians may be likened to the British; while in their indomitable vivacity and pugnacity, their mental quickness and fickleness, the gayer spirit of their religious festivals, and the more lax and licentious form of their society, the Babylonians may be likened (we do not say to the French nation, but) to the Parisians.

In material resources, and doubtless also in population, the kingdoms of the Valley were superior to the sister states of Media and Persia which overthrew them. Even under the Persian monarchy, when the resources of Media and Persia had been fully developed, Mesopotamia paid more tribute than Media and Persia together. The Valley, under its old system of irrigation, was as remarkable for fertility as the region east of the Zagros was the reverse. And, in addition to this means of supporting population, the trade and export-manufactures of Babylonia had the same effect in increasing the material resources of the Valley as if its area of cultivation had been larger than it was. Moreover, the kingdoms of the Valley possessed at least two great cities powerfully fortified, and which proved more than a match for all the military power which was brought against them. It was disunion which laid the Valley prostrate at the feet of its Arian invaders. Unquestionably this disunion proved peculiarly fatal owing to the fact that weak kings ruled in the valley contemporaneously with Median and Persian monarchs of remarkable energy and ability. Had any one of his Sargonid predecessors been on the throne of Nineveh instead of Saracus when Cyaxares invaded the valley, the issue might have been different. And the same may be said of Babylon if Nebu-

chadnezzar had been the contemporary of Cyrus. But even as it was, disunion, we repeat, was the great cause of the downfall of the kingdoms of the Valley. When Cyaxares made his last attack upon Assyria, he had the whole forces of Babylonia on his side; nay more, owing to the treachery of Nabopolassar, even a considerable part of the Assyrian army co-operated in the downfall of Nineveh. Yet, in spite of this rebellion of Babylonia, and this defection of a portion of his army, the Assyrian king, feeble though he was compared to his great predecessors, for two years bade defiance to the allied force which besieged his capital. And but for the exceptionally great overflow of the Tigris, which tore down the defences of the city, it is not improbable that the Assyrians in Nineveh might have kept their assailants at bay until dissensions broke out among the allied princes of the beleaguering army. The fall of Babylon was produced by nearly similar circumstances. Nineveh had been destroyed; the Assyrian army, the mainstay of the Valley, had been broken up; the upper half of the Valley was now part of the Persian kingdom, and levies from Assyria, and from the old provinces of Assyria, doubtless formed part of the army of Cyrus. Babylonia had to maintain the fight alone. Yet, even under these adverse circumstances, the strength of her capital was sufficient to have foiled the assaults of the Persians. Babylon was still more strongly fortified, and more capable of standing a blockade than Nineveh was. Her walls, of immense height and solidity, enclosed a district of about twelve miles square, containing a large cultivated area, the produce of which was of itself, it is said, sufficient to provide food for the inhabitants; and, moreover, the city had been amply provisioned by the foresight of the king. It was the extraordinary over-confidence of its defenders which alone allowed Cyrus at length to capture the city. Babylon, like Nineveh, fell by the treachery (if we may so speak) of the great river on which it stood. In both cases the waters of the valley turned against the kingdoms thereof, and were the immediate cause of their fall. The Tigris surged up from its bed in unusual overflow and sapped the walls of Nineveh; the Euphrates was turned from its channel, and opened a path for the Persians into Babylon. Nineveh and Babylon each helped to produce the downfall of the other; their disunion proved fatal to both, and to the independence of the Valley. In like manner—to state the fact fancifully—the rivers whose defection or rebellion played so important a part in the downfall of the two capitals, and of the ancient monarchies established on their banks, soon shared in the disasters which they had inflicted. Their courses became untended; the irrigating canals were allowed to choke up; unhealthy morasses

began to cover the once fertile districts at their mouth ; and instead of continuing to be, like the Nile, the parents of the grandeur of the valley, they beheld the famous region which they had so long fertilized sink into barrenness, and their subject streams became a means of transport for the armies of a succession of foreign conquerors.

Let us now see something of the extent and appearance of the ruined cities of the valley. And let us begin with those of Assyria, which were the last to arise and the first to perish. The earliest capital of Assyria was Asshur, on the west bank of the Tigris, where extensive ruins still exist. Long lines of low mounds mark the position of the old walls, forming a quadrangle ; and within their circuit the chief object is a square mound or platform, two and a half miles in circumference, and rising to the height of a hundred feet above the level of the plain. The summit of the platform is covered with crumbling walls and heaps of rubbish, the remains of the palaces which had stood there ; and at one end of the platform the ruins rise in the form of a high cone or pyramid, perhaps marking the site of a temple. But as the Assyrians grew in power, they transferred their capital some fifty miles farther up the valley, and to the other side of the Tigris. They chose as the head-quarters of their power the angle of country formed by the confluent streams of the Tigris and the Greater Zab ; and the western half of which angular district (namely, that abutting on the Tigris), is further protected by several lesser streams which flow between the Zab and the Tigris, whose channels offered subsidiary lines of defence, and whose waters could be employed to fill moats and canals. Here, in the western portion of the interfluvial triangle, they founded a series of royal cities. First, Calah, now called Nimrud, was the new capital, situated at the southern apex of the district, on the banks of the Tigris, and almost at the point of confluence of that river and the Zab. Next, Ninua (Nineveh), becomes the chief city, likewise situated on the Tigris, about eighteen miles above Calah. Keremles, though never the capital, becomes a third great city of this royal district, situated about twelve miles from Calah, and nearly as much from Ninua. And lastly, Khorsabad, the royal city of Sargon, is built, about ten miles north-by-east of Ninua, and about seventeen north-by-west of Keremles. All of these four cities were adorned with palaces, where the kings resided ; two of them, Calah and Ninua, were recognised as capitals, and Khorsabad was doubtless, *de facto*, the capital during the reign of its royal founder.

Thus far we have been travelling on sure ground. But now a question arises which has given birth to a keen controversy.

Of the great ruins of cities existing within this narrow district, which are those of Nineveh? Since the recent explorations commenced, some authorities have said that the true position of ancient Nineveh was at Nimrud (Calah); M. Botta declares it was at Khorsabad; Professor Rawlinson denies that it was anywhere but at Ninua, opposite Mosul; while Mr. Layard and others hold that ancient Nineveh included all of those cities, and also Keremles.

Local tradition and ancient writers unite in placing Nineveh on the tract opposite Mosul. Nearly all of them state that it was built on the banks of the Tigris, but Strabo says merely that it was situated in the middle of Aturia, the angular district enclosed by the Zab and the Tigris. Immediately opposite Mosul, on the east bank of the Tigris, are some huge mounds of ruins, one of which is still called by the Arabs, Nebbi Yunus, or the 'Tomb of Jonah;' here also are the remains of great palaces, including that of Sennacherib; and, if we understand Mr. Rawlinson aright, the name 'Ninua' is found stamped on the bricks. Here then, despite the claims of Nimrud and Khorsabad, we should unhesitatingly place the site of ancient Nineveh, were it not for the disparity between the size of the ruined city opposite Mosul and that universally ascribed to ancient Nineveh. The ruins opposite Mosul show a city barely three miles long, with an average breadth of one mile; which is a mere fraction of the magnitude ascribed to Nineveh by ancient writers. It is undoubted that the walls of Babylon were more than forty miles in circumference, and a still greater extent was ascribed to the Assyrian capital. Diodorus (probably following Ctesias, who visited Mesopotamia while Babylon was still standing) says that the city of Nineveh formed an oblong, about eighteen miles long by twelve miles in breadth. And the writer of the book of Jonah, who lived while Nineveh was at the height of its greatness, says that it was 'an exceeding great city, of three days' journey,' *i.e.*, sixty miles. Now, if this 'three days' journey' be meant to apply to the circuit of the city, which is the most probable meaning, then the circumference ascribed to the city by Diodorus, and by the Book of Jonah, is the same. On the other hand, the 'Nineveh' of Mr. Rawlinson has a circuit of only eight miles: it is only big enough to be a corner of the ancient Nineveh. Mr. Layard adopted the theory that the ruins of Koyunjik (Ninua), Khorsabad, Nimrud, and Keremles were integral parts of the ancient Nineveh—citadels, and royal quarters, forming the angles of the oblong described by Diodorus. Professor Rawlinson scouts this idea, and points out two objections to it: firstly, that no trace of a wall surrounding this vast space is discernible; and secondly, that the four

cities, so far as is known, were fortified equally on all sides, which would not have been the case had two sides fronted the inside of the town. Ninua, he especially points out, had her most elaborate defences on her south-east front, which, if the four cities had been joined by a wall, would necessarily have been free from attack until the assailants had got into the capital. It seems sufficiently certain that the four cities were not enclosed by a fortified wall; but to our mind this does not settle the question. It is a good argument against the theory as maintained by Mr. Layard, but it does not touch the theory in the form which we are inclined to support.

It is unquestionable that the four cities, or 'royal quarters,' of Ninua, Khorsabad, Calah, and Keremles, occupy the angles of such an oblong as Diodorus describes, *i.e.*, of which the longer sides were eighteen miles, and the shorter sides twelve miles, giving a circumference of sixty miles, exactly as the Book of Jonah does. Diodorus and the author of the Book of Jonah are as mutually independent authorities as can be imagined; neither borrowed from the other, neither did they acquire their knowledge or information from the same source. Their testimony also is express, and identical; and there is no statement of any other ancient writer which contradicts it. In such circumstances it is absurd to maintain that ancient Nineveh is represented by the small circuit of ruins opposite Mosul. Instead of having a circumference of sixty miles, and consequently an area of more than two hundred square miles, these ruins are only eight miles in circumference and three square miles in area. Mark off such an area upon the map of London, and see how small it is. A line drawn westwards from King's-Cross to where the Marylebone Road joins the Edgware Road; thence south by the Marble Arch and Park Lane to Piccadilly; then eastward through the Green Park, along Pall Mall, the Strand, and Fleet Street; then northward up Farringdon Street, Holborn, and Gray's Inn Lane, to King's-Cross: this is the whole area which Professor Rawlinson assigns to 'an exceeding great city, three day's journey,' according to the Book of Jonah, and which Diodorus, in like manner, affirms to have been sixty miles in circumference. Moreover, in Eastern cities, population is much more sparse than in ours. In populous Oriental towns, the average of inhabitants is less than 100 to an acre, which estimate would give to Mr. Rawlinson's Nineveh only 170,000 inhabitants; whereas the Book of Jonah states that the young children in the city—'persons not able to distinguish their right hand from their left,'—amounted to 120,000, indicating a total population of at least 600,000.

The difficulties of the question may be narrowed to these.

Against Mr. Layard's theory it is to be noted that, so far as our present knowledge goes, the proofs negative the supposition that Nimrud, Keremles, Khorsabad, and Koyunjik ever formed integral parts of one fortified city. And as regards Professor Rawlinson's theory, we hold it to be impossible that a walled circuit, containing an area of only three square miles, can be accepted as the representative of the Nineveh which was sixty miles in circumference. What, then, is to be said? The most probable solution of the difficulty appears to us to be this: that the 'Nineveh' of Diodorus and the Book of Jonah applies not to any single walled town, but to the cluster of cities which in succession, and in part simultaneously, were the capitals or royal seats of Assyria. These four cities stood close together; and there is reason to believe that the intervening space was occupied by lesser towns and villages, some of them (like the ruins at Salemiyeh), of considerable size. In such conditions, it is quite conceivable that to strangers<sup>1</sup> the name of 'Nineveh' should be applied to this metropolitan district—to this cluster of royal cities which rose like separate citadels, protecting and forming the angles of the great oblong within which lay a number of villages or buildings spreading along the main roads. For an illustration, though not a very perfect one, let us take the case of London. Hammersmith and Kensington, Highgate and Brixton, are, or at least were, separate towns, and yet are parts of London; and if they had been built in times of war and spoliation, doubtless each of them would have been surrounded by a wall, just as 'the City' was. And had these walls been maintained, what would be the aspect of London? It would be a cluster of walled towns, with intervening spaces partially occupied by houses, and also by the parks and residences of the princes and nobility. In like manner, the oblong space included and protected by the royal cities of Assyria was doubtless occupied to a considerable extent by buildings, and by the 'paradises' or great parks of the Kings and the leading nobles. A stranger would certainly say that London was twelve miles long and nine broad, extending from Hammersmith to Blackwall, and from Highgate to Brixton: and this is a perfectly correct description; nevertheless, when Macaulay's New Zealander comes and searches our records, he will find that we always speak of Hammersmith, Highgate, Brixton, etc., as if they were distinct places. Hence, Professor Rawlinson's argument that the four royal cities could never have been included as parts of 'Nineveh,' because each has a name of

<sup>1</sup> As the Greek writers regard Ninus as the founder of the Assyrian empire, 'Nineveh' to them would mean simply the capital of the kingdom founded by Ninus. The name would be used somewhat in a generic sense.

its own, is worthless. Certain we are that his attempt to represent the ruins opposite Mosul as the city described by Diodorus and the Book of Jonah, will have to be abandoned; and, although our own view is not free from obvious objections, still, it seems to us the best, indeed the only feasible one, which in the present state of the inquiry can be formed.

The defences of these royal cities were of the most formidable description; consisting of vast castellated walls, protected by broad and deep moats, and also covered on the points most open to attack by outlying works of defence. This at least was the case of the city now represented by the mounds of Koyunjik and Nebbi Yunus, Professor Rawlinson's 'Nineveh,' which unquestionably was the chief city of the group. Xenophon, who beheld it in ruins, reckoned that the walls were 150 feet high; and Mr. Layard states that it is evident from the state of the ruins at the present day that the walls were 100 feet high, the height which Diodorus ascribes to those of the Assyrian capital. Their breadth, according to the estimate of Xenophon, was 50 feet, and judging from the existing ruins, it could not have been less. At the gates the breadth seems to have been upwards of 100 feet. The only gateway fully excavated shows a breadth of about 120 feet,—the outer gate being apparently protected by two inner gates, between each of which there were on either side large chambers in the wall, *places d'armes*, in which a body of soldiers could be posted. These gateways were not open spaces reaching to the top of the wall, but were arched over; and above them, rising above the summit of the wall, were lofty towers from whence missiles could be hurled against the attacking force. Other towers, probably of lesser size, were erected at intervals along the whole circuit of the defences. These immense walls were constructed of sun-dried bricks, faced externally with stone blocks to the height of fifty feet. In truth, they would constitute as formidable a defence, even against artillery, as any that are to be found at the present day. The mud walls of Bhurt pore and Mooltan for long defied alike our artillery and our mining operations; yet, if we mistake not, the breadth of these walls was not one-third of those of Nineveh, and their height was equally inferior. On the side of the Tigris, the walls were unassailable; on the narrow southern front, the city was protected by a deep ravine and water-course; and on the two other fronts, which may be roughly called the eastern and the northern, the walls were covered along the whole extent by a broad moat or canal. The stream of the Khosr, which flowed against the middle front of the eastern wall, and which now, following its natural course, runs through the middle of the city to the Tigris, was obstructed

in its course—was turned to the right and left by artificial means, and made to flow in a broad and deep moat or canal along the base of the whole eastern and northern walls; while, by means of dams or flood-gates at its points of outfall, the inhabitants were able to raise the water in these canals to the full level. In addition to these defences, important outworks were erected on the eastern front of the city, the side most open to attack. Along the upper (northern) half of this front, the curving stream of the Khosr flows like a great wet-ditch about a mile from the walls, and within this space there are the ruins of a large outwork. On the under (or southern) half of this front, where no less than three roads converge upon the city, the outer defences are still stronger,—consisting first of a lunette, formed of two walls with a moat between them, covering the portions of the front through which the three roads pass; and secondly, about half a mile from the city-wall, another outwork of a similar kind, covering the whole eastern front from the bed of the Khosr down to the deep ravine, which protects the city on the south.

These defences, which would be extremely formidable even in the present day, were inexpugnable by any skill or force which the ancient world possessed. Neither the rude Scythian hosts nor the combined forces of the Medes and Babylonians (the latter of which peoples was well skilled in siege operations), made any impression upon the strong defences of Nineveh, which fell at last only before a mighty inundation of the river Tigris. But even when a besieging force had penetrated into the city, it would have encountered other defences of no small strength. The royal palaces were so constructed that they could be turned into citadels. They stood upon vast platforms, built of sun-dried bricks faced on all sides with solid stone, rising from sixty to eighty or more feet above the level of the plain. The platforms rose as high as the front of Charing Cross or Westminster Palace Hotels, and were a hundred times larger in extent. They were built in rectangular oblongs along the side of the river, alike for the purposes of defence and for the cool air from the river, and the wide unobstructed view of the surrounding country which such a position afforded. To give roughly an idea of the extent of the larger of these palace-platforms, we may say: draw a line from the Thames at the Victoria Tower of the Houses of Parliament to the Westminster Palace Hotel, from thence across the Horse-Guards and Trafalgar Square to St. Martin's Church, and thence back to the Thames along the eastern front of the Charing Cross Hotel: and imagine that the whole of this vast area was occupied by a platform rising perpendicularly in one unbroken front to the

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height of seventy or eighty feet. Such were the larger platforms upon which the Assyrian palaces were built. The palaces themselves appear to have been in the main, if not in all cases, one-storeyed buildings. Having obtained the magnificence and convenience of height by means of the platforms, the Assyrian monarchs did not rear their palaces in stages, wisely preferring the luxury of a wide extent of courts and halls and minor apartments all upon the same level. Doubtless, as is usual in Eastern countries, they would frequently repair to the level roof of their palaces, to enjoy more fully the open air and the wide view; which they could do, owing to the height of their palaces above the plain, free from the attacks of the gnats and mosquitoes, to which their subjects were liable in the world below. Such vast platforms were usually the work of two or more sovereigns; each adding to the platform of his predecessors when he wished to erect a new palace for himself. Thus Asshur-i-danipal built a palace for himself on the level of the same platform upon which his grandfather, the mighty Sennacherib, had built his. In fact, during the later and more flourishing period of the Assyrian empire, each monarch built a palace for himself; and Esarhedon built no less than three. The palace never occupied the whole of the summit of the platform,—one-half of the level summit being usually laid out in open paved courts, sometimes with a ziggurat or temple-tower occupying one corner of it. Nevertheless, as may be inferred from the vast size of the platforms, the palaces were of great extent, embracing large halls of state, wide open courts, and a vast number of lesser and chiefly private apartments. All the chief entrances or doorways of the palace were adorned on either side by colossal winged bulls or lions with the head of a man, sculptured in fine limestone; and the chief halls and apartments were lined to the height of nine or ten feet with slabs of the same material, on which were represented in colour the exploits of the king who built the palace, with inscriptions detailing the events of his reign. And above these sculptured and coloured bas-reliefs, the walls were faced with enamelled bricks all the way up to the roof of the halls, which were usually from seventeen to twenty feet in height. Beneath these lofty palatial mounds, lay the common buildings of the city, which, if we may judge from the representation of an Assyrian town on a recovered bas-relief, were dome-shaped in the roof, and lighted not from the sides but from the top, as the palaces also were in the main.

As to the great size of the sister-capital, Babylon, there can be no doubt. The existing mounds of ruins correspond accurately enough with the magnitude ascribed to Babylon by ancient writers. 'If we take the Kasr mound as a centre,' says

Professor Rawlinson, 'and mark about it an area extending five miles in each direction, we shall scarcely find a square mile of the hundred without some indications of ancient buildings upon its surface.' But of the walls of Babylon, which were reckoned among the wonders of the world, no distinct traces have been found. Considering their magnitude, this fact is certainly surprising: probably their disappearance has been caused by some great inundation of the Euphrates, sweeping away the mass of crumbling brick of which the ruins consisted.

During the heyday of Assyria, the defences of Babylon could not have been very strong, for a single campaign appears to have sufficed for the repression of each of the numerous rebellions of the Babylonians. The semi-dependent position of the Babylonian rulers, and the well-grounded jealousy of the Assyrian monarchs, combined to prevent the city from being walled in by formidable defences. It was during the short-lived second monarchy, after the fall of Nineveh, that the great wall was built. It was under Nebuchadnezzar and his successors that Babylon became not only a magnificent but an impregnable capital. Herodotus, an eye-witness, states that the walls were fourteen miles square; and the lowest estimate given by any writer is upwards of ten miles square; so that they must have enclosed an area larger than that of London. Herodotus and Ctesias, our two earliest authorities, and both of whom spoke from personal observation, reckon the height of the walls at the enormous altitude of fully 300 feet; and the width of the walls, according to Herodotus, was upwards of eighty feet. The historians of Alexander the Great, nearly three centuries afterwards, and after the violence of at least three successive conquerors, reckon the height of the walls at about eighty feet, and their width upwards of thirty feet. The wall was made of brick, doubtless crude or sun-dried brick in the main, but faced and strengthened with kiln-dried brick. Along the broad summit a series of low towers, 250 in number, served as guard-rooms for the soldiers, from which they could watch, in comfort and security, the movements of the besieging army. And beneath, along the outer front of the wall, ran a wide and deep moat. Against such a rampart the operations of scaling or mining were alike hopeless.

A clear open space or belt, nearly a quarter of a mile in width, lay within the wall, running all round, upon which no houses were allowed to be built, and which doubtless (like the *pomærium* of the Romans) was reserved for cultivation. The area of the city was laid out in quadrangular blocks. The wall, on each of its fronts, was pierced by twenty-five gates, and from these, straight streets or roads ran across the city, cutting it

into squares. The bed of the Euphrates, which ran through the city, dividing it nearly in half, was lined on either side by quays of solid brick, surmounted by walls which guarded the banks along their whole length. 'In each of these walls were twenty-five gates, corresponding to the number of the streets which gave upon the river, and outside each gate there was a sloped landing-place, by which you could descend to the water's edge if you had occasion to cross the river. Boats were kept ready at the landing-places to convey passengers from side to side.' There was likewise a bridge (about 1000 yards long and 30 feet wide) of somewhat peculiar construction,—consisting of a series of drawbridges resting on stone piers erected in the bed of the river. At night these drawbridges were withdrawn in order that the bridge might not be used in the dark. Diodorus affirms that the sides of the river were also connected by a tunnel, fifteen feet wide and twelve high to the spring of the arched roof. If this tunnel really existed, we need not point to the much shorter Thames tunnel as a proof of the advance which we have made in engineering skill. As regards the general aspect of the city, we are told that the houses were generally lofty, being three or even four storeys high. And they are said to have had vaulted roofs which, owing to the dryness of the climate, were not protected externally with tiling.

The great wall, the bridge, and the tunnel have wholly disappeared, but the vast mounds which still rise above the flat plain attest the magnitude of the public buildings of Babylon. Chief among these are the palaces and the temples. There were three great palaces,—the old palace, the great palace of Nebuchadnezzar, and a smaller one on the right bank of the river. Of the old palace we have no descriptions; it was abandoned for, and eclipsed by, the great palace before the time of Herodotus. Its ruins are supposed to be represented by the mound of Amran, an ill-defined triangle, of which the longest side is 1000 yards and the shortest 700. The bricks found in the mound bear the names and titles of some of the earlier Babylonian kings. The ruins of the palace on the right bank of the river have been washed away by a change in the bed of the stream. Its western front appears to be indicated by a rampart twenty feet high and a mile in length, about 1000 yards from the *old* course of the stream; and at either extremity this rampart turns at a right angle, running down to the river—being traceable towards the north for 400 yards, and towards the south for fifty or sixty. 'It is evident that there was once, before the stream flowed in its present channel, a rectangular enclosure a mile long and 1000 yards broad, opposite to the Amran mound;

and there are indications that within the *enceinte* was at least one important building, which was situated near the south-east angle of the enclosure, on the banks of the old course of the river. The bricks found at this point bear the name of Nerglissar'—who reigned B.C. 559-556. This smaller palace (like the great palace) is said to have been enclosed by a triple wall, the entire circuit measuring thirty stades. The enclosing walls were covered with battle scenes and hunting scenes, vividly represented by means of painted and enamelled bricks. It also contained a number of bronze statues, which the Greeks believed to represent the god Belus, and the sovereigns Ninus and Semiramis, together with their officers.

Local tradition, which so frequently shows itself marvellously faithful, still points correctly to the site of the great palace of Nebuchadnezzar. The mound under which the ruined palace is buried still bears the name of 'El-Kasr,' or the palace. This edifice was the largest of all the buildings of Babylon. It is said to have been situated within a triple enclosure,—the innermost wall, which was eighty feet high, being fully two miles in circumference, and the outermost nearly seven. The outer wall was built of plain baked brick, but the two inner walls were fenced with enamelled bricks, representing hunting scenes, in which were depicted, in greater than life size, a variety of animals, and also some human forms. Among these latter were two—a man transfixing a lion with his spear, and a woman on horseback aiming her javelin at a leopard—which the later Greeks believed to represent the mythic Ninus and Semiramis. The palace, we are told, had three gates, of which two were of brass, and were opened and shut by a machine. The Kasr mound, which marks the site of this great palace, is an oblong square, about 700 yards long by 600 broad, and rises more than seventy feet above the plain. The bricks found in this mound are of the best possible quality, nearly resembling our fire-bricks, and all of them are stamped with the name and titles of Nebuchadnezzar.

The two other large mounds which specially attract attention among the wide ruins of Babylon were evidently temples. These are the Babil mound and the Birs-i-Nimrud. The latter of these, which towers much higher than any other above the level of the plain, appears at first sight to have the best claim to be regarded as the remains of the great temple of Belus. Rising from a platform upwards of 270 feet square, it towers aloft in seven stages to the height of nearly 160 feet. The seven stages represented the seven spheres, in which (according to ancient Chaldean astronomy) moved the seven planets, and each stage was coloured with the peculiar hue ascribed to the planet which it represented. The first stage was black, the

second orange, the third red, the fourth (assigned to the sun) was covered with plates of gold, the fifth was yellow, the sixth was blue, and the seventh (assigned to the moon) was covered with plates of silver. On the summit was a shrine, probably richly ornamented both within and without. The ascent to the shrine was on the shady north-eastern side of the edifice, and 'consisted probably of a broad staircase extending along the whole front of the building.' This, then, one might conjecture, was the famous temple of Belus, renowned in the ancient world. But plainly it was not; for, on mature investigation, it appears to be the remains of the temple of Nebo at Borsippa—a walled town close by Babylon, but not included within its circuit.

The Babil mound appears to mark the true site of the ancient temple of Bel,—which the Persians destroyed, and Alexander intended to restore. It stands within a square enclosure, the sides of which are about 400 yards long. The mound itself is about 200 yards square, and its sides rise precipitously to a height of 130 or 140 feet. The excavations tend to show that the original structure embedded in the mound was a vast platform rising perpendicularly from the plain. The broad summit is flat, and we entertain little doubt that originally there stood upon it the great temple-tower described by Herodotus, and which was violently destroyed by Xerxes, or some later Persian king. We are told that when Alexander resolved to restore this temple, ten thousand men were employed for several weeks in clearing away the rubbish, and laying bare the foundations of the building. Regarding, as we do, the present mound as the true foundations, or basement platform, of the temple, we may infer that the enormous mass of rubbish cleared away by the workmen employed by Alexander was the remains of the *Zig-gurut*, or temple-tower, which Xerxes had destroyed. This tower was the chief feature of the great temple of Belus. It was a solid mass of brickwork built in stages, square being emplaced on square, each diminishing in size as they rose upwards to the summit, on which was placed the shrine of the god. Herodotus states that the basement platform of the temple was rather more than 200 yards square, a description which corresponds with the size and shape of the Babil mound; and that it consisted of eight stages, among which he probably included the basement-platform as one. The temple, according to Strabo, was fully 600 feet high;<sup>1</sup> and the ascent was by an inclined plane or steps, carried round the outside of the building,

<sup>1</sup> Professor Rawlinson refuses to credit this statement, but we see no reason for his incredulity. The Great Pyramid was nearly 500 feet high. Moreover, as the temple at Birs-i-Nimrud rose to a height of 160 feet on a base of 272 feet, the temple of Belus, which was built more perpendicularly,

winding up to the summit, with a resting-place half way up, where persons usually sat a while on their way upwards. The shrine which surmounted the edifice was large and rich. Before it was despoiled by the Persians, it is said to have contained three colossal statues of gold—one of Bel, one of Beltis, and one of Rhea or Ishtar. In front of these statues was a golden table forty feet long and fifteen broad, upon which stood two huge drinking-cups, each thirty talents in weight. Before the image of Beltis two golden lions, and near them two large serpents of silver. The shrine also contained three golden bowls, one for each of the deities, and two enormous censers. In the time of Herodotus, however, the shrine contained no image,—only a golden table, and a large couch covered with a handsome drapery.

In Assyria the Temple was a mere adjunct of the palace; but in Babylonia the temple outstrips in grandeur all other buildings. If not absolutely larger than the palaces, the Babylonian temple was much loftier and more conspicuous, and rivalled if it did not surpass them in richness of ornamentation. The Babylonian palaces appear to have resembled the Assyrian: the only differences being that the Babylonian palace was constructed wholly of burnt brick, while in the Assyrian mere sun-dried bricks were employed to a large extent; and further that in Babylonia the decoration of the walls consisted of brightly coloured representations upon the enamelled brickwork, whereas in Assyria the walls were cased with slabs of sculptured and sometimes coloured alabaster. In Assyria the palatial decorations consisted of bas-reliefs, whereas fresco-painting (if we may so call it) predominated in Babylonia.

We cannot conclude this necessarily incomplete review of Professor Rawlinson's great work without paying a well-deserved tribute of praise to the author. He has produced a model work upon a difficult and most extensive subject. He has with great care and labour collected a vast amount of information,—he has elaborately sifted his materials,—and he has excellently arranged them. He writes with great clearness, and he gives his authority for almost every statement in the work. His judgment also is always sober and solid; and if he errs at all, it is on the safe side. He is careful never to exaggerate, and is almost too prone to minimize the statements of the ancient writers. It were more than human if in so extensive a work he could have satisfied and convinced all his readers; but we cer-

might well have risen to a height of 600 feet on a base of 200 yards. In fact, in the case of a pyramidal building, the height is usually equal to the base. Moreover, Herodotus tells us that the base was a stade in length (606 feet), which is the exact height which Strabo gives for the height.

tainly know of no work of a similar kind which to so great a degree commands the assent of the reader to the statements and opinions of the author.

There is one point in the third volume to which we would invite his consideration or reconsideration. It seems to us a mistake, and, if not a mistake, it at least requires more investigation than Professor Rawlinson seems yet to have bestowed upon it. We refer to the racial character of the Cossæans, who in the time of Cyaxares occupied the Persian desert to the east of the settlements of the Medes. Professor Rawlinson regards them as an Arian people, and hesitatingly follows the opinion of some writers who say that their name is Koh-sians, dwellers in Mount Koh, a spur of the Elburz chain which runs down a short way into the Persian desert. We incline to the opinion that they were a Cushite people,—the most northern remnant of the Cushite or Cossæan population, which in early times occupied Babylonia, and to a later date preserved a distinct or at least recognised nationality in Elam and the southern parts of Persia. The great Nimrod himself was one of this stock—a Cossæan, a son of Cush. One of the eastern gates of Babylon was called to latest times the Kissean gate,—the gate from which issued the road which led to the country of the Cossæans. Now, we believe that the nomad Cossæans, who occupied the Persian desert so late as the time of the Median monarchy, were a branch of this ancient Cushite population, which, favoured by the inhospitable and comparatively inaccessible character of the region which they inhabited, had maintained a separate existence for a longer time than the other and more civilized branches of the same stock, whose territories were at an early period invaded, and their distinctive nationality effaced by the Arians and Samites. These Cossæans of the Persian desert appear to us to have held the same relation to the general Cushite population that the nomads in Arabia bear to the settled and more civilized branches of the same people. Whether this opinion can be substantiated is a point upon which Professor Rawlinson is eminently fitted to decide; and we invite his attention to it in his fourth volume, which is to be devoted to the history and character of the Persian monarchy.

ART. V.—*The Albert N'yanza, Great Basin of the Nile, and Explorations of the Nile Sources.* By SAMUEL WHITE BAKER. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1866.

WE had the pleasure, some little time ago, of calling attention to the brilliant and successful expedition across the continent of Africa.<sup>1</sup> We have now the agreeable task of taking a cursory glance at another magnificent effort of discovery in the same quarter, conducted with similar heroism, and promising great results, not merely geographical, but even commercial,—at one more great adventure, enlivened as few others are by incidents, which, however painful, seem to us to be singularly beautiful and interesting.

In mentioning Captain Speke's arrival at Gondokoro, we said, it will be remembered, that to their inexpressible delight, the first Englishman they met with was their friend Mr. S. W. Baker. Since we wrote as above, the gallant Speke, while still at the zenith of his well-earned fame and popularity, has fallen a victim to an unhappy accident in one of his native fields; Mr. Baker has accomplished his object, and the results of his expedition are before us.

Mr. Baker, like his old friend Captain Speke, was a great sportsman; like Speke again he was something more,—a man of an ambition, and a very noble one. Accustomed to that delight in danger, which seems to become almost a passion with those who have once tasted it; accustomed to wait the charge of the infuriated elephant, trusting only to his steady eye and the goodness of his percussion-caps for his salvation from certain death; accustomed to face, without blenching, the spring of the maddened tiger; accustomed to travel far beyond the haunts of man in pursuit of sport, to endure solitude, fever, fatigue, hunger, and thirst,—he was the very man to undertake a wild and dangerous adventure.

Speke started from Zanzibar in September 1860; in April 1861, six months afterwards, Mr. Baker organized a large and exceedingly costly expedition, and departed from Cairo to meet him, or to act as circumstances might warrant;—if Speke was successful, to return; if he was dead, to ascertain his fate; if he was partially successful, to complete his discoveries. He had seen a great deal of the evils of divided counsels, and so he determined that there should be no one to consult. He furnished the expedition entirely at his own cost, and was amenable to no one for blame should it fail, any more than he would consent to share his credit with another should it succeed. This is the

<sup>1</sup> *North British Review*, November 1863.



place to say that his arrangements seem to have been made in the most admirable manner; he provided everything except honest men,—that, alas! was beyond him; the article is not to be obtained at Khartoum.

We have also to mention another circumstance here, which we beg to do with the most profound respect. Mr. Baker was accompanied by his wife, who nobly and willingly went with him on his weary expedition far beyond the bounds of human knowledge. This lady, we may be allowed to add, although of extreme youth, was possessed of a physical courage greater than that of most men, a clear head, and a quick decided will, which on emergencies crystallized itself rapidly into action. The part which this lady took in the expedition will speak more eloquently in her praise than any poor language of ours.

Perceiving clearly that he should be always at the mercy of his interpreter, he determined to make himself master of the Arabic language. For this purpose he turned aside toward Abyssinia, and spent a whole year in examining the Atbara and the Blue Nile, the two great affluents of the White Nile: which tributaries, though the former is perfectly dry for months, and the latter for part of the year perfectly insignificant, pour such vast volumes into the main stream in June, when it is at a considerable level, that they cause the annual inundation in Lower Egypt. Into this part of his subject we do not intend to follow him; he himself touches but slightly on it. He was exactly a year at this work, and returning to Khartoum in June 1862, he began to prosecute his White Nile scheme.

His difficulties here were very numerous. The Egyptian governor coolly refused him all assistance because the firman he had obtained referred to the *White Nile*, and not to the *White River*, their name for that stream. All parties were bitterly hostile to him, as a spy who would pry into the iniquitous dealings of the White Nile slave-hunters. In spite of incredible difficulties, however, he collected ninety-six followers, of at least dubious character, at Khartoum; making preparations on the largest scale, not only for his own party, but for the relief of the party of Speke, and, putting them into three Nile boats, sailed from Khartoum to Gondokoro, up the White Nile. To the very last he was opposed in every way, and his last act at Khartoum was to have what he calls a 'physical explanation' with the Reis of the Government boat which ran into him at starting. He must have beaten him soundly, for he made him replace the broken oars.

He had taken with him twenty-one donkeys, four camels, and four horses, to obviate the necessity of native porters, so hard to obtain without the assistance of the ivory slave-dealers. He had

made every sort of preparation, almost with his own hands, with regard to pack-saddles and general equipage, so that when he arrived at Gondokoro, after a voyage up the flat reedy part of the White Nile, of about six weeks, he really seemed to be master of the situation, for his animals were all in good order. Here he amused himself a little time waiting for the confirmation of reports, and for the return of ivory parties. He stayed here from February 3d to March 20th; distrusted as a spy, only hearing, whenever they approached the depôt of a trader, the clank of the irons as the slaves were driven out of sight. One of the slave-traders here was a Copt, father of the *American* Consul at Khartoum, and these brigands arrived at Gondokoro with the stars and stripes flying at the mast-head. It is noticeable that there are Consuls at Khartoum for France, Austria, and America; we have also our Petherick in and about these parts. But we were a little puzzled to know what interests Austria has in these regions sufficiently great to make her keep a mission going? The answer is, that they are simply religious, and very greatly to her credit. Her efforts, however, have been without the slightest results,—if we except the martyrdom, by disease, of fifteen or sixteen noble priests.

We have before alluded to Mr. Baker's meeting with Speke and Grant here at Gondokoro. At the first sight of them he had concluded that his expedition was concluded, but after the enthusiastic greetings were over, he found that it was not so. Speke told him all he had done, and also all that he had been forced to leave undone. He had found a noble river, which he thought must undoubtedly be the Great White Nile itself, issuing from the north end of the Victoria N'yanza, pouring over the Ripon falls, which he had explored for fifty miles to the north-west; that he knew this river again after an hiatus of some sixty or sixty-five miles, lower down; that he had traced it past Kamrasi's capital at M'rooli, for fifty miles, as far as the Karuma Falls, but had there been obliged to leave it, in consequence of the tribes being at war with Kamrasi,—this refers to Rionga, the truculent brother of Kamrasi, whom Kamrasi was always begging Speke to exterminate for him; that he knew that after this the Nile went into the Luta N'zigé (Dead Locust lake) and immediately emerged. The verification of the river from the Karuma Falls to the 'Little Lake,' and the examination of that lake, was what remained of the laurels for Baker to gather. Mr. Baker has gathered them, and the 'Little Luta N'zigé' is the 'Little' no more. It is undoubtedly one of the largest bodies of fresh water in the world, and there is every probability that it is the very largest.

Inadequacy of space, combined with a sheer disgust, pre-

vent us from following Mr. Baker in his battle with evil and rascality among the villains of Gondokoro. We have the less hesitation in passing over the disagreeable episode, as this is a book which every one must read, and so the story will come before our readers in a better form than we can give it. Painful and irritating as it is, it is deeply interesting. No wonder that he calls Gondokoro a 'hell upon earth.' It really seems to be so; in the midst of it all, however, the constancy, sense, and courage of Mr. Baker shine out like a star.

To follow the politics which preceded his start would be wearisome, as told in *précis* by us, but is very interesting in the original. Two slave ivory-parties were going south; the one that of Mahommed, commander-in-chief of Debono, the man who had first brought back Speke and Grant from Faloro, Debono's head-quarters (for an account of this man one may consult *Speke's Journal*); the other that of his very villanous friend, but friend still, Koorshid Aga. Now the party of Mahommed, who was his enemy, were Dongolowas, while the party of Koorshid Aga, who was personally friendly to him, were Jalyns and Soodanes. His own men again were Dongolowas, and he was perfectly aware, from private information, that they intended to revolt, and murder him, as soon as they reached Chenooda's Station, in the Latooka country, whose men were also Dongolowas. Again his friend Koorshid Aga's party 'dared' him to follow them; here was a political complication which is almost wearisome to unravel, but it *was* a complication, and here was a statesman to take advantage of it. If we might be allowed a license of catachresis, not much greater than is allowed to the writers in the daily papers, we should say that he determined to launch his bark upon the political complication, with the sole hope that the Soodanes might quarrel with the Dongolowas, and that rogues falling out honest men might get their due. Mahommed, who had just, as we said, escorted Speke from Faloro, was professedly his friend, and said he was prepared to go with him anywhere. This man turned out his bitterest enemy, and on the information he had got from Speke, deserted Mr. Baker, marched off and attacked Kamrasi, doing infinite mischief. Koorshid Aga, on the other hand, was his friend; but *his* commander-in-chief, Ibrahim, and all his men, were so strongly averse to Mr. Baker's expedition, from the fear of his spying out and telling their wicked proceedings, that they threatened to fire on him or his men if he dared to follow them.

In these desperate circumstances he, by threats and persuasions, got together seventeen of the most cowardly and probably the most rascally of the fellows he had previously enlisted at such a great expense, and persuaded them to follow him. He

was perfectly aware that they meant to murder him and desert him (indeed it was only with that intention that they followed him, as he well knew), but he was quite up to the emergency. When Ibrahim, the Arab-Turk, commander-in-chief of that kind-natured pirate, Koorshid Aga, started on his raid, Mr. Baker started also, with the hopeless plan of outmarching him, arriving first at the village of Ellyria, and buying the goodwill of the natives by kindness and copper bracelets, before Ibrahim should have time to poison the native mind against him, and render further progress through the mountain passes utterly impossible with such a small party as his, in the face of an infuriated population.

The scheme was good enough, but it failed. Mr. Baker's baggage, consisting of goods intended for legitimate traffic, was carried by camels and donkeys. Thieves generally, in all countries, travel light; and Ibrahim had but little to carry, and that little was carried by native porters of the Latooka tribe. Mr. Baker's plan was to pay his way like an English gentleman, Ibrahim's to 'lift' cattle from one tribe of natives, and exchange them for slaves or ivory with another. The thief won the race to Ellyria. While the heavy-laden camels of the honest man had been floundering through innumerable nullahs, requiring to be loaded and unloaded at each, the light-footed robber had crept up to them. While Mr. and Mrs. Baker, in advance of their party, had dismounted from their horses, and were talking together under a tree, close to the village, and thinking that the party they heard approaching was their own, they turned and saw that it was not theirs, but the Turks' party, who defiled past them, without salaaming, with an expression of contempt upon their faces.

Everything would have been lost here had it not been for Mrs. Baker; but she was equal to the occasion. The last man of the long cavalcade who passed was Ibrahim himself, who went by without recognition. In another moment he would have been beyond earshot, and advance would have been impossible. Mr. Baker sat there, looking at that beautiful cruel Arab-Turk face, with the wicked dark eyes which would not catch his own, as it went by; but Mr. Baker was in a furious temper, and would not speak to the man (unless in extremely unparliamentary language). Opportunity was slipping away, and Mrs. Baker urged him to speak. He would not, and so she overrid his judgment, and spoke herself; she called to Ibrahim by his name. The ice was broken; and a louder challenge from Mr. Baker brought Ibrahim to their side. They were friends. The lady's voice had brought these two antagonistic spirits into some sort of *rapprochment*, and saved the expedition.

Not that they were very affectionate at first ; Mr. Baker told Ibrahim that if anything happened to him (Baker), he (Ibrahim) was sure to be hung ; Mrs. Baker followed in a milder strain. The result was that a truce was concluded ; the Bakers promising ivory, and Ibrahim promising friendship, but warning them against coming near his men at present. From this moment Ibrahim was Mr. Baker's creature. The influence of the strong mind over the weaker one was, of course, gradual in its growth, but it was sure and steady. In the end, Mr. Baker's ascendancy was almost absolute.

We must pass to the next great difficulty. Mrs. Baker had so far won the heart of Ibrahim by her kindness to his little girl, that he confided to them that their men intended to desert to Chenoodas people, as soon as they came to his station Latomé. Accordingly, when they approached that village, he found that his men were already mixed with those of his enemy Mahommed. The Vakeel tried to persuade him to stay here shooting, but his answer was that he should start next day with Ibrahim. Upon this his men grew mutinous, and betook themselves to the town against his orders.

Again the fate of the expedition hung in the balance. Again it was saved, not, as in the other case, by the courage and wisdom of Mrs. Baker, but by the strong arm of the chief himself. Meanwhile the wildest contention arose between the two parties of traders, and a battle appeared inevitable. By degrees, however, the rogues scolded themselves and one another into silence, without bloodshed, but the night passed before that happy consummation was arrived at.

The men began to get very mutinous that evening. The whole night was spent by the traders in squabbling and fighting. At half-past five in the morning Ibrahim's party beat drum and prepared to start, and Mr. Baker gave the order to rise and follow. Not a man moved ; on repeating the order, a few rose and rested on their guns.

The arch-rebel, Bellaāl, was standing near Mr. Baker, leaning on his gun, and eyeing him with the most determined insolence. Mr. Baker pretended not to notice him, and gave the order the third time. The ill-advised Bellaāl marched straight up to him, and striking his gun on the ground, led the mutiny. 'Not a man,' he declared, 'should go with him ;' and refused to load the camels. Mr. Baker, for reply, struck him one blow on the jaw, so vigorously administered that the wretch's gun went flying into the air, and he himself staggered headlong over and lay insensible. Rushing in among the others single-handed, and seizing some of them by the throat, he brought them one by one to the camels. The Vakeel, who had thought it as well

to be accidentally absent, now appeared, and things went right once more.

They now passed along through a most beautiful country. Trees and jungles alternated with plains, and fine mountains from 3000 to 5000 feet towered around them on all sides. Their party having been reduced to order, Mr. and Mrs. Baker rode swiftly forward together to overtake the party of Ibrahim; and here a very pretty incident occurred, which served to put Mr. Baker on an excellent footing with both Turks and natives. As they approached a village, one of the native porters suddenly threw down his load and ran for his liberty; he would have been inevitably shot had not Mr. Baker, on his swift horse, started in pursuit, keeping between the guns and the fugitive, and running a great risk of the latter turning on him and killing him with the spear he held in his hand. His good nature was not so ill rewarded. The poor fellow threw away his spear, but ran faster; at length, Mr. Baker, closing with him, made signs for him to catch his horse's mane, which in his despair he did, and returned to the party, cowering under Mr. Baker's leg in his terror. The latter claimed the runaway as his property, and would allow the Turks neither to shoot nor to flog him, but, going to Ibrahim, procured his pardon, thus gaining the admiration of the Turks for his gallantry, and the love of the natives for his humanity.

On the arrival of his own party, he found that three men, including Bellaäl, had deserted to Mahommed Her. 'Inshallah,' he exclaimed, 'the vultures shall pick their bones!' These words produced a great effect on the superstitious fears of the hearers at the time, and a still stronger one after their most terrible fulfilment.

They now arrived at Tarrangollé, the chief town of Latooka. These savages are the finest he ever met with in the neighbourhood of the White Nile. They are nearly six feet high, with fine foreheads, handsome bodies, and good features. They are frank, naïve, good-humoured, and polite: an utter contrast to the tribes around them. He ascribes to them a Galla (Abyssinian-Asiatic) origin. One of the most remarkable things about them is their head-dress; their coiffure taking from eight to ten years to bring to perfection. The hair is originally *felted* with fine twine; as the fresh hair grows through this, the process is repeated, until at last a compact substance is formed, an inch and a half thick, trained into the form of a helmet, with a frontlet and crest of copper. This, of course, is never in any way disturbed, and lasts them their lifetime. They ornament it with beads, cowries, ostrich feathers, etc., but have not a vestige of clothing of any kind whatever.

The town of Tarrangollé (120 miles N.E. of Debono's station at Faloro, where Speke met Mahommed) contained about 3000 houses. It was strongly fortified by palisades, with low entrances here and there, which are closed at night with thorn bushes. The main street is broad, but every other one is so narrow as only to admit one cow at a time; these narrow lanes lead to the kraals in various parts of the town in which the cattle, their only wealth, are stored; and in consequence of these narrow approaches are easily defended. The houses are conical, and, as almost universal in Africa, without windows. He noticed on the approach of every town since Latomé, that there had been a vast heap of human remains mixed with fragments of pottery. He now found that these Golgothas had their origin in the extraordinary funereal rites of these people. When a man dies a natural death, they bury him close to the door, and have funereal dances to his memory for some weeks; at the end of this time they dig him up, and having cleaned the bones put them in an earthen jar and carry them out of the town—a good example of the fantastic and now unmeaning ceremonies of savage tribes.

Here he pitched his tent and stayed. The king was extremely friendly, and Mr. Baker won his friendship by handsome presents of beads. Men here, he remarks, have just as many wives as they can afford to keep, as we in England have more or fewer horses according to our wealth. But their domestic affections are very small. They will never fight for their wives and children, while they will stand like lions in defence of their cattle. Before Mr. Baker had been long here, a remarkable proof of this not very creditable fact was given him in a very terrible way. The party of Ibrahim had reconnoitered a village in the hills, with a view to attacking it and carrying the inhabitants into slavery; they however returned and pronounced it too strong. News came a few days afterwards that the party of Mahommed had attacked it, and had utterly destroyed it. It was perfectly true. He had sent against it 110 armed men, and 300 natives, who had burnt it and carried off a great number of slaves. The miscreants were in safe retreat, when their evil genius induced them to listen to a native, who promised to guide them to the cattle-kraals. Now that their precious beasts were threatened, the Latookas, who had quietly submitted to see their wives and children led away to slavery, turned on the aggressors, and with one mad charge routed them, and drove them down the glen. Every rock hid an assailant, lances and stones were showered on them, retreat became flight, until, mistaking their way, they came to a precipice five hundred feet high, over which they were

hurled by the infuriated Latookas to utter destruction. Mahommed Her had not been with the party, and Bellaâl, the arch-deserter from Mr. Baker's party, had, luckily for him, not recovered the effects of the blow he had received, and so remained in camp; but some of the other deserters perished with the party. 'Where,' demanded he solemnly, 'are the men who deserted from me?' They brought him two of his own guns, stained with blood, which they had picked up on the scene of the fight, and trembling with terror, laid them at his feet. Seeing the numbers on the guns, he repeated aloud the names of the dead men who had carried them. 'All dead! Food for the vultures!' he added. After this his influence was unbounded. They all believed that he was the cause of the late disaster, and when casually going through the camp, the men would quietly exclaim, 'My God master,' to which he would answer, 'There is a God.'

While, however, Mr. Baker was gaining influence among the Turks, both of his own party and that of Ibrahim, the whole body of Turks had completely lost prestige among the Latookas in consequence of the disaster which had occurred to Mahommed Her. This was the more unfortunate, as it became absolutely necessary for Ibrahim to leave for Gondokoro with a very large detachment to fetch up ammunition. After his departure, there were but thirty-five men of his party left, and these were cantoned among the natives, utterly at their mercy, and yet treating them with stupid brutality. That it was impossible for such a state of things to continue, Mr. Baker plainly saw, and his suspicions that an attack was meditated, were very soon confirmed by the removal of the women and children from the town. Sending at once for Commoro, the most influential of the two chiefs of the Latookas, he demanded of him his intentions. He stated very fairly the state of exasperation into which the natives had been wrought, and the great difficulty there would be in preventing an attack; in which case there could be little doubt that the innocent party of Baker would be confounded with the ruffians of Ibrahim. At nine o'clock, the deadly stillness of the tropical night was broken by three loud booms from the great war-drum of the Latookas, and the point of war was answered from every quarter of the compass. It was plain that the country was aroused.

But they had to do with a sleepless enemy. The first note of the African drum had scarcely died into stillness, when it was answered by a furious and defiant rattle from that of the Turks. In less than five minutes the two parties had amalgamated under the leadership of Mr. Baker, while Mrs. Baker, to whose share fell the ordering of the magazine, had her hundreds of rounds



of cartridges laid in order, and her boxes of percussion-caps open. The quarters of Mr. Baker were in the very stronghold which the natives had constructed for the defence of their town, and so he was by no means anxious about the result. The natives, however, finding them prepared, did not attack, and after three hours of drumming and counter drumming, Commoro appeared, and all went well,—a judicious threat of Mr. Baker's to burn the town over their heads, if they dared beat their note of war again, operating as a wonderful sedative.

Something approaching to mutual respect or mutual distrust having been thus established, Mr. Baker moved out of the town and entrenched himself on the plains. He made preparations for growing vegetables, as his detention here was likely to be wearisome. He was in fact there for many months,—a detention during which he spent his time in observing the manners of the natives, and in writing down his opinions about them, which are extremely unfavourable. Release and activity came for him on the 2d of May 1863, on which date he started south-west on a visit to a friendly tribe, who had sent him presents, at a place called Obbo.

Crossing the park-like valley of Latooka, they arrived at the first ridge; and having succeeded in getting all their donkeys save one across, they forded the river Kanieti, and after sleeping out in a soaking rain, began the main ascent of the mountains, which was not accomplished without extreme difficulty. At length they found themselves on a plateau about 4000 feet above the ocean, on which stands the highland town of Obbo. The country was beautiful beyond conception. Bold granite peaks, 5000 feet in height, towered on all sides above the wooded valleys, which were narrowed by the advancing spurs of the mountains, each of which had its village perched aloft upon its summit, 1800 feet above the travellers' heads. The air was delicious; beautiful and sweet-scented flowers delighted the eye. Wild plums and custard apples were ready to be gathered and eaten; and grape-vines, with the fruit not as yet ripe, festooned the trees around. The drainage now was to the north-west, directly into the Nile, which was about thirty miles off in that direction.

The natives of Obbo are different from those of Latooka in language and in appearance. They dress their hair in the form of a beaver's tail, instead of the helmet form of the others. Their noses are higher, and they are partially clothed, though still very lightly. They are more courteous also, never asking for presents, and are ruled by a sorcerer, who has a different seraglio at every village, in order that his wives should not quarrel, and boasts of one hundred and sixteen children living.

This curious old man, who seems to have been what is commonly called 'a character,' was very kind to Mr. and Mrs. Baker, and gave them much information about the country. Among other things, he assured them that he could not move south for many months, as it would be impossible to cross a large river, the Asua, directly in their track, before December. Mr. Baker therefore determined to reconnoitre this formidable stream; and leaving Mrs. Baker at Obbo with eight men, he started south with three. Captain Speke, readers of his journey will remember, makes this Asua to rise in Lake Bahr-ingo, on the north-east of the Victoria, and connected with it. This seems to us improbable, as the habit of the river is not that of a lake-fed stream.

Passing through a most beautiful country, parallel with the Madi mountains, whose summits are 8000 feet, and observing the beauty of the orchis, and the vast number of elephants (in the attack on one of which he lost his horse and nearly his life), he came to a fine perennial stream, the Atabbi, a tributary of the Asua. This was so full that the horse had partly to swim it; and here he saw a herd of two hundred elephants, and killed a hartebeest. The next day he arrived at the village of Shoggo, thirty-five miles from Obbo, where he was well received. The chief here confirmed the other accounts as to the state of the Asua; it was a raving torrent, which it was impossible to cross till the rainy season was over. Patience became necessary. However, Faloro, the station of Debono, which he had intended for his head-quarters, was only three days, or fifty miles distant, and so he had made good way. He returned, therefore, to Obbo, and found that the old magician, Katchiba, had taken most excellent care of Mrs. Baker. The relations between Mrs. Baker and this comical old sorcerer, form, as told by Mr. Baker, as fresh, quaint, and pleasant a piece of reading as one can easily find. Having therefore rewarded him, and left two hundredweight of ammunition in his charge, he returned to his dépôt at Latooka, there to wait until the rains, which were perfectly fearful, should have ceased. On his arrival he found that there had been but little or no rain. The greater part of it had as yet fallen among the mountains among which he had been rambling, and where he had, previous to his excursion, seen the thunder-storms bursting and rattling every day.

Affairs began to go rather badly here. Mrs. Baker was attacked with gastric fever. He himself was attacked with the first fit of that dreadful ague which so nearly destroyed them both, and the slave-hunting Turks got the small-pox among them. However, he prevented any of his men inoculating themselves, and, keeping clear from the others, managed to

escape infection. One of his best horses died now ; and this is the place to say, once for all, that he had lost every beast of burden—horse, donkey, or camel—long before his object was accomplished.

At this point it is not uninteresting to know how much he knew and how much he guessed about the great lake which he was to discover, and to some extent explore. The Bari interpreter had told him of a place—Magungo—which was on a great river, which he had concluded must be the Asua (the river to the southward of him which he was waiting to cross). But now, on his cross-examination, as we understand, of Wani, another interpreter, he found that he used the word 'Bahr' (river or sea), instead of 'Birké' (lake). Magungo, he now heard, is situated on a lake so large that no one knows its limits. Two days east and two days west from Magungo no land is visible, whilst to the south its direction is utterly unknown. Large vessels, on which white men have been seen, arrive at Magungo, bringing cowrie shells. It was evident now that the Little Lake of Speke was a much more important lake than had been conceived. He determined to push for Magungo, through the country of Kamrasi, Speke's acquaintance.

Had it not been for the villanous behaviour of his men, he would have been able to push forward with his beasts of burden before the commencement of the rainy season ; but as it was, he was hopelessly detained at Tarrangollé, and the country was very rapidly getting too hot to hold them. The constant and extreme brutality of the traders towards the natives had caused the deepest hatred towards them to arise in the native mind. Yet the various petty tribes, instead of combining against the common enemy and exterminating him, frequently assist him in attacking and plundering a neighbouring tribe,—not only weakening possible allies, but laying themselves open to be destroyed by a righteous confederation of other tribes, as soon as their musket-bearing allies had turned their backs. Thus, on the 30th of May, Commoro, the cleverest of the two chiefs at Tarrangollé, induced Ibrahim to attack a neighbouring fenced village. They were beaten back by the brave negroes, in spite of their muskets, with the loss of one killed, but unfortunately seized about 2000 cattle, to the disgust of Mr. Baker's men, who longed intensely for a little cattle-lifting, from which they were inexorably debarred. Such acts as these rendered the situation of his extremely small party not only very uncomfortable but very precarious.

A small party under Ibrahim had proceeded to Obbo. On the 16th of June part of them returned, bringing orders from the

chief, who had stayed there, to bring up the dépôt into the more peaceful country in the mountains. This was very annoying. The rainy season was at its height, and Mr. Baker had made all snug, and his garden was bearing. Mrs. Baker, too, was exceedingly ill, and quite unfit to move; and everything was against them; but hesitation was impossible, and delay equally so. An attack was expected from the now thoroughly exasperated natives daily, and it was impossible to get on in any way without the companionship of the traders. A palanquin was contrived for Mrs. Baker, into which she was assisted, and they departed. His carrying powers now were reduced to fourteen donkeys, all of which were in a very bad state, with sores on their backs which the birds kept raw, and one horse. He had therefore to hire forty porters. On this occasion they went round the mountain, which had given them such trouble before, to the west, and avoided it altogether. After six days' miserable march in pouring rain, with fearful thunderstorms, they reached Obbo, and found their old friend Katchiba,—'the best man I ever met in Africa.'

Here at Obbo, for the next few months, affairs looked as black with him as they need. The Turks had utterly ruined the country, and went for one of their raids down into the Farajoke country, exactly in his line of march, a proceeding which, as he well knew, would raise a wasps'-nest about his ears. His last horse died, and one by one all his asses, so that he was left without one single beast of burden. Last and worst, both he and his partner were sick with fever nearly to death, so sick that neither could rise to help the other. The miserable tent in which they lay was overrun with rats and white ants, which crawled over their bodies. He made an attempt to poison the rats, but the last nuisance was worse than the first. Add to all this, that their people, with the exception of the noble boy Saat, and the three other faithful ones, most heartily wished them dead. It was a dreadful state of things, such as only those who have been 'down' in a savage country can appreciate. There appears a little looking over the shoulder at this point, as of a bold boy who has gone farther into the dark churchyard than he intended, and would like to go back. There was no wavering of purpose, however, either now or in far more terrible times afterwards, in comparison to which these dull fever months at Obbo must have seemed as a holiday.

The kind and comical old negro, Katchiba, came to see them, and did what he could for them professionally. He was a sorcerer, and he did them an enchantment, and doubtless took

upon himself the credit which was due to the quinine. He plaintively confided to them the ruin which these White Nile traders were working in the country. Our business, however, lies with the scientific, and not with the 'human,' element in this expedition, and we must leave him.

While detained at Obbo, he received some further intelligence, from a woman, about the place Magungo. Two years before, Kamrasi, in whose country the lake is, sent her as a spy among the traders, with orders to tempt them to the country, should their appearance prove favourable, but to return with a report should they seem dangerous.

She arrived at Faloro, the station of Debono, who immediately captured her, and sold her as a slave; and she was again sold to the man who owned her at this time. She had learnt Arabic, and her account of the lake was this: 'Magungo was only four days' hard walking from Faloro (it is about sixty-eight miles), and was halfway between Faloro and Kamrasi's capital,' which is also correct. She described the lake as a white sheet, as far as the eye could reach, and, moreover, asserted that if you put a water-jar on the shore, the water would run up, break it, and carry it away, alluding clearly to high waves.

His plan, so far matured, stood now as follows:—He had already been within ten days' march—about 100 miles—of the lake when at Shoggo, in May; but it would be impossible to march straight for it, as the country he would have to pass was in possession of Debono's people, and the laws of White Nile etiquette prevented Ibrahim from going into it, while to go by himself was impossible. He intended, therefore, to persuade Ibrahim to accompany him south to Kamrasi's country, Unyoro, and there begin a fair and honest traffic for ivory with the king. Could he contrive to bring Kamrasi and Ibrahim together, Koorshid, the robber friend of Khartoum, Ibrahim's master, would become sole trader, according to White Nile laws, to that part of the country. Was the lake a source of the Nile, with a navigable outlet? If so, it was in Kamrasi's dominions; and he could have ivory carried to any depôt on the lake-side which might be agreed on, and transported down the Nile as far as the river proved navigable, then landed and carried to Gondokoro, not more than ninety miles. Now Unyoro, again, was on the 'clothing boundary.' From the Shillook country, in lat. 10°, to Obbo, lat. 4°, none of the natives wear any clothing; but from Unyoro down to Zanzibar they are all clothed. There is very little doubt that a most capital business might be done by taking up ivory, and by means of coasting craft on the lake, introducing Manchester goods into the very heart of Africa. The only drawback would be to get a sufficient number of armed men to

follow you without the inducements of slave-hunting and cattle-stealing.

For months longer Mr. and Mrs. Baker dragged on a miserable existence at Obbo,—worn by fever, their quinine exhausted, and every beast of burden dead ; but their quaint old sorcerer friend Katchiba was as friendly as ever with them, and meanwhile Mr. Baker's influence with the Turks had steadily increased during the nine months he had been in their company, and was now paramount. He had been their surgeon and physician, and had lent and given them nearly everything they asked for, mended their guns, and quietly helped their helplessness, till they exclaimed, 'What shall we do when the Sowar (traveller) leaves the country?' Ibrahim was now completely at his disposal. Mr. Baker was master of the situation. He pointed out to Ibrahim that his expedition had been so far without much success ; that he would cut but a poor figure before his master, Koorshid, when he got back to Gondokoro, with the wretched lot of ivory which he had hitherto succeeded in getting. He guaranteed him 100 cantars (10,000 lbs.) of ivory, if he would push on with him at all hazards, and obtain native porters for him at Shooa ; and would consider Unyoro as his (Mr. Baker's) country, and refrain from outrages on the natives. He prevailed, and Ibrahim yielded, in spite of the opposition of his men. All this was not gained at once, and we have slightly anticipated the course of the narrative. But Mr. Baker had gained the main points before they started, on the 5th January 1864. He left the main part of his effects in dépôt, and Ibrahim left forty-five men. He was still very ill with fever, and took his last and most precious dose of quinine before starting.

Their beasts of burden being all dead, and neither of them being able to walk far, they had got some bullocks. Mr. Baker's bolted into the bush, and was not heard of again ; so he had to walk. Mrs. Baker's kicked and threw her to the ground, hurting her severely. But the polite Ibrahim gave Mrs. Baker another, and Mr. Baker bought a new one, after a weary walk of twenty-six miles. They now passed the Atabbi, and were in new country. In three days they were on the banks of the Asua, the river which had delayed them so long. It was but a slender stream now, and they easily crossed it. The Turks were not in 'good-behaviour' country yet, and so made a raid on a Madi village, not with eminent success, bringing back only a few hundred head of cattle and some slaves, and losing their standard-bearer. They were now at Shooa, which by the laws of rascality belonged to Debono. Ibrahim, acting on a higher law (of rascality), appropriated it and made it a dépôt.

Kamrasi was known here, and the Obbo porters absconded, as soon as they found whither the party were going. A great deal of unpleasant news was gathered hereabouts also. It was discovered that the ex-spy interpreter woman's ex-husband had been killed by Kamrasi, that she was in the interest of Rionga, Kamrasi's bitterest enemy, and would most likely lead them to his country, and render their entering Kamrasi's country an impossibility, as Speke had warned them. An uglier fact was, that Debono's people had obtained information from Speke's people, and, after their desertion of Mr. Baker at Gondokoro, had marched straight to Rionga, made an alliance with him, attacked Kamrasi, and killed three hundred of his people. Kamrasi would naturally think that they had been sent against him by Speke; so now any man claiming to be Speke's friend would meet with a reception much warmer than was to be desired. Some of Ibrahim's men rebelled on the receipt of this intelligence, but Mr. Baker was too strong. He claimed Kamrasi's country as his own, and took command of the expedition, promising 100 cantars of tusks. Ibrahim followed his master. It was solemnly understood that there were to be no felonies committed in Kamrasi's country; and on the 10th of January 1864 they left Shooa.

Passing through a park-like country, they came to the beautiful village of Fatiko, surrounded with high and noble granite cliffs, on the outlines of which the natives were perched 'like swarms of ravens.' Here, for the first time after leaving Gondokoro, they crossed the track of Speke, who came straight from Karuma, while they were deceived into striking the river fifteen miles down. This is the Koki in Gani of Speke. The perching of the natives on the rocks seems to have struck them both. Speke says, 'Knots of naked men, perched like *monkeys* on the rocks, awaited our approach.'

The poor people were extremely friendly, but so troublesome in their ceremonies of introduction, that the travellers pushed on, and descending the hill, got at once into a region of rolling prairies and swamps. Crossing now the Un-y-ame, a perennial stream which enters the Nile in seventy miles, at Signor Miani's farthest point in 1859, they marched two days through the long grass, and at length set it on fire before a north wind, and kept in the tracks of the fire. Mr. Baker suspected that their guide was deceiving them, and leading them too far to the west, toward the island of Rionga, as indeed turned out to be the case. The march grew exceedingly fatiguing, from numerous swamps, but on the fourth day they entered a splendid forest, and gaining an elevation in it, saw a cloud of fog hanging in a distant valley, which betokened the presence of the Victoria

Nile, as we will in future call the noble stream which joins the two lakes.

The next day the river was reached at a point about 150 miles distant from the Victoria Lake of Speke, and sixty from the Luta N'zigé Lake, could Mr. Baker only have known it. The height above the sea was ascertained to be 3806 feet. They were in Rionga's country after all; for one of the first people they saw was Rionga's brother. The natives refused to have anything to do with them, and told them that they might go to Kamrasi if they chose. They now headed up the river towards Karuma Falls of Speke, at which point they were to cross to the south side, and which was about fifteen miles distant. They had a splendid march through an open forest, with the river here about 150 feet wide, spouting and foaming in innumerable cascades, in many places broken with rocky islands, on which there were villages and plantain-groves; and reached the falls at the village of Atada, above the ferry. (A picture of these falls may be found in Speke.) Kamrasi's people approached in a canoe through the roar of the falls, and were told that Speke's brother had arrived, bringing presents for Kamrasi; after some hesitation he was requested to show himself.

Mr. Baker accordingly dressed himself like Captain Speke, and stood, a solitary grey figure, on the summit of a lofty and perpendicular pinnacle of rock, opposite the negroes, who swarmed thickly upon the other side of the river; and when joined by the interpreter, explained that his wife, an English lady, had come also, to thank Kamrasi for his kind treatment of Speke and Grant. A canoe was now sent across, and Mr. and Mrs. Baker approached it alone. The likeness between him and poor Captain Speke was sufficiently great to confirm his claim. They welcomed him at once in a frantic and fantastic dance, pretending to attack and kill him, thrusting their lances close to his face, using, in fact, the same ceremony which M'tesas courtiers used to use towards him, whenever their loyalty rose to the bursting point, and required a vent. Having given each of them a bead necklace, he requested that there should be no delay in his presentation to Kamrasi, as Captain Speke had complained of being kept waiting fifteen days. Of course, they at once heard of the villanous raid which Debono's people had made with the assistance of Rionga, and, moreover, were informed that no stranger was to be ferried over on pain of death; that on the appearance of the party a message had been sent to M'rooli to Kamrasi, which was three days' march, and that until he returned nothing could be done. A long wrangle ensued, Mr. Baker showing some magnificent presents and threatening to depart, the wretched headman assuring him that Kamrasi would cut his



(the headman's) throat if Mr. Baker took his presents away, and would most probably do the same thing if he was to ferry him over. He only begged him to stay where he was, which, as there was nothing to eat, and five days of desert behind, was impossible. To show confidence, Mr. and Mrs. Baker, with only Ibrahim (who went disguised as their servant) and two others, were ferried over with all the presents. But in spite of threats of instant departure, and haughty messages from Mr. Baker, it was many days before Kamrasi, with the recollection of the tender mercies of Debono's villains, could be brought to act; at last cupidity prevailed over cowardice, and the Turks were brought across. This delay was extremely vexatious; it was now January 30th, the rainy season would actually begin the very next month in the high lands of Obbo, and should the Asua flood, they were hopelessly cut off from Gondokoro.

The natives were a wonderful improvement on the naked savages of Latooka and Obbo. They were modest and well clothed; their pottery showed a decided improvement; and above all they were admirable blacksmiths. These people, however, have been described and drawn by Speke and Grant before, and so we will push on to Mr. Baker's great discovery, feeling that we have delayed almost too long over his most charming preliminary narrative. Even if his discovery were of no value, instead of being as it is in the highest degree important, his book would still remain a great book; it is the story of a noble adventure, most excellently told.

That curious, cowardly, avaricious savage, king Kamrasi, behaved in exactly the same manner to Mr. Baker as he did to Speke and Grant. His policy with both parties was to procrastinate, and detain them until he had got everything out of them worth having. His behaviour was that of a thoroughly bad boy, driven from lie to lie, from subterfuge to subterfuge, with an utter carelessness about future results, which must be familiar to most schoolmasters. He got some rather stinging messages; at one time he was told that 'he must be a mere fool;' at another that he was 'dust;' but he was as pachydermatous as any elephant which crashed through his vast forests, or any hippopotamus which rolled in his magnificent lakes and rivers. Since these two expeditions, this fellow has become somewhat of a household character among us. Grant gives us a capital picture of him turning over the leaves of a Bible (Speke, p. 546). One of his oddest vagaries was making his brother personate him. The man with whom Mr. Baker had now so many fierce interviews was not Kamrasi at all; he never saw the real man until the last terrible end, when hope was all but gone. This imitation-Kamrasi made demand after

demand on Mr. Baker, until he made one so rascally that he found the traveller within three feet of him, with his revolver against his heart, and his finger twitching at the trigger ; then, seeing that he was within two seconds of his death, he gave the route, as it was high time to do.

Let us look at the situation of this highly-bred lady and gentleman for one instant, and think of it afterwards. They possessed wealth, youth, health, talent, and hosts of friends. Yet here they were, in the heart of Africa, under the equator, for what ?—to solve a geographical problem. Sick with fever nearly to death ; their last quinine gone months ago ; the last precious reserve of it left by Speke, upon which they had depended so much, wasted by Kamrasi ; with the road homeward still open ; with the dreadful Asua threatening to flood behind them, and detain them for another year in this pestilential country, which meant to them death ; here they lay fever-stricken together. Behind them was everything the world can give ; before them a mere scientific problem, the mere verification of some 200 miles of a river course, and the examination of, as they thought, a second-class lake. Mr. Baker would have turned and given up his darling project for his wife's sake ; but even in the sharpest spasms of the ague-fit, she consistently urged him onwards. They went onwards, and met their reward.

Leaving M'rooli they struck along the Kafoor river, and crossed the head of the swamp which had prevented them from striking south-west, and caused them to go more southerly. 600 yelling natives, the whole of whom ran for their lives when the boy Saat fired off a gun, accompanied them as an escort (among whom, for the first day at least, as they afterwards found, was Kamrasi the king himself, who took the opportunity of seeing them without being seen), plundering the country and making it impossible to obtain anything to eat. They were still ill, and annoyed at the difficulty of getting porters ; things were very bad with them, but were to become still worse. On the fourth day they came to the river Kafoor, which bending south forced them to cross it. This could only be done in a most curious manner. The whole stream was matted over with a carpet of floating weeds, so strong and so thick that it would bear the weight of a man if he ran quickly. The river was about eighty yards.

Mr. Baker started, begging Mrs. Baker to follow him rapidly, keeping exactly in his footsteps. When he was half-way over he turned to see why she was not with him. The poor young lady was standing in one place and sinking through the weeds, her face distorted and purple, and almost as he saw her, she fell headlong down with a *coup de soleil*. In the desper-

sion of the moment he and several of his men seized her, and dragged her across, sinking in the weeds, up to their waists, and just keeping her head above water. She lay perfectly insensible, as though dead, with clenched hands and set teeth; all efforts at restoring animation were utterly useless, and at last she was carried forward on an angarep like a corpse; they had frequently to stop, for the rattle was in her throat, and the end seemed very near. The brutal native guides kept on howling and dancing till Baker got them to leave him in peace, by threatening to fire among them.

Three days' insensibility was followed by seven more of brain-fever and delirium. At the end of that time preparations were made for the worst, which it was believed had actually come. The misery and hopeless despair of that dreadful week would be too painful to dwell upon; but the spark was not actually extinguished, and began to brighten up and to glow larger and larger until the flame of life burnt once more steady. It now became possible to move, and at the close of the sixteenth day from M'rooli, they were at the village of Parkani, 100 miles on a line from M'rooli; and hope began to dawn on them once more, for the object of all these weary two years' wandering was close at hand.

He had noticed the day before that there lay to the north-west on their course, at a great distance, a range of very lofty mountains. He had fancied that the lake was on the other side of this range, but now they told him that it formed the west boundary of the long-sought lake N'zigé, and that if he started early the next morning he might bathe in the lake by noon. Accordingly next day, the 14th of March 1864, starting early, he, first of Europeans, looked on almost the largest body of fresh water in the world. Opposite to him it was about sixty miles broad, but to the south and south-west lay a boundless horizon like the ocean. Immediately on the other side rose a grand range of mountains, some 7000 feet high, and down two rifts in their side there streamed two great waterfalls, visible even at that vast distance, to add their contributions to the fresh-water ocean.

This was the Luta N'zigé, the Lake of the Dead Locusts—the reservoir of the Nile. Its name is almost, to our ear, as romantic as the cloud of doubt which had hung over its existence, even to the very last. It recalls to us words written more than two thousand years before: 'And the Lord sent a strong wind and drove the locusts into the Red Sea.' More than once, perhaps, had such a relief from an intolerable plague taken place, before the awakened mind of the savage gave this singular name to this barrier of water, which even here, in the centre of the con-

tinent, was broad enough to become the tomb of the armies of the destroyer.

The point on which he stood was about 1500 feet above the lake, but the bases of the opposite mountains were below the horizon, the smoke from burning prairies or forests appearing to rise from the bosom of the lake. He most probably, it seems to us, rather under-calculated than over-calculated the breadth of the lake. In our own hazy climate, the Isle of Man, whose highest point, Snaefell, is only 2004 feet, is plainly visible for nearly the whole of its length from the coast of Carnarvonshire, seventy miles. Etna, 11,000 feet, is plainly visible from Malta, a distance of 120 miles, and the extent of the visible horizon at 1500 feet, would be very considerable. We ourselves would trust the *eye* of such an experienced traveller as Captain Baker, to a very great extent in 'judging distance;' to such an extent indeed that we should require actual measurement to upset our faith. Those who have not travelled for great distances in wild countries, have very little idea how this faculty of 'judging distance' comes to the savage, the pioneer and the bushman, from sheer habit and necessity. And again, the calculation of Captain Baker was confirmed by native testimony. The natives told him that it was four days' hard rowing from the other side, and that many canoes had been lost in attempting the passage. After this, we must perforce allow his very moderate claim of sixty miles as the breadth of the lake, and this leads us up to a much more important consideration. Of what size were those tributaries of the new lake which he saw? How far could they compare with the great stream which came in from the Victoria of Speke?

A familiar illustration will hardly go amiss. Most people know Loch Rannoch, and know that the broad white dot, which they see from Kinloch, is Rannoch Lodge, and is eleven miles off. These cataracts which Captain Baker saw could scarcely have looked smaller; but let us say, to be perfectly safe, that they appear one-half smaller than does Rannoch Lodge from Kinloch. If therefore we take the lodge of Rannoch to be forty feet in length, and these cascades to appear half its size at six times its distance, we claim a breadth for these torrents of 120 feet at the very least. If the lodge appeared the same size at 60 miles, it would be 240 feet in length; we only claim one-half, though we might well claim the whole. What kind of river, we ask, is able to pour a sheet of water 120 feet broad through a narrow glen? What other affluents has this lake? Here are the only two which have been seen coming from the westward, and they claim an importance, by the lowest calculation, nearly equal to the river which connects the Victoria N'yanza

with the Albert N'yanza. Allowing for the enormous evaporation of this vast basin of *perfectly fresh* water under the equator, allowing on the other hand for the fact (if fact it is, and no one as yet can assert it) that the Nile, when it leaves the north point of the lake, a few miles from Magungo, is but little larger than the connecting stream, we would ask, is it not perfectly possible that there may be some affluent of the Albert or Luta N'zigé, yet to be discovered, greater than the river of Speke, which we call the Victoria Nile? If there be, it ranks with the great Nile, as the Niagara with the St. Lawrence. The source of the Nile is at the point where that river leaves the Albert lake.

It was with great difficulty that Mrs. Baker, utterly worn out with sickness, could face the painful descent of the cliff below them, which was far too steep and dangerous for cattle. Leaning on her husband's shoulder, however, she accomplished it in two hours; and now they found themselves in a fine meadow, broken by trees and bushes. After a walk of a mile they stood together at last upon the shore. Wild waves were sweeping over the surface and bursting at their feet upon the white shingles. Baker, in his enthusiasm, dashed headlong in, and drank deep of the pure fresh water of that great reservoir, now first seen by civilized man, from which the Nile issues, a giant in his infancy. Whatever may be settled hereafter as to the size of the lake or the importance of the discovery, one thing is perfectly certain. A fresh and indelible picture will be painted on the mind's-eye of every one who reads this most wonderful story:—That of a great expanse of water, unseen before by our race, bounded in part by dim blue mountains, in part by the sky which met the horizon, wild-plunging waves, and in the foreground two solitary figures on the shore,—the one that of a young and weary woman, the other that of a noble-looking man, her worthy consort. Romance in its highest flights can go no further than this. Never were there two stranger pioneers sent forward so far in advance of Western civilisation, to say, by their mere presence, that the irrepressible wave of European energy, checked in the west, was flooding back to the south-east, and that the race which inhabited two little islands, far to the north-west, still held to the creed that their destiny was to civilize the earth. One has many pictures of Western pioneers which one remembers well. Polo at Pekin, Carpini at Caracoram, Merolla in Congo, Chamberlain in Russia, a whole gallery of others, from Ascelin and Battel to M'Clintock and Allen Young, to Sturt, to Wills, and to Speke. We have now one more, as remarkable and as distinct as any in the range of history.

Close to them was the fishing village of Vacovia, round whose huts stood the beautifully-made harpoons, hooks, and lines which were used for taking not only the monstrous fish of 200 lb. weight or more which abound in the lake, but also the hippopotamus and crocodile, which are very numerous. At this place the traveller was delayed eight days for want of the boats which had been ordered for him by Kamrasi. The situation was found to be very unhealthy and feverish, but he managed to explore a little, and collect information about the lake from the headman of the village. The lake is known to extend as far south as Utumbi, to a position almost exactly the same as the Lake Rusisi of Speke. This is in the country of Karagwe, and the King Rumanika (the gentle king of whom Speke speaks so highly) was in the habit of sending ivory hunting-parties to that point, which is close to Mount M'Fumbiro. This gives the lake a length of some 300 miles in a south-western direction. It then turns to the west, and its extent in that direction is unknown. From this it appears that in length it is the second or third body of fresh water in the world, if not, as is perfectly possible, the first. Such at least are its claims at present. It seems strange, now that we have found it, that some one did not assert the necessity of its existence before. Such a vast reservoir is absolutely necessary to force such a great perennial body of water as the Nile to the sea, a distance of 2500 miles, with scarcely a perennial affluent of any permanent importance, if we except the Blue Nile, which is very insignificant in the summer. At the north-east corner, at Magungo, the river which connects it with Speke's Victoria N'yanza, and which passes Kamrasi's and the Karuma Falls, enters the lake. Thirty miles north the Great Nile itself flows out towards the sea.

They now made preparations for their fortnight's voyage on the lake. Two canoes were approved of, one twenty-six and one thirty-two feet, made of single logs. In the smallest of these a cabin was constructed, and on one calm morning they started. The scenery was most beautiful. Sometimes the mountains to the west were quite invisible, and they kept within one hundred yards of the shore. At one time the cliffs would recede, and leave a meadow more or less broad at their base; at another the precipice would stoop down into deep water; a grand mass of gneiss and granite, 1100 feet high, feathered with beautiful evergreens and giant euphorbias; every runnel and rivulet in its clefts fringed with graceful wild date. Hippopotami floated about; and crocodiles, alarmed by the canoe, came quickly out of the bushes into the water; on one occasion he killed one of them with his rifle, and it sank in eight feet of water; but the water was so beautifully

limpid that it could be plainly seen lying at the bottom bleeding. Once they saw an elephant come down to bathe out of the forest. At another time fourteen of those majestic beasts were seen disporting themselves in a sandy bay, throwing jets of water in all directions. At another time they came across a wonderful waterfall, 1000 feet high, made by the river Kaigiri, which rises in the swamp which turned them out of their way on leaving M'rooli. Such were the splendid sights of their voyage.

But it was a very painful and harassing one for all that. Both still very sick, they were packed closely all day in this narrow boat, under a low awning of bullock's hide. The weather too was very miserable. Every day at one o'clock a violent tornado lashed the lake into fury, and rendered it almost impossible for a canoe to live. The second day they were nearly lost from this cause. Caught four miles from land, they had to run before it, nearly swamped every now and then by the heaviness of the swell. They however succeeded in reaching the shore, but the boat was swamped and all the live stock drowned,—even Mrs. Baker's two little birds. At last, after thirteen days, when they had rowed for ninety miles, the lake began to contract, and vast reed-beds to fringe the shore, a mile in width, *growing on floating vegetation*, somewhat similar to that bridge which they were crossing when Mrs. Baker was struck down. One day large masses of this extraordinary formation were broken by a storm and carried away; floating islands of three feet thick, with growing reeds upon them, in every direction about the lake.

Preferring to find a gap in this false shore to the ordinary plan of walking over it, he coasted the floating reeds for a mile, and came to a broad, still channel, bounded with reeds on both sides. This was the *embouchure* of the Victoria Nile,—the channel which connects the Albert with the Victoria N'yanza. Its course may be now said to be 250 miles or thereabouts. It was seen for the first fifty miles of its course from the Ripon Falls to Nyamionjo, by Speke, in August 1862. The next sixty miles want verifying. From twenty miles above Kamrasi's to fifteen miles below the Karuma Falls, a distance of ninety miles, it is tolerably accurately known by Speke and Baker. The next forty miles are described as a succession of cataracts. The last few miles, from the Murchison Falls to the Great New Lake, has been sailed up by Mr. Baker, so that of the guessed 250 miles of the course of the Victoria Nile, only 50 require verifying, and of this part there is no doubt. It would not be worth while to send an expedition merely for that purpose. The object of any

fresh expedition must be to get afloat on this great Albert N'yanza, and examine its affluents. It is possible that one of them may be larger than the Victoria Nile, though on the whole improbable. There can be no great lake to the westward. But is it within the wildest bounds of possibility that Lake Tanganyika can communicate with the Albert? We dare not speculate, but we are, on the whole, inclined to say that it is impossible. We only call attention to the fact, that, as far as we know, the great Albert N'yanza turns westward, nearly in the latitude of Mount M'Fumbiro. Is it not sent westward by a spur from that undoubtedly great mountain? If so, it is a most singular confirmation of Mr. Baker's speculations. Is or is not M'Fumbiro one of the peaks of the equatorial watershed of Africa? If so, to what point would this trend—west and a little north? Where does that lead one? To the Cameroons to begin with, and then on to that great rib of the earth which makes the great promontory of Africa, which thrusts itself into the Atlantic at Cape Verde, and refuses to end even there, but protests against the ocean in the islands of St. Jago and St. Antonio, and once more emerges from the deep at Barbadoes. Curious it would be, if one could persuade the 'Guinea niggers' of Barbadoes that they were still on their native hills, but it looks very like fact.

It does not come within our province to follow Mr. Baker any further. The duty we undertook was that of telling our readers what Mr. Baker had done towards adding to our geographical knowledge. In fulfilling our task it was necessary to dwell very much on the personal element in his narrative, as showing, in justice to himself, the desperate circumstances with which he had to contend. It would be unfair to him to give in *précis* the account of his struggle from Magungo back to Gondokoro—to Khartoum—to Cairo. The scientific interest in his story ends at Magungo, the rest a mere personal adventure; a mere story of hope deferred so long that she gave way to her sister despair; a mere tale of starvation, fever, and misery of every kind. Our object in this article is not to put lazy people so far *au fait* with the story as to be able to talk about it at the dinner table, but rather to induce them to read it. So, having done all we proposed to do about the book, we leave off at this point, assuring our readers that, as far as adventure goes, the latter part of the work is more deeply interesting than the part we have noticed.



- ART. VI.—1. *Report of the Royal Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Nature, Circumstances, and Origin of the Disturbances in Jamaica.* 1866.
2. *An Act to make Provision for the Government of Jamaica.* 1866.
3. *Papers presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty, relating to the Affairs of Jamaica.* 1864.
4. *Further Papers relating to the Affairs of New Zealand, presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty.* 1866.
5. *Report of Select Committee appointed to consider the State of the British Settlements in the Western Coast of Africa—ordered by the House of Commons to be printed.* June 24, 1865.

SERVILE insurrections and proconsular delinquencies not unfrequently reminded the Roman that he was the citizen of a vast Empire. It is perhaps partly due to the simultaneous recurrence at the present day of political visitations of a similar nature, that our Colonial policy now claims and receives from Parliament and the country a measure of consideration which contrasts rather strikingly with the indifference exhibited in more quiet times towards a department of public affairs supposed to be drifting altogether from our cognisance and control. The Secretary of State for the Colonies, who was very recently supposed to enjoy a sinecure, has, for the present at all events, enough employment on his hands.

Passing events in Jamaica and New Zealand, the important political and military questions arising out of the defence and government of British North America, the constitutional dispute in Victoria, the embarrassing aspect of affairs on the Cape frontier, the recombination under one rule of our West African settlements, the peculiar and anomalous position of the Hudson's Bay territories and Vancouver's Island,—these and other topics of almost equal importance have combined to attract an amount of public interest which those who have watched the previous gradual relaxation of our Imperial rule, and the consequent withdrawal of Colonial controversies from the domain of party warfare at home, would perhaps scarcely have anticipated.

Ten years ago the art of governing dependencies, like that of driving stage-coaches, seemed to be gradually losing all practical importance. If now and then a philosophical statesman produced an essay on Colonial policy, it was regarded in very much the same light as the dramatic procession with which the Four-in-hand Club occasionally enliven Hyde Park, as an unpractical display of an obsolete science. The Minister to

whom the Sovereign might intrust in those days the task of constructing a Cabinet, troubled himself very little about the *personnel* of the Colonial Office. 'Half the Colonies,' it was said, 'have demanded and obtained full powers of self-government; leave them to work out the system for themselves; and as to those over which you still retain any practical control, the less you exercise it the better. The more you interfere in their local affairs, the more trouble and expense you will entail on the Imperial Government.'

The degree of importance which was attached to this department of the public service, not only by Parliament and by the press, but by the Executive Government in the period to which we allude, may be measured by the fact that within a single year, commencing in November 1854, and ending in November 1855, the duties of Secretary of State for the Colonies were discharged by no fewer than seven successive Ministers.<sup>1</sup> Why we retained at all a public functionary whom we could afford to shift from his post every six weeks is a question which may have suggested itself to inquiring minds, and in the recorded speeches of one of the most distinguished of these short-lived officials, arguments may be found distinctly pointing to the abolition of Colonies and Colonial Office altogether.

If the problems which have since perplexed and baffled Sir W. Molesworth's successors had been foreseen by that statesman, the anticipation would not probably have altered or materially modified the policy which he consistently advocated; but it must be admitted that our intervening Colonial annals furnish evidence enough to prove that the government of dependencies has not become a study quite so obsolete as enthusiastic Colonial reformers may at one time have anticipated. The sanguine statesmen who triumphantly founded 'Colonial self-government' a quarter of a century ago, and contrasted the system of which they were the sponsors with the monopolies and restrictions it superseded, fancied perhaps that they had solved, once and for ever, all the perplexities of parent States in the administration of their dependencies. Time, however, and experience, have taught us that Colonial constitutions, dashed off in the freest and boldest style by the ready pen of a Secretary of State, and conferring all but independence on our distant provinces, may yet fail to secure two cardinal conditions at least of all good government,—the dignity of the ruler and the loyalty of the subject. It would no doubt be a mistake to ascribe to aristocratic reaction, or to any inherent infirmity in representa-

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Newcastle, Sir G. Grey (with Home Office), Mr. Sidney Herbert, Lord J. Russell, Sir G. Grey again (Lord Palmerston discharging the duties), Sir W. Molesworth, Mr. Labouchere.

tive institutions, the voluntary abdications of popular rights in Colonies, of which the memorials from the province of Auckland and Vancouver's Island, and the more conspicuous political suicide of the Jamaica Legislature, afford very recent illustrations. It is nevertheless a noticeable fact that in an age presumed to be characterized by unbounded and insatiable aspirations for personal independence and civil privilege, communities differing completely in all their social conditions should almost simultaneously cast themselves on the parent State, craving a return to a condition of tutelage and political minority.

In the case of Jamaica, it would scarcely be necessary to cast about for motives of a very recondite nature influencing the handful of electors (being a proportion of about thirty to each representative, and little more than one in two hundred to the whole population of the island) in their formal renunciation of privileges which the traditions of two centuries had failed to invest with any precious associations. The contrast presented by the comparatively prosperous Crown Colonies of Ceylon, Mauritius, Trinidad, and British Guiana, which, yielding the same products, and lying within nearly the same latitudes, had not only survived the ordeals of free labour and free trade, but had attained a high average of agricultural and commercial wealth, was in itself sufficient to raise a doubt in the mind of the bankrupt Jamaica planter as to the material value of his representative institutions. A legislative assembly so absolutely intolerant of all executive control as to claim for all its members collectively the powers and functions of a Ministry of Finance, and at the same time so sublime in its conceptions of freedom as to refuse to accept responsible government on the Canadian model, as a compromise for the political chaos which made Jamaica a byword and reproach among free colonies, could scarcely be expected to survive the shock, whenever the artillery of an enlightened public opinion should be directed against a fabric so frail and indefensible. The Imperial Parliament, by indorsing the verdict by which the Jamaica Legislature had voluntarily terminated its miserable existence, has only echoed the unanimous judgment of all who have watched its gradually increasing imbecility since Lord Melbourne vainly attempted in 1839 to accomplish that which Lord Russell's Government has at last been permitted to attain in 1866. Whether the moral or material benefits we may be able to confer on Jamaica may prove equivalent to the cost of its tenure as a Crown colony, whether the mutual antagonism of the two races, aggravated by recent events, may prove a bar to any expedients for the development of its resources or the elevation of its people, are problems awaiting a solution which time only can afford.

To extreme partisans on both sides the Report of the Jamaica Commissioners will probably be disappointing. For to such its most interesting features will be those most personal and ephemeral. Men will ask, 'Was Mr. Gordon judicially murdered?' 'Was Mr. Eyre his official assassin?' and should these questions be answered in the negative, or (as is possible) not answered at all, the interest of those who may have hoped to extract from the verdict of the Commission the materials for a party triumph will very possibly collapse.

But there are those, nevertheless, in this country, if not in Jamaica, who are sufficiently free from the intemperate sympathy of enthusiasts to be able now to contemplate calmly the irrevocable past; and in the impartial estimate of such persons the case submitted to the Commissioners, and their recorded verdict, raises vital problems of Colonial administration which may be painfully and practically remembered, when the fate of Gordon and the indiscretions of Eyre no longer evoke either pity or indignation.

To the inquirers whose main question is, 'How shall Jamaica henceforward be governed?' the special finding of the Commissioners on the points referred to them will be neither uninteresting nor un instructive.

Without attempting to wade through the evidence of 800 witnesses, examined in some cases more than once in the course of a protracted investigation, continuously conducted for ten weeks, we may be content to await the able and impartial summary of the nett results of this important inquiry about to be provided for us by the Commissioners in their Report, which presents to us substantially the following results. Distinguishing between the events and symptoms of disaffection locally limited to the parish of St. Thomas-in-the-East, and those which extended over the whole island, the Commissioners will probably find, within the former limited area, the existence of a premeditated and planned resistance to authority, the avowed object of which was the death and expulsion of the white inhabitants of the district. This insurrectionary spirit appears to have been stimulated, if not originated, by the Bogles and their allies, aided by the indirect support derived from Gordon's known intimacy with the ringleaders, but without any proved guilty participation on Gordon's part in the acts or intentions of the rebels.

With respect to the island generally at the period to which their inquiries relate, the evidence distinctly negatives the existence of any general conspiracy, or direct sympathy with the objects aimed at by the insurgents in the parish of St. Thomas-in-the-East.

Whatever there may have been of excitement in other districts is ascribable to chronic causes, and principally—

1. To the standing claims of the negroes to the back-lands rent free.
2. To the mistrust of the labouring classes in the tribunals for the administration of justice.
3. To the effect of the so-called 'Underhill' meetings on the black population.

With respect to the means used for the suppression of the insurrection, the punishments were manifestly excessive, either for purposes of retribution or of warning, the floggings barbarous, and the burnings of dwellings wanton and cruel. With respect to martial law, its applicability to the then condition of a colony by whose statutes it is specially recognised, is not disputed; but the extent and duration of its exercise in cases which ought properly to have been remitted to the civil tribunals, will scarcely escape severe comment. It appears that, of 280 individuals executed under martial law, three were condemned on affidavits made in their absence, while in one case fifty lashes and five years' imprisonment were awarded to an offender against whom the only proved charge was that he had been seen on one occasion coming from the direction of Gordon's house.

The insurrection appears to have been practically repressed by the apprehension of Paul Bogle on the 23d October, after which date all prisoners might well have been handed over to the ordinary tribunals.

Having awarded to the various individuals and public bodies implicated in these sad transactions their respective shares in whatever guilt may attach to their indiscretions, the Commissioners will have fulfilled their task.

To point the moral, to elicit from the records of past insurrection the lessons in future administration which they may most profitably convey, is a duty which now devolves on the Imperial Government.

In the meantime, though it would be a serious error to regard the autocracy which recent events in Jamaica have rendered the only alternative for anarchy in the island as symptomatic of a general reaction against Colonial self-government, it is impossible that British statesmen can regard with indifference the increasing weight of obligations—political, military, and financial—which the permanent defence of an insignificant handful of white inhabitants against the possible caprice of a race which outnumbers them in the proportion of thirty to one must inevitably involve.

Whatever may be the blessings, present or prospective, con-

ferred by self-government on those dependencies of Great Britain, where European races hold undisputed control over territories inhabited only by Europeans, the results have been widely different in those mixed communities comprising large coloured populations, incapable of self-government, though in some cases theoretically endowed with its powers.

For more than a century we have affected to rule one-fifth of the habitable globe, through the agency of a mere handful of Anglo-Saxons. No accurate census of the native populations dwelling under our dominion is attainable; but on a moderate estimate, our East and West Indian Empire may at the present moment be assumed to contain within its limits at least 200 millions of human beings of other than British origin, owning the sway or claiming the protection of Queen Victoria. The total number of inhabitants of British descent, including all military garrisons and civil officials, scattered over the same area, falls short probably of one million. The administration of distant dependencies, in which the dominant and the subject races bear a relative numerical proportion of one man to two hundred, presents difficulties which, when aggravated by the incapacity for self-government of their native populations, and by their infinite diversities of race, language, and religion, assume an aspect so formidable as to extenuate, if not to justify, the retrogressive policy of those who have from time to time urged the immediate abdication of a dominion so profitless and inglorious. And if Great Britain could cancel the obligations which the past policy of her rulers has entailed, recall her legions from the outposts of her Empire, haul down the standard which floats over her distant provinces, and leave her colonists in South Africa, New Zealand, and Jamaica to adjust for themselves all their pending differences with their Kaffir, Maori, and Negro neighbours, the authorities at the Colonial Office might be spared many a perplexing problem, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer might soon perhaps strike off another penny from the income-tax. But as these blessings would be purchased at the cost of our national honour, it is not very likely that we shall thus attempt to cut the knot which we have not the patience or ingenuity to unravel.

Assuming the abandonment of distant territories still claiming the security of British rule against hostile aggression or internal disturbance to be out of the question, our only remaining alternative is to face the difficulties involved in their retention. It is in realizing the vastness of the problems presented by the government of our Colonial Empire that we may rest our surest hope of their ultimate solution. Great Britain has undertaken a task to which, in whatever aspect it is regarded—

moral, political, or financial—the history of the world presents no parallel. How to raise from barbarism, or even to rescue from anarchy, the ‘thousand tribes nourished on strange religions and lawless slaveries’ which we have gradually gathered under our rule—how to reconcile the conflicting claims of self-governing colonists, and of those rapidly-perishing tribes whose territories they have practically confiscated—how to apportion equitably, as between ourselves and our dependencies, the powers to be exercised and the burden to be borne by each,—all these are responsibilities which, though it may be hard adequately to fulfil, it would ill become imperial England to evade. Nor is the infinite variety of the practical problems arising out of our Colonial administration less perplexing than their vastness. It is not by the application of one uniform set of maxims or abstract principles that our fifty dependencies are to be successfully governed. The treatment to be applied to those stationary races, for instance, of which the negro is the most conspicuous example, differs widely from that which is demanded for those gradually perishing tribes which are visibly decaying before the advancing Anglo-Saxon. Nor is it less important to distinguish between the difficulties naturally inherent in all attempts to control or civilize distant and alien races from the artificial complications imported by the introduction of representative institutions, and the various incidents of Colonial self-government. After three centuries of colonization, Great Britain has still to encounter the difficulties which beset despots in the retention of their satrapies, as well as those which have grown, as it were, in the gradual progress of Colonial emancipation from the conflicts of imperial or provincial Parliaments. It will perhaps simplify our inquiries if we consider distinctly these two classes of difficulties, and the dependencies in which they arise. It is in our tropical plantations, and in our dealings with the African race, that we find those political exceptions which may be said to prove the otherwise almost universal applicability of those principles of Colonial self-government which Great Britain has, for good or evil, irrevocably adopted. These exceptional cases—to be met only by parental despotism—have received such full and recent illustrations in the inquiry of the Jamaica Commissioners, that any laboured proof of the general incapacity of negroes for self-government would be superfluous. The ‘Sugar Colonies,’ which in 1834 partially, in 1838 wholly, lost the gratuitous labour of the negro, and in 1846 were deprived of the monopoly of the home market (which they had up to that period enjoyed), passed through the twofold ordeal of free labour and free trade, under all the aggravations which a long period of unthrift and mis-

government could entail on both races, who have bequeathed to their representatives of the present generation an inheritance, in too many instances, of mutual hatred and mistrust. And now, after all our costly experiments in negro enfranchisement, the fact remains of vast masses of native population increasing and multiplying more rapidly, in many cases, than their European neighbours, manifesting no symptoms of physical decay or of moral progress,—called by courtesy British subjects, but possessing no attributes of British citizens.

‘Despotism,’ says Mr. John Stuart Mill, ‘is a legitimate mode of government in dealing with barbarians, provided the end be their improvement, and the means justified by actually effecting that end. Liberty, as a principle, has no application to any state of things anterior to the time when mankind have become capable of being improved by free and equal discussion. Until then there is nothing for them but implicit obedience to an Akbar or a Charlemagne, if they are so fortunate as to find one.’<sup>1</sup>

Nowhere is this truth more forcibly illustrated than in the history of the tropical plantations of Great Britain. Rapidly succeeding rumours of native insurrections, to be almost as rapidly forgotten in the immediate pressure of the unquelled disturbances of the passing day, form no inconsiderable portion of their annals.

In Jamaica itself, the events of 1865 are little more than a second edition of those of 1832. During the last half century, Ceylon—now happily peaceful—has been the scene of at least half-a-dozen native insurrections; and those who argue now so warmly over the merits or demerits of Governor Eyre, can hardly have forgotten the almost identical topics of dispute furnished to the Imperial Parliament so recently as in 1851 by the complaints preferred by the Cingalese and their advocates against the administration of Lord Torrington. The history and present-condition of our tropical dependencies, and the study of the contrasts they present, will probably incline all, except perhaps those who have faith in negro empires and republics, to place their confidence rather in the humane but vigorous exercise of a supreme and unfettered controlling authority, as the best and safest guarantee both of order and progress, in those communities in which conditions similar to those exhibited in India and in Jamaica are combined.

And though it may be impossible or inexpedient to revoke, except with the full consent of all concerned, political boons, however unadvisedly conceded, it is not likely that in the face of recent experience, representative institutions will be prema-

<sup>1</sup> *Essay on Liberty.* By J. S. Mill. People's Edition, p. 6.



turely pressed on populations obviously incapable of exercising the privileges or appreciating the advantages they are designed to confer.

We need not go to Hayti to inquire whether patriots on the model of Toussaint L'Ouverture and Dessalines may be looked for as the permanent and invariable product of negro self-government. Within the limits of our own Empire we may find a very recent illustration of the possible disappointment to which experiments of this nature may unfortunately be doomed. The British settlements in West Africa, by the rather costly maintenance of which England is now offering some *amends* for her long encouragement of the disgraceful policy those fortresses were first established to promote, came last year under the special notice of Parliament, in consequence mainly of a sad sacrifice of life which had been incurred on the Gold Coast, in the fulfilment of some supposed duties of Great Britain in the protection of certain tribes threatened by the neighbouring power of Ashantee. A Select Committee of the House of Commons was accordingly appointed to consider and report upon the state of the British establishments in Western Africa. The only portion of this inquiry to which we propose at present to advert, is that which relates to the settlements, the headquarters of which are in Cape Coast Castle, where it appears, that though 'British territory' is confined to the forts and the distance of a cannon shot around them, 'British influence and authority extend over an area of not less than 8000 square miles, constituting the territories of various native chiefs, and inhabited by a population estimated at 400,000 souls at least.' Lord Grey, who thus describes in 1852 the political position of this settlement, proceeds in the review of its history to narrate the steps taken by himself for the establishment of a system combining representative government and direct taxation extending over the whole area of this vast protectorate. The scheme involved the creation of a Legislative Assembly, of which the native chiefs, together with the Council of the Governor, were to be members, and which the latter was empowered to assemble, prorogue, and dissolve at pleasure. After anticipating an annual revenue of £20,000 from the proceeds of a shilling poll-tax on all the inhabitants, and reciting the various improvements of their condition, moral and material, to which it was to be applied, Lord Grey thus proceeds:—

'I am persuaded I do not overrate the importance of this rude Negro Parliament, when I say that I believe it has converted a number of barbarous tribes, possessing nothing which deserves the name of a Government, into, a nation with a regularly organized authority, and institutions simple and unpretending, but suited to the actual state of

society, and containing within themselves all that is necessary for their future development, so that they may meet the growing wants of an advancing civilisation.' <sup>1</sup>

It is not with the view of disparaging the foresight or the excellent intentions of Lord Grey that we quote from the statement of Colonel Ord, appended to the report of the Select Committee of last session, the most recent official information which has reached us as to the fate of this well-meant project. What has become of the 'Legislative Assembly' we are not told, but with reference to the poll-tax we learn that—

'In the first year (1853), the sum of £7569 was raised by this tax, but in succeeding years various causes, among which may be enumerated the mismanagement which attended both its collection and appropriation, produced a strong feeling of dislike to it, and the receipts fell off to £1552 in 1861. Since then, partly from the antipathy which is entertained to it, and partly from the disturbances which have occurred, no attempt has been made to levy the tax.' <sup>2</sup>

But though the Fantees and their semi-barbarous neighbours do not seem to have appreciated the blessings of direct taxation, even though accompanied by the representative rights which it was the intention of the Poll-Tax Ordinance of 1852 to confer upon them, their ideas of the 'protection' to which it entitled them appear to have been sufficiently magnificent and distinct. 'In the recent operations against the Ashantees,' says Colonel Ord, 'it seems to have been assumed by the local Government, that in return for corresponding concessions made by the people of the coast, they had been guaranteed by the British Crown protection against *all enemies*.'

If we needed an illustration of the hopelessness of all attempts to transplant institutions which have been the gradual growth of modern Europe to an uncongenial atmosphere and soil, our African political experiments would furnish all that could be desired. The schemes of Sir Stamford Raffles in Java, or those suggested by Sir William Colebrooke for Ceylon, constructing on the foundation of ancient village councils a sort of municipal machinery by which the cost and complicity of local government might be decreased, and native prejudices at the same time conciliated, had perhaps a more hopeful aspect than belongs to any notions of inoculating Asiatic minds with political aspirations and ideas wholly foreign to their natures and traditions. But for the present, the only practical result of all past experiments is to throw us back on the simplest form of political absolutism,

<sup>1</sup> *Colonial Policy*, vol. ii. p. 286.

<sup>2</sup> Report of Colonel Ord, R.E. Appendix to Reports on Western Africa, 1865.

backed, if necessary, by a force adequate to the enforcement of its edicts, if at least we are resolved to retain our dominion at all over that class of dependencies, the condition and prospects of which we have hitherto more especially considered.

But if the maintenance of British power over the stationary races comprised within our Empire, of which the negro is the most conspicuous example, be a matter of perplexity to our rulers, not less embarrassing is the reconciliation of conflicting rights between our colonists and those rapidly perishing but still formidable tribes whose territory we have thought fit to occupy, and who are nominally amenable to our Imperial rule.

There is of course a short and simple method of dealing with the native races who may obstruct the onward march of European conquest or civilisation. The modern representative of Cortez and Pizarro, fearing perhaps to shock the sensitiveness of his fellow-subjects by the direct doctrine of extermination, openly advocates nevertheless a policy leading no less certainly to the results long ago attained by Spanish colonization. And he does so on the simple ground that the 'inferior' races of the world are doomed sooner or later to extinction, that whatever policy is pursued towards them, the final result is inevitable, that to delay this consummation is only to prolong their misery, and that the shorter, sharper, and more decisive the process by which they are put out of sight, the more humane in the long-run will be the treatment to which the aborigines all over the world will be subjected. To these arguments, others of a purely economical character are often superadded. 'Brown and red men,' it is said, 'have no right to stop the way of their superiors. The race which can extract the greatest amount of food for man and beast from an acre of God's earth has a right to dispossess its predecessors in occupation, whoever they may be, who cannot come up to the agricultural mark of the conquerors. Only prove that the British colonist will treble the yield of New Zealand in a few years, and the case is, by this class of reasoners assumed to be complete for turning out the Maori. Only establish the superior skill and energy of the Cape frontier farmer, whose homestead has been stocked with the plunder of the Kaffir's kraal, and the nine points of the law which have proverbially been deemed to centre in possession become as nothing in the presence of the possible progress which British graziers may secure for the cattle-breeders of South Africa.' Nor do the advocates of extermination appeal with less confidence to the records of the past than to the expectations of future material progress involved in the practical recognition of their theory. The history of colonization is alleged to be that also of the annihilation of native races. From the exodus

of the Hebrews from Egypt to that of the Spaniards from Europe, civilisation has, according to the popular belief, won her triumphs by rapine, and reared her trophies on the ruins of the feebler but sometimes nobler races which she has first emasculated and then destroyed.

The historian of the West Indies, who records that 'on a moderate computation the conquest of the islands of the Spanish main was effected by a slaughter, within a century, of ten millions of the species,'<sup>1</sup> differs only in the magnitude of his statistics, and the vastness of the area over which they spread, from the chronicler of that divinely-ordered devastation which preceded the occupation of 'the land of milk and honey' by God's chosen people, of whose enemies we read, that 'all their cities were burnt, and all that breathed were destroyed utterly.'

The vital statistics of aboriginal populations, ancient and modern, are of course little more than guess-work; but if we compare, even in our own day, the powerless and feeble remnants of those native races which lie within the borders of our Empire with the hordes which were once not only the terror of our peaceful colonists, but able to bid successful defiance to our Imperial armies, we shall find abundant illustrations of the almost universal doom which has befallen every race which has had the misfortune to clash with the Anglo-Saxon in his progressive subjugation and replenishment of the earth. The Maories of New Zealand, who were said to be 200,000 strong thirty years ago, have dwindled to one-fourth of that number. The aboriginal inhabitants of Australasia, who exhibited but feeble evidences of life or energy at the period of their earliest intercourse with Europeans, can now be scarcely said to survive, while by processes into which it may be undesirable, for the credit of the English name, very minutely to inquire, the Caribs of the British Antilles, and the native races of Newfoundland and Tasmania, have long ago wholly disappeared.

Through the whole three centuries of the European exodus, from the earliest adventures of Pizarro and Jacques Cartier, to the last ship-load of British immigrants or French soldiers that has been landed in Australia or Algiers, native races have been for the most part regarded at the best as simply a hopeless impediment in the march of colonization, which it was the business of the conquerors, by force or fraud, at all hazards to remove.

It has been asserted, indeed, and perhaps truly, that the decay of those races, the numbers of which have since their contact with Europeans so uniformly diminished, was advancing even more rapidly under the influences of intestine wars, cannibalism,

<sup>1</sup> Bryan Edwards, *West Indies*, vol. i.

and the habits of savage life at earlier periods of their history ; but be this as it may, the fact remains that European colonization can in no sense be said to have averted the apparently inevitable doom of the inferior races, which have yielded either to the arms of Spain and Portugal, or to the slow poison of our corrupt civilisation.

When Ximenes turned a deaf ear to the entreaties of Las Casas, and refused to allow the African negro to be substituted for the Red Indian as the victim of Spanish colonists, the philanthropy of the statesman was perhaps more long-sighted than that of the bishop ; but when, two centuries later, we see the sovereigns of England and of Spain engaging formally, and for the avowed object of gain, in the slave traffic, we cannot but turn back with an admiration intensified by the contrast to the chimerical project of sacrificing one race for the salvation of another, in the supposed interests of humanity.

It is painfully interesting to trace the successive failures of all the hitherto tried experiments, on the part of European Governments, for the protection and advancement of the native races of the world. For though the age of extermination passed away, and a generation which had refused to tolerate the infamous *Assiento* did not contemplate, without an indignant protest, the foundation of colonial wealth on the ruins of barbarous communities, it proved easier to brand the oppressor than to rescue the oppressed. The brigade of philanthropists who had fought and conquered under Wilberforce, were reinforced by recruits not less earnest in their sympathies for the remnant of those expiring races, which were feebly struggling against the assaults of their European exterminators, than for the sturdy African whose family had shown no symptoms of physical decline, but the result in the one case was widely different from that which had been attained in the other.

Under the pressure of influences which it has been the fashion to ridicule as fanatical, but which have always gained credit for earnestness and sincerity, the Government of the day set itself to counteract, if possible, the agencies that were at work for the extinction of the native races in the British Empire. Various experiments were accordingly set on foot, in those colonies in which any considerable native element still survived, with the view of nursing and protecting the aborigines. Land reserves were set apart, within the precincts of which European colonization was interdicted ; native protectors under various titles were appointed. Parliamentary grants were voted, to be expended sometimes in schemes of industrial training, sometimes in the miscellaneous benefactions, in the distribution of which imperial England played the Lady Bountiful with Kaffirs,

Maories, and Red Indians, in the outlying parishes of her Empire. To characterize these benevolent contrivances as uniformly resultless and futile, would imply a forgetfulness of the indirect advantages derived from all failures of well-meant efforts to remedy real evils, in eliminating from the catalogue of prescriptions and panaceas those which have been tried and found wanting. But if the petting and patronizing policy by which Great Britain has attempted, for more than half a century, to coax her savage subjects into loyalty, to compensate them for the sufferings of their forefathers, and to allure them into the paths of civilisation, be tested by the practical ordeal of results, whatever doubts we may still entertain as to any possible *euthanasia* for the brown man, all hopes of solving the problem of his preservation by a process of coddling and insulation from European contact will be assuredly abandoned. In six years, from 1856 to 1862, upwards of £220,000 was spent in the Cape Colony in 'civilizing the Kaffirs;' and though this amount is small indeed in comparison with that which, within the last quarter of a century, has been devoted to their destruction, it would be difficult, we fear, to show any value received by the Colonial Government in the political tractability of the frontier tribes, or by those tribes themselves in their own moral or material progress. The 'presents' to the Red Indians have been notoriously media for conveying to them the virus of a degrading civilisation. The same may be said of all the bounties which have been wasted on native races in other portions of our Empire.

It has not been a less serious mistake of the philanthropic policy to which we allude, to assume, for all purposes of treaties and contracts, the equal capacity with ourselves of the coloured races with which international bargains have been made.

If these arrangements were uniformly understood to be, what they really are in many cases, a mere diplomatic pastime, carried on between the Queen's representative and a set of tattooed and feathered chieftains, for the innocent amusement of the high contracting parties, they would only be objectionable in so far as they are childish and ridiculous; but when we bear in mind that these bargains are for the most part extracted from the feeble and ignorant, by the dominant and educated race, that they are often, as in the case of the Treaty of Waitangi, executed by barbarians in the full conviction that 'by these presents,' inestimable and substantial rights are solemnly guaranteed by the stronger to the weaker power, the mischievous consequences of obligations of such a nature, lightly undertaken and lightly violated, cannot possibly be over-estimated.

It may possibly have been beyond the power of British law

to punish as he deserved the Colonial land-shark, who for some trumpery consideration of beads, sugar-plums, or red-blankets, swindled the unsuspecting native out of his territorial birth-right, but when we read of more than a hundred treaties with West African chieftains, during the last century of British rule, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that these illusory documents, whether purporting to secure protection, amity, or territorial rights to the patronized power, are, in fact, so many registered and attested pretexts for oppression on the one side and insurrection on the other. Such, nevertheless, was the well-intended but farcical machinery with which Great Britain blundered on for nearly a century with her native treaties, native protectors, and native land-reserves, till a fresh difficulty arose to complicate still further the political embarrassments incidental to all double Governments of unequal races within the same territory.

So long as the policy to be pursued towards aboriginal races depended only on the arbitrament of the Crown and of the Imperial Parliament, the boundaries of controversy were necessarily limited to those topics which the fluctuations of public opinion at home might from time to time originate.

But when the new era of Colonial self-government was inaugurated, and had passed through the successive stages of its progress, an entirely fresh element was imported into the unsolved and apparently insoluble problem of native administration. Representative institutions, if indeed we may dignify by that title the miniature caricatures of the Imperial Parliament reproduced in the old Charter Colonies, had indeed existed (as the recent case of Jamaica has proved) long enough to be thoroughly worn out. But though more vigorous offshoots of the parent stem have sprung up at a later period in the Australian, North American, and South African Colonies, and promise, when their first year of rank luxuriance shall have passed, to exhibit some, at least, of those properties which have made the British Constitution the admiration of the world, the practical assertion of the rights of self-government on the part of our Colonial communities has brought in its train political embarrassments from which it may puzzle some of our wisest statesmen to escape.

To comprehend under a common dominion within the same territory two or more distinct races, each claiming the maintenance of their respective laws, usages, and religion, so to arbitrate between them as that they shall dwell side by side in peace, and shall have scope for the development of their distinctive nationalities, were a task hard enough for an autocrat unfettered by Parliaments. How shall it be accomplished amid the jar

of rival potentates striving for the mastery? So long as our Colonial Governors were simply the representatives of the Royal will, surrounded by Executive Councillors owning allegiance to no other suzerain, their chief difficulties were those inherent in the distance of time and space interposed between the first order and its final execution. But when not only full powers were conceded to the Colonial Assemblies, together with the administration and expenditure of their territorial revenues, but they were enabled to displace by their vote, whenever they might think proper, the Executive Councillors by whose aid the representative of the Crown was carrying out his Imperial instructions, it is obvious that the last-named functionary might at any moment be called upon to choose which of his two masters he would obey. And it was in Colonies containing a large native element in their population, and vast tracts of unsold and unoccupied land within their borders, that a subject-matter of contention between the provincial Legislatures and the Imperial authorities was most certain to arise.

The embarrassments which may beset the Queen's representative in working out the theory of responsible government, which appear to have been foreseen by Lord Russell when, twenty-seven years ago, he expressly forbade Lord Sydenham to permit its application to Canada,<sup>1</sup> have received their most recent and most remarkable illustration in New Zealand. Throughout the brief but tempestuous annals of that Colony, comprising even now little more than a quarter of a century, the energies of the parent State have been expended in efforts, hitherto ineffectual, to adjust the everlasting disputes of the European and native populations. Twice during that short period has the same officer, Sir George Grey, been summoned somewhat abruptly to New Zealand from other governments,—from that of South Australia in 1845, from that of the Cape of Good Hope in 1861,—on the simple ground of his supposed qualifications for dealing with native races, and the problems arising out of their treatment. The policy of Sir George Grey and its results form no part of our present inquiry, except so far as they may illustrate the accumulated difficulties which have attended each advancing stage of Colonial self-government.

During his first administration, which closed before responsible government was full-blown in New Zealand, we find the Governor adjusting with some apparent success the disputes between antagonistic interests—with one hand protecting the aborigines, with the other vindicating the fair rights of European colonists. Whatever tact and special aptitude for this business

<sup>1</sup> See Despatch from Lord J. Russell to Lord Sydenham dated October 14, 1839, Parliamentary Papers.



he may have possessed had at all events fair-play. With few restrictions, he was (so far as native policy was concerned) an autocrat, whose fiat was law, except in those rare instances in which it might be reversed or modified by the Home authorities.

Contrast this comparatively calm political horizon with the storms which greeted the same Governor on his return, only a few years later, to resume his former administration. It was not only that a newly-erected Legislature, flushed with successful conflicts with his predecessor, had been in the meantime substituted for the tractable machinery which had before proved the unresisting instrument of his will, but even the native policy which he had been specially commissioned to regulate was gradually drifting from his control. The functionaries to whom, under various titles, the protectorship of native rights and lands was officially committed, scarcely knew whether they owed allegiance to the Home authorities in Downing Street, or to the Colonial ministry in Auckland. The same might almost be said of the large army of Imperial troops, which, though nominally commanded by Imperial officers, and drawing its pay from the Imperial Treasury, was by the mysterious workings of responsible government compelled to march or halt with marionette-like obedience to the Colonial managers who pulled the wires. Thus it came to pass that while the Waikato chieftains were laying in abundant supplies of powder and copper caps, illegally purchased from Colonial traders, deepening their rifle-pits, and strengthening the stockades which surrounded their forest fortresses, the Governor and his Executive Councillors were brandishing in each other's faces the 'memoranda' of their quarrels, while the Commander of the Forces and the Deputy Commissary-General were wrangling with the civil power over the tactics by which they were to terminate a war which the Secretary of State had already triumphantly assured the House of Commons to be 'virtually at an end.' Whether the New Zealand war is really at an end is a matter on which it might be dangerous to hazard a conjecture. Predictions, however rose-tinted in their language, and however comforting in their assurances, lose force in proportion to the frequency of failure in their fulfilment; and we have so often been beguiled by telegrams of the final defeat or surrender of the Maories, which the Australian mail of a fortnight later was sure to contradict, that an abiding faith in a permanent peace will scarcely be established, until massacres, ambushades, and all the varieties of guerilla warfare which have hitherto enlivened New Zealand annals, have disappeared altogether for a sufficient length of time to give a fair guarantee against their recurrence. For the purpose, however, of our present argument, it little matters whether

the rumours of a successful termination of hostilities are accurate or premature. New Zealand, under any possible circumstances, must present for many years to come an example of that class of Colonies in which a large native population must continue to survive. The practical question will remain, how this and similar dependencies are to be dealt with. Deliberate extermination being happily impossible, insulation from European contact having been proved to be chimerical and Utopian, the only remaining alternative is that of a gradual and peaceful absorption of the expiring race in that of the conquerors.

But it may perhaps be asked by what instrumentality this end is to be attained, in a Colony to which the privileges of self-government, including that of dealing with native rights and native territories, have been conceded. Shall the Crown, by a similar resumption of its prerogatives to that which has been adopted in the case of Jamaica, take the colonists of Auckland at their word, and accept the ungracious and hopeless task which it is sought by the prayer of the memorialists to impose upon the Imperial Government? Though it may perhaps be safely assumed that a policy so reactionary will find no favour with the Home authorities, it may not be irrelevant to examine for a moment the pretexts on which it is advocated.

Taking New Zealand as the most conspicuous example of that class of self-governing Colonies in which an aboriginal race, manifestly decreasing in numbers, still survives side by side with European colonists, it must be borne in mind that it is in the northern island only that the questions of native policy are raised. This portion of the Colony contains, in round numbers, about 50,000 natives and about 90,000 Europeans, including military settlers and Colonial militia, but exclusive of Imperial troops. An agitation has been initiated in Auckland, having for its object the severance of the four provinces of the north from their fellow-citizens of the south, and has been favoured, in some degree, by a section of the latter, who are not unnaturally rather wearied of a costly war, in the result of which they have no direct interest, and the maintenance of which has involved a large subtraction from provincial revenues, otherwise applicable to the development of southern resources.

It is under such circumstances, then, that an appeal for separation is preferred to the Imperial Government; and by this proposal the whole question of the present and future native policy of the Colony is at once raised. Let us suppose for the moment that the petition of the Auckland colonists is conceded. The first act of the Home Government must of course be to improvise a system of native administration for the provinces reserved by the Crown. On the possible details or

even outline of such a scheme it would be profitless to speculate, for the real objections to any experimental resumption of Imperial control over native policy in New Zealand is one wholly independent of the precise nature of any form of government that might conceivably be originated by the most skilful and well-informed administrator of aboriginal populations.

For weal or woe, we have deliberately conferred representative institutions on a colony containing upwards of 170,000 British inhabitants, a small section of whom, desiring to escape from the burdens of freedom by relinquishing its privileges, proposes to cast the care of its native population on the parent State. But the only real pretext on which the government of the northern island, or of any portion of it, could be retained by the Crown, is one which involves a libel on the whole European population of New Zealand. Such a course could only be vindicated by arguments which assumed their utter incapacity to deal wisely or humanely with the only serious problem which has yet demanded the solution of the Colonial Legislature. If our colonists were really incapable of providing police regulations for the populations dwelling within their territories, and of maintaining law and order therein, the concession to them of the powers of self-government was something worse than a mistake. If Christianity and civilisation had done so little for either the electors or representatives, to whom the first working of the New Zealand Parliament was committed fourteen years ago, as to leave them open to the suspicion of plundering or murdering a race then more numerous than their own, and which the Constitution of 1852 had actually included within its pale, it was nothing less than a crime of the deepest dye to have intrusted privileges so vast to a community so incompetent to exercise them aright. But the political history of New Zealand utterly negatives a presumption so unjust, both to the donors and to the recipients of the free institutions under which (even in spite of a chronic civil war) the colony has attained so remarkable a measure of material prosperity. It is only by giving full scope to these institutions that we can hope to witness the restoration of a permanent peace, which the presence of ten battalions of Imperial troops has proved powerless to secure. The pretext on which this vast garrison was quartered in New Zealand has been now happily removed by the voluntary action of the Colonial Government, who have purchased an independent and unfettered native policy on the equitable and honourable terms of fighting their own battles and paying their own bills.

The British regiments, or by far the larger portion of them, have been recently recalled; and in adverting to this circum-

stance, our attention is arrested by a special class of difficulties recently superadded to those which we have already enumerated as ordinarily besetting our Colonial military administrators. We allude to the undignified, we might almost say discreditable, controversies which both the New Zealand and Jamaica state-papers disclose as having been carried on, at periods of alleged imminent peril to both colonies, between the Commander of the Forces and the representative of the Queen.

A wrangling correspondence (occupying sixty-nine closely printed folio pages) between Governor Grey and General Cameron, and reported by each of these officials to their respective chiefs at the Colonial and War departments, was carried on during the spring of last year, at a period when the critical position of the colony demanded above all things the most perfect accord and good understanding between all the executive departments of its government. It might at first sight have been supposed that a chronic civil war, not only between Maories and Europeans, but between the Governor and his responsible advisers, together with a constantly impending ministerial crisis, would have been a sufficiently exciting and sensational condition of affairs for any one colony at any one time. Events have proved that in New Zealand, at any rate, this was not very recently the case.

We have no desire to arbitrate between Sir G. Grey and General Cameron, or to pronounce on the merits of a smaller squabble of the same nature, which, as appears from official documents before us, arose between Governor Eyre and General O'Connor, at the very moment when the imminent peril of Jamaica was, according to the concurrent statements of both officers, necessitating a series of official *battues* among the negro population. To decide on such controversies belongs to the heads of those departments to which they stand referred.

The advocates of departmental fusion at home, by whom the division of labour, supposed to be a product of civilisation, is in its application to our public offices rather regarded as a source of confusion and irresponsibility, may perhaps ascribe these unseemly altercations between the civil and military functionaries in our dependencies to the severance, fourteen years ago, of the departments of War and Colonies, which for the previous half century had been held by the same Minister. Whether the admitted mischief be due to the diversity of the sources of civil and military instructions, to any indistinctness in the instructions themselves, or to any jealousies, personal or official, on the part of those to whom in the instance cited they were addressed, it is to be hoped that the twofold and almost simultaneous illustration of the dangers of a divided authority may

not be lost on those who are responsible for maintaining the peace and securing the allegiance of our Colonial Empire.

There is one mode, at all events, by which the risks to which we have alluded might be materially lessened, and the defence of our distant dependencies rendered at the same time less costly and more efficient. Administrative reform at home may do something; the progress of a spirit of self-reliance in our Colonies may do much more. Every advancing step in the direction of self-government on their part supplies a corresponding assumption of responsibility in the matter of self-defence; and the manifest tendency of recent events is to the gradual withdrawal of the Queen's forces from those colonies on which we have conferred the privileges of freedom. Our dearly-bought experience in New Zealand and South Africa has conclusively proved the superiority, for all purposes of bush or border warfare, of Colonial levies to Imperial troops. No one doubts the bravery of the British soldier; but to employ lancer regiments (as has been done at the Cape), in Kaffir-hunting through impenetrable thorn forests, is simply to put the wrong men in the wrong place; while to attempt by the regular appliances of military engineering the capture of those subterranean labyrinths in which the Maories have burrowed in New Zealand, was an experiment the results of which it was easy to anticipate. In our West Indian Colonies, an admixture of British troops with the black regiments now recruited in the islands is no doubt essential; but in New Zealand and South Africa it is equally certain that, by the gradual substitution of lightly-equipped and easily-moved Colonial corps, like the Cape Mounted Police, or the New Zealand 'Forest Rangers,' for regiments of the line transported at vast cost and risk from England, the present perilous dependence of our Colonial fellow-subjects on succours necessarily precarious would be succeeded by a sense of confidence in their own well-proved armour, affording the best guarantee against aggressions from without and insurrection from within.

How long it may be expedient, or even possible, for Imperial England to retain under her protectorate rather than under her dominion those outlying provinces which are gradually assuming all the attributes of independent States, is a question foreign to the immediate purpose of our present inquiry. There are those who admonish us to be prepared for the inevitable day of separation<sup>1</sup> with treaties, bills, proclamations, or other formal recitals, setting forth in official phrase the mutual international consent by which the parent State abdicates her sovereignty, and the Colony accepts her independence. But if there be a de-

<sup>1</sup> See Lord Bury's *Exodus of the Western Nations*, vol. ii. p. 457; also Mr. Thring's *Suggestions for Colonial Reform*. London, 1865.

partment of our national policy in which we may safely limit our aims to the 'living present,' without attempting to anticipate contingencies wholly beyond our control, it is that which regulates our Colonial Empire. We cannot foresee when, or for what cause, a colony may choose to part company with us. All we know is, that when our recruiting sergeant shall report to us that he can no longer reinforce our legions for foreign service, or our Chancellor of the Exchequer that he can no longer afford to transport or pay them—when our sceptre can no longer be supported by our sword,—the days of our empire over those races which will neither submit to our rule nor provide for their own self-government will be numbered.

For dependencies falling under this latter class, whatever may be the complexion or origin of their native populations, the only political alternatives are anarchy or parental despotism. With this rather large exception, the maintenance of British authority over the provinces of our Colonial Empire can only be secured by the fullest and freest development of those privileges of self-government, which, whether wisely or unwisely, we have irrevocably conceded to them. It is not for the sake of tribute, or glory, or commerce, or in any interest that can be properly called Imperial, that we retain our Colonies. It is in the distinct anticipation of that independence for which we hope eventually to qualify them, and in the meantime, simply in fulfilment of an honourable obligation to those emigrants from our shores, who, under an implied undertaking of temporary protection from the perils in which our Imperial policy may involve them, have planted themselves in remote corners of our Empire under the shelter of our flag. Nor has it been our wont to scrutinize too closely the arguments by which the communities which have voluntarily sought and found wealth and prosperity in exile enforce their claims to the protection of our arms. It is enough for us that the planter in Jamaica, the frontier farmer at the Cape, or the stock-owner in New Zealand, have domiciled themselves of their own accord within the boundaries of the British Empire. It is this fact which constitutes their claim to be shielded against those blows which a foe stirred up to war by the policy of England, might otherwise successfully aim, not at the real author of that policy, but at the helpless and guiltless ally whom it might be safer and easier to chastise.

The day may come when these admitted obligations may be so numerous, so widespread, and so simultaneously enforced as to be physically incapable of fulfilment. And it is in the face of such a contingency that the development of that spirit of Colonial self-reliance, of which we have hitherto heard so much

and seen so little, should be the cardinal aim of our Imperial policy.

The age is happily past when the Colonies were the *corpus vile* of Imperial experiments, or the mere fields for the unpractical display of Imperial ingenuity; let us hope that the time may not be distant when practical proofs of self-respect and self-dependence shall be substituted for bare professions of loyalty and allegiance, and when the distant dependencies of our Empire, instead of draining the resources of the parent State through a costly political tutelage of indefinite duration, shall be raised to the rank of equals and allies—the pillars of her national strength, and the monuments of her civilisation and her power.

- ART. VII.—1. *La Grèce Contemporaine*. Par EDMOND ABOUT. Paris : Hachette et Cie., 1858.
2. *Tolla*. Par EDMOND ABOUT. Cinquième Edition. Paris : Hachette et Cie., 1858.
3. *Voyage à travers l'Exposition des Beaux-Arts*. Par EDMOND ABOUT. Paris : Hachette et Cie., 1855.
4. *Les Mariages de Paris*. Par EDMOND ABOUT. Paris : Hachette et Cie., 1856.
5. *Le Roi des Montagnes*. Par EDMOND ABOUT. Paris : Hachette et Cie., 1856.
6. *Germaine*. Par EDMOND ABOUT. Paris : Hachette et Cie., 1857.
7. *Maître Pierre*. Par EDMOND ABOUT. Paris : Hachette et Cie., 1857.
8. *Nos Artistes au Salon*. Par EDMOND ABOUT. Paris : Hachette et Cie., 1858.
9. *La Question Romaine*. Par EDMOND ABOUT. Cinquième Edition. Bruxelles : Meline, Cans, et Cie., 1860.
10. *Risette, ou Les Millions de la Mansarde*. Par EDMOND ABOUT. Deuxième Edition. Paris : Michel Lévy, frères, 1859.
11. *Rome Contemporaine*. Par EDMOND ABOUT. Paris : Michel Lévy, frères, 1860.
12. *Lettres d'un bon Jeune Homme à sa Cousine Madelcine*. Paris : Michel Lévy, frères, 1861.
13. *Gaëtana*. Par EDMOND ABOUT. Paris : Michel Lévy, frères, 1862.
14. *L'Homme à l'Oreille Cassée*. Par EDMOND ABOUT. Troisième Edition. Paris : Hachette et Cie., 1862.
15. *Le Nez d'un Notaire*. Par EDMOND ABOUT. Paris : Michel Lévy, frères, 1862.
16. *Madelon*. Par EDMOND ABOUT. Quatrième Edition. Paris : Hachette et Cie., 1865.
17. *Le Progrès*. Par EDMOND ABOUT. Paris : Hachette et Cie., 1864.
18. *Causeries*. Par EDMOND ABOUT. Paris : Hachette et Cie., 1865.
19. *La Vieille Roche*:—1. *Le Mari Imprévu*, 1865; 2. *Les Vacances de la Comtesse*, 1865; 3. *Le Marquis de Lanrose*, 1866. Par EDMOND ABOUT. Trois tomes. Paris : Hachette et Cie.

IN 1855, the reading world of Paris enjoyed a new sensation. A book entitled *Contemporary Greece* was in the hands of every reader, and its praises were sounded by the critics. Its author



was known by name only. That he was young, every critical reader inferred; that he was unusually clever, no one could deny. The subject had often been treated before, but never with the like acuteness and vivacity. If the facts he cited were correct, it was admitted that the prevailing notions were wrong. Greece might be a splendid country about which to write poems or romances, or even to fight, but it was evidently a detestable place of abode, and its inhabitants were better fitted for figuring in a masquerade, with their picturesque costumes, than furnishing models of uprightness and probity. Indeed, when treading classic soil, the writer did not suffer the remembrance of bygone deeds of glory to palliate existing shortcomings. He was not an amiable enthusiast whose patriotism gained strength on the plain of Marathon, or whose piety waxed warmer before the ruined shrine of Delphi. What he witnessed he recorded, and stated the unpleasant but simple truth that Marathon was a pestilential morass, and Delphi a haunt of brigands.

The author of the book, conscious that he was a disenchanted, felt bound to explain why his story was so different from those of his predecessors. His explanation amounted to this, that several thousand years have elapsed since the Greeks lived who are so highly revered; that in the interval an entire transformation has taken place, not only in the minds and manners of the people, but also in the very aspect of the country. At the present day, the travellers who visit Greece in order to verify at any cost the pictures of Homer, are apt to recount fables as wonderful as those of Sindbad or Münchhausen. In their eyes every shipwrecked sailor, clothed in rags, is another Ulysses; every blind and howling beggar, another Demodocus; and every washerwoman, the Princess Nausicaa in disguise. When combating these notions, the writer in question ran counter to many cherished prejudices. When he went further, and denounced the government which then existed in Greece, he aroused the antipathy of those who had contributed to seat King Otho on the throne. Yet the sparkle of his style excited the admiration of every reader of his work. He produced a pleasing effect; he made an indelible mark. Thenceforth, Edmond About was a familiar name in the Republic of Letters.

Of course, the usual questions were asked by those whose chief occupation is to inquire, and whose pleasure consists in getting an answer of some kind or other. The best informed had little to tell; consequently, they had ample opportunities for drawing on their imagination. What was known amounted to this, that M. About had distinguished himself at school, and

at the university; and that, on account of his remarkable attainments, he had been sent at the expense of the Government to study at Athens in an Institution founded there for the purpose of enabling French subjects to become versed in the language and antiquities of Greece. As a fruit of his studies he wrote and published a pamphlet on the Ægean Islands. This produced a greater impression on the men of learning than on the world of readers; in other words, it fell still-born from the press.

This failure did not disquiet him, for he had now the prospect of gaining a larger income and greater reputation as a man of letters than by filling one of the professorial chairs for which he was eligible, and to which the Government would appoint him in due time. When the desired moment arrived, he was ready.

The editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, anxious to profit by the talent of a new writer, gave M. About the opportunity of proving to the world whether or not his first success was to be his only one; or whether it was but a prelude to a higher and longer continued strain. The result was *Tolla*, a novel which proved unprecedentedly popular. No sooner was it completed than translators were as busy in turning it into German, Danish, Swedish, and English, as were the countrymen of M. About in buying and perusing it. What chiefly pleased the reader was the freshness of the story. *Tolla*, the heroine, was accepted as a new type of those who live only to love, and who die because their love is unrequited. On the other hand, Lello, the hero, seemed too artificial to be true to nature. It was doubted if even a modern Roman noble could be so candidly selfish and openly base as he was. The author was reproached for having shown a mistaken ingenuity in devising such letters as those which were professedly written by Lello. Suddenly the name of plagiarism was affixed to M. About. He was accused of having palmed off a translation from the Italian as an original work. Doubtless, many kind critics were pleased to have an opportunity of nipping in the bud the plant of the young author's reputation. But the scandal-mongers, and not M. About, were put to shame. There were certain portions of the novel translated from an Italian volume, containing authentic documents concerning the private affairs of a noble Roman family. These were the letters of Lello, which had been denounced as unnatural. It was shown that M. About had made no secret either of the fact that he had borrowed something, or of the source whence he had done so. He had more to do, however, for in such a case it is insufficient to prove

innocence; the impossibility of having sinned must also be demonstrated. This can be alone done by producing another work, of which the originality is indisputable, and the merit as great as that of the one which has been the subject of controversy. The task is no easy one. The power of writing one good book does not necessarily imply the power of writing others like unto it. Mr. Hope never wrote a second *Anastasius*, nor Mr. Beckford a second *Vathek*, yet it would be foolish in the extreme to conclude that either gentleman was on that account incapable of having produced the 'Memoirs of a Greek' or an 'Arabian Tale.'

Among the efforts which M. About made to justify the good opinion of his friends, and confound the malice of his accusers, was the production of a comedy, in three acts, called *Guillery*. It was accepted by the Committee of the Théâtre Français, which was in itself an honour, and it was put upon the stage without delay, which was an unusual favour. All these things, of which the author might well be proud, only served, however, to render the result the more mortifying. In spite of the good acting of the best of French players, the comedy had to be withdrawn after the second performance. What occurred is thus stated by M. About in the preface to it:—'*Guillery* was coldly received when first performed, and warmly hissed on the second occasion.' He also states that 'its chief defect was that it displeased.' This is certainly an unpardonable fault, yet the superficial reader of the piece has a difficulty in understanding why the public should have been so exacting. There is nothing new in the plot or the situations, the interest being concentrated in the dialogue, which is spirited and pointed. Every one can foretell what will occur next, but no one is prepared for what the personages will say. This makes the play very agreeable to peruse: it does not, however, render it equally worthy of being performed. But failure as a playwright is no proof of incapacity for writing at all; and M. About's hostile critics, who maintained that because *Guillery* had proved an abortion, therefore its author was incapable of producing anything of value, merely made it evident that their rancour was stronger than their logic.

Meantime, he gave proof of his versatility by adding the part of Art-critic to that of novelist and playwright. In France it is less common than in England for those who have given the subject no special study to devote themselves to write about Art. The French public is less easily induced than the English to take upon trust the decisions passed on pictures and statues by writers in newspapers. When a Frenchman tries to hide his ignorance under the veil of technical phrases embodied in sonorous language, he is either mocked or despised. It does

not follow, then, that because he turned his attention to Art, M. About was unable to say anything which deserved attention. On the contrary, he showed not only that he was as well versed in the subject of Art as the majority of cultured Frenchmen, but that he could give forth criticisms which were notable alike for their form and purport. The lightness of his touch resembled that of Diderot. The neatness of his phrases recalled the manner of Voltaire. In short, he gave unmistakable tokens that his accomplishments were as various as his talent was original.

A series of tales, entitled *Parisian Marriages*, which he gave to the world in 1856, had a success as great as *Tolla*, and proved that he had no occasion to be either an imitator or a plagiarist. Then appeared the *King of the Mountains*, a romance, which amused everybody excepting the Greeks. It was to *Contemporary Greece* what *Martin Chuzzlewit* was to the *American Notes*. The hero of the novel is a brigand, who is represented as the most potent man in Greece, not because of his daring and his prowess, but because of the good understanding existing between him and the soldiers whose duty it is to seize him, and whose design is to let him rob and murder without molestation. The inference is that all the Greeks are corrupt, and deserving of general execration. This imputation they repelled as energetically as the Americans did the charges of knavery which Dickens indirectly levelled against them. It is easier, however, to prove that the pictures of Dickens are so overcharged with colour as to be untrue to nature, than to remove the stigma which M. About cast upon the people and government of Greece. Hadji Stavros, the King of the Mountains, is a perfectly civilized brigand,—altogether a different person from the vulgar freebooter who formerly levied black-mail and lived like a savage. He has profited by civilisation. In place of storing his wealth in a cave, like the Forty Thieves, he has invested it in the foreign funds, and keeps an account with a London banker. Except in their object, there was nothing in common between him and Scott's Rob Roy and Schiller's Karl Moor. Neither of the latter would have been so astute as to bribe the officers in the army, so that they might carefully avoid capturing him, and the editors of newspapers, so that they might either mitigate his atrocities, or else deny that he existed. Hence, even were the character a product of M. About's brain, he is nevertheless a curious subject for study. Judging from the other personages in the volume, we should conclude that Hadji Stavros is an ideal person. A young German naturalist and an English lady and her daughter are among the other leading personages, and are caricatures. Yet the amount of truthfulness, or the

reverse, in this work, had little to do with its effectiveness. As a story, the whole was fascinating. It helped to make its author talked about with favour, and it caused him to be eulogized by the critics of his own nation.

His next work, *Germaine*, was an attempt to depict Parisian manners. A nobleman, who has lost everything, including honour; his daughter, a young girl, who sacrifices herself that he may regain his place in society; a Spanish nobleman, who is first a rake and afterwards a pattern husband; a woman, who has been his mistress, and who hesitates not to commit murder in order to compass her ends; a medical man of uncommon skill, and who displays an abnegation seldom witnessed even among members of his profession,—these are the persons whose doings and disputes constitute the substance of this novel. The chief interest hinges on the solution of a physiological problem. *Germaine*, the heroine, is represented as in the last stage of consumption. In order that the plot may terminate satisfactorily, she must be completely cured. This the author brings about by the agency which is employed by a rival for her destruction. Iodine inhalations combined with drops of an arsenical solution, which are furtively administered to her every morning, are made the means of her recovery. The drawback is, that were *Germaine* so hopelessly ill as she is represented in the first chapter, her life could not possibly be prolonged. Indeed, M. About in his desire to produce a striking effect, followed a plan of which the result was to excite incredulity rather than give pleasure.

The like seeking after novelty led him to write *Maitre Pierre*, a novel of which the purpose is to inculcate the advantages of reclaiming waste lands. We can liken it to but one English book, and that is *Talpa, or the Chronicles of a Clay Farm*. They differ in this: *Talpa* has no amorous episodes in it, whereas a charming love-story gives life to *Maitre Pierre*. It was of set purpose that the latter work was so written as to be even more practical than entertaining. In the dedication, M. About expresses his pleasure at having become an author, striving to do good to his kind by convincing the most prejudiced of the ease as well as importance of turning many thousands of acres, which engendered nothing but fever into fields yielding large and most remunerative crops. The scene of the story is the *Landes*, a spot in Mid-France several miles in extent, half morass, half desert, where the inhabitants walk on stilts, and where the mirage is to be witnessed as in Sahara, and where, not long ago, it was customary to hunt the wild bull and the wild horse. It had been shown that this waste was capable of cultivation. How to do so with profit is stated in this tale.

*Maitre Pierre* is the hero. Whether or not he be wholly an

imaginary personage is of little consequence; in any case he is an interesting character. Born in the *Landes*, circumstances led him to endeavour to make the piece of ground belonging to him less unhealthy. Hardly any one in his native village escaped being attacked with the *pellagre*, a dangerous fever, which few caught and lived. Being told that drainage would cure the evil, he devoted himself to the task, and, after overcoming the most formidable obstacles, succeeded not only in freeing the soil from superfluous moisture, but in rendering it unprecedentedly fertile. His greatest struggles were not with natural difficulties. He had a harder fight to vanquish the demon of routine than the demon of pestilence. By his neighbours he was hooted and impeded. They prophesied his ruin, and worked hard to bring it to pass. He was even charged with impiety, for endeavouring to alter that which God had ordained. After his first attempt he was nearly ruined, for the rains of spring inundated his land, and the summer heat scorched his young plants, so that the soil which had formerly borne a scanty herbage, on which goats might browse, was now a barren waste. His property was nicknamed 'Peter's Folly.' When he the most required substantial aid, he merely obtained ineffectual consolation in the shape of good advice. An old shepherd, who had acted as his guardian, took advantage of his failure to lecture him in this wise: 'You see the effects of youth. Thinking yourself wiser than your forefathers, you try to improve what God has made, and you lose an income of twenty-five pounds. I am truly sorry that this misfortune should have befallen you, but it is to be hoped that the country will profit by your example.' However, his perseverance bore its merited fruit. He gained wealth, and taught others how to do likewise. When success had been achieved, he was held in honour; but was not credited with the entire victory. The kind advisers who had reproached him with folly, now came forward and claimed the chief share in the work.

Marniette, the heroine, is a slightly-sketched but pleasing figure. Left an orphan when still an infant, she was adopted by Maitre Pierre, himself a young man. She lived with him, and aided him most materially. As soon as her guardian became a rich man, many suitors contended for the hand of his ward. She rejects them all, because she really prefers him. The result may be guessed.

Although the love-story is prettily told, yet it does not tend to enhance the merit of this novel. Its claim to notice rests on the large number of facts which may be learned from perusing it, without the reader being wearied with them. There is about the book the charm which consists in the vividness with which com-

monplace things are placed in a new aspect. The under-current of the plot is fully as attractive as the leading incidents. How the peasants treat their benefactors and manage their own affairs, are brought into prominent notice. One or two scenes, in which the mayor and other functionaries make themselves ridiculous, while discharging their usual functions with the traditional formalities, are capital specimens of clear and truthful delineation. However, the conduct of the peasants, among whom the Emperor can alone breathe freely, is more frequently reprehensible than ludicrous. As M. About puts it: give them five francs, and they will accuse you of robbing them should you ask for half a franc in return. The old shepherd is made to act thus on a large scale. He had become mayor of Bulos, and, thanks to Maître Pierre, had enriched himself exceedingly. As soon as he found that Maître Pierre was striving to confer upon others the benefits he had conferred on the denizens of his native place, the mayor exerted himself to drive Maître Pierre away. In this he was seconded by all those who, like him, had good cause to be grateful to the man they used to despise. No sooner, however, did Maître Pierre prove that the projected improvements would raise the value of their own property, as well as that of their neighbours, than he was entreated to remain, in those flattering words which fall so naturally from the lips of the base by birth and the envious by habit. Those who have not seen the *Landes* will find their curiosity excited by the perusal of this novel. Those who have traversed them will lament that the practical suggestions of the novelist should have had so little influence as yet, and that so many acres of land which might be made to yield golden grain are still thickly covered with stunted trees and worthless herbage.

Each successive work gave M. About a more prominent place in public estimation. Passing over some which do not merit special mention, we come to that which, even had it not been produced by an author of repute, would have excited universal attention. While residing at Rome in 1858, he contributed to the *Moniteur* letters giving his impressions of the Holy City and its devout rulers. Several omissions and modifications were made by the editor prior to the publication of these letters, yet they were considered offensive by the Papal government, and, at its instance, were suspended. Returning home, the author occupied himself during a year in digesting his opinions, until they formed a volume, which appeared with the title of *The Roman Question*. It was read everywhere, denounced by all good Catholics, applauded by all good Protestants, and admired by not a few who, utterly devoid of fanaticism, regarded the temporal power of the Pope as both an anomaly and a curse.

It was answered in the usual style: the truth of all material statements being boldly questioned, while it was proved that on some trivial matters of detail the writer had blundered. The partisans of the Pope had the satisfaction of demonstrating that a man whom M. About styled a prince was only a duke; that another had ceased to discharge the functions attributed to him; and that a duke, instead of murdering his servant, had only killed him owing to an accident which, unfortunately, it was impossible to explain. On the strength of these facts, it was concluded that the book was wholly untrustworthy, and that its author merited general opprobrium. The justice of this decision we shall not dispute now. Besides, it is a thankless task to combat conclusions which are as illogical as they are absurd.

To the main portion of the book no reply was possible, for it consists of admitted facts, arranged with much adroitness in order to fortify the author's theories. He argued, for instance, that the temporal should be severed from the spiritual power, on the ground that the two cannot be simultaneously exercised without giving occasion for scandal and contradictions. Barely stated, the question would not exasperate any one who was on the Pope's side; but, when put as it was in this book, it made the enemies of the Church laugh, and its adherents gnash their teeth with rage. M. About, contending for the separation of the two powers, asked, 'Is it not deplorable that sheriff-officers should seize goods in the name of the Pope; that judges should sentence an assassin in the name of the head of the Church; that the executioner should cut off heads in the name of the Vicar of Jesus Christ?' He further considered the two words 'Pontifical Lottery,' as conveying a scandalous idea from their very association. He pointed out that, while the Pope forbids his subjects to take tickets in foreign lotteries under penalty of excommunication, he receives without a blush a report to the effect that 'the lottery' has been profitable, in other words, that his subjects are making progress in vice. He was at great pains to demonstrate that the Ecclesiastical Government was the cause of half the evils which afflict the Papal States. In answer to the assertion that the people was incapable of self-government, being at once indolent and effeminate, he cited what Italians had done in the past, and maintained that they could do the like again were they left to themselves. He asked a venerable ecclesiastic why it was that the farther any one journeyed from Rome the more perfect was the system of cultivation, and why should the environs of Rome be little better than a desert? The answer was: 'The land is not uncultivated, and if it be so the fault lies with the Pope's subjects. They are naturally lazy, although



21,415 monks preach to them the duty of labour.' Indeed, nothing could be more searching or sparkling than the analysis by which M. About proved the inherent vices of the Papal system of government. Figures he made great use of, and always with effect. Thus, having to show that the Pope's subjects were energetic men though bad farmers, he cites from official statistics that in 1853, the Roman Courts of Law had furnished 609 offences against property, and 1344 against the person; whereas in France the proportions were reversed, 3719 persons being accused of robbery, and 1921 of personal violence. This does not prove much, yet it furnishes an opportunity for appending the remark, that the French are admitted to be people of energy, while the Romans are alleged to be devoid of it. The indirect satire is as well employed in this as in the former case of so many thousands of monks exerting themselves to denounce idleness.

The most noteworthy chapters are those containing the portraits of the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli. In the former, Pius the Ninth is portrayed with a tenderness which almost excites our admiration. All his personal qualities are brought into full relief; his defects are attributed to his training and his position. His sincerest friend could not desire a more ample yet balanced eulogium than that here penned. Turn the page, however, and the delicacy of the tints in the picture of the Pope will be seen to have been employed to heighten the effect of those in the picture of his chief minister. Now, all the details which M. About gives of the life of Cardinal Antonelli may be strictly true, while the impression left by the portrait will be wholly misleading. A degree of personal antipathy is apparent throughout. The man seems to be as obnoxious as the crafty minister. We are reminded of the invectives launched by Junius against George III. and by Burke against the Jacobins. In a literary sense, this performance is superior to any similar one by an English writer, and is almost on a par with the exquisite satires of Pascal and Paul Louis Courier. Here, for instance, is an admirable example of how to make, in few but significant words, the greatest number of disparaging statements. 'Cardinal Antonelli's tastes are simple: a robe of red silk, unlimited power, an enormous fortune, a European reputation, and every pleasure in which man can indulge; these trifles are sufficient for him.'

What rendered this book so effective is also its chief drawback. It wearies us to listen to the same idea repeated in high-flown language even by the greatest master of oratory. We soon long for relief in the shape of variety. On closing this volume we feel convinced that M. About is very clever, but we are sceptical as to the utter rottenness of the Papacy. From

his point of view, we see everything in the blackest colours. Negations, however, are never pleasing, and are seldom trustworthy. We are disposed to ask for the counsel on the other side to step forth and plead his cause, feeling certain that the uncompromising opponents of the Papacy cannot be right in every particular, however right they may be in the main. In short, M. About fills the part of a counsel for the prosecution, who holds it to be his duty to endeavour to get a verdict against the prisoner. Any one discharging that office has the power of making out a good case for himself, because it is not his business to find excuses for the charges which he makes. Unfortunately the accused, in this case, is without a defender who can devise a better answer, than denials which cannot be substantiated, and counter abuse which simply proves that the supporters of the Popedom are devoid of taste, and possessed of an inexhaustible stock of opprobrious epithets. Although several years have now elapsed since the book first appeared, yet the *Gazette of Rome* still repeats at short intervals that M. About is a scoundrel. He was prepared for this result. In the eighth chapter he says that a friend advised him to refrain from adding one to the host of pamphlets which, since Luther's days, have been launched against the Papacy. If he wished to take a new line, let him praise and approve of everything, even the things which were admitted to be objectionable; by doing this he might rest satisfied with acquiring glory, and perhaps profit, while taking the opposite course would insure to him the eternal hate of the paternal government of the Pope and its partisans. In rejecting this advice he showed his wisdom. By writing his book on the 'Roman Question,' he made himself known to thousands who had never heard of his novels, and detested only by those whom he despised.

Thus, four years after appearing before the public as an author, he had incurred the enmity of all patriotic Greeks and prejudiced Roman Catholics. Common though it be for authors to complain of their enemies, yet many would have much more reason for grumbling were all the world their partisans. The most sincere literary friend soon gets tired of repeating truisms, and, when he finds himself condemned to sing in chorus, he holds his tongue. But, when the part of a friend consists in repelling aspersions as well as upholding merits, then it is filled with heartiness, because it gives occasion for display. As each new work by M. About was made the pretext for personal attacks, he had good reason to be grateful. His supporters showed themselves all the more in earnest, seeing that his enemies were so entirely in the wrong. The contending factions had a fresh opportunity for buckling on their armour and sounding to combat

when the work on *Contemporary Rome* appeared. This did not contain so much matter for controversy as the former work on Rome, or the one with a corresponding title on Greece. It was filled with observations made during a sojourn of six months at Rome, and the reader felt disappointed with the book on account of its fragmentary character. The short anecdotes and remarks which compose it are amusing and excellently put; but they are wearisome to read in succession. Nothing is more fatiguing than a book of jests or choice thoughts.

During this period he contributed articles to the *Opinion Nationale*, a newspaper which is supposed to represent the opinions of the present Prince Napoleon. In these articles political and social topics were discussed with plenty of wit and not a little discretion. Like all those who both see faults in the existing state of things in France, and have remedies to propose, he had to display much tact so as to escape punishment. Thus, when exposing an abuse and giving advice, M. About tried to soften by compliments the harshness of his words. The editor frequently struck out the unpleasant truths and let the flattery remain. Hence, the writer was regarded by many as an upholder of a Government, which, though he did not desire to subvert, yet he was most anxious to improve. When he republished these articles he made this complaint in the preface, and thereby rid himself of the imputation of being a devoted Imperialist and an enemy of amelioration. Still, the charge having been made, it was believed in the teeth of his protests, and fomented a public demonstration, on the occasion of a play by him being performed at the Odéon.

*Gaëtana* was the name of this drama. It was not the only piece he had written for the stage since the failure of *Guillery*, for a vaudeville called *Risette* had been represented with success at the Gymnase. Having offered his drama to the committee of the Français, he had the satisfaction of having it accepted by that critical tribunal. However, the delay in putting it upon the stage was so great that the author, growing weary, withdrew the play, and offered it to the manager of the Odéon who arranged to have it performed without unnecessary loss of time. No English theatre corresponds either to the Français or the Odéon, nor is any theatre in England filled with an audience exclusively drawn from the educated middle class, like that which frequents the former, or so entirely composed of students, like that which fills the latter. But, though we cannot cite exact parallels to these cases, we may render the matter clear enough by stating that in France, as in England, an audience composed of persons of the same age or class is necessarily a prejudiced as well as a peculiar one. Youths devoid alike of sense and

experience, naturally approve or disapprove of sentiments and scenes for less cogent reasons than those which actuate staid persons who have lived some years in the world, and have learned some of the lessons which time alone can teach. Now, the students before whom *Gaëtana* was played for the first time on the second of January 1862, were concerned about one thing only, and that was to prevent a word of the play being heard. The majority considered M. About to be devotedly attached to the Imperial dynasty; all knew him to be an enemy of the temporal power of the Papacy; and the mass felt assured that in affronting him they were either showing their detestation of the Empire or their sympathy with the Pope. He was so little in favour with the Government, that the latter made no effort to suppress the tumult by irresistible arguments embodied in policemen. The piece was played almost in dumb-show for four nights; it was then withdrawn without having had a hearing.

When the drama was published, the demand was unprecedented. Five editions were soon disposed of. This popularity was partly owing to the preface which M. About affixed to it. In this preface, he justly complains of the unfairness of styling his piece bad because of the manner in which it had been received, and bewails his misfortune in having been so foolishly independent as to make enemies among all parties, owing to his having refused to flatter any one section or disguise any of his thoughts. The play is neither better nor worse than hundreds which the Parisians have welcomed with enthusiasm. The tone of it would not shock the sternest Puritan. The style would please the most fastidious critic. In short, when perusing it the reader marvels as greatly that *Gaëtana* should have given rise to a turbulent opposition, and have nearly cost the author his life, as he does when assured that the first representations of Victor Hugo's *Hernani* were regarded as equivalent to a revolution, and convulsed France during several months from one end to the other.

While the actors and the public were busied with *Gaëtana*, M. About was publishing three tales, of a kind entirely new. Their titles are *The Man with the Broken Ear*, *The Attorney's Nose*, and *The Case of M. Guérin*. The contents are as curious as the titles. In the first, a man is resuscitated after having been supposed to be dead during forty-six years; in the second, an attorney having lost his nose in a duel has a new one fashioned out of the arm of a poor man; the third is even more extraordinary, seeing that at the crisis the hero tells his son he is his mother! Now, in none of them is the author indulging in fantastical visions, like the flying people of Peter Wilkins, or

the celestial creatures of Cyrano de Bergerac. Each work is far removed from being wholly a satire, like the works of Swift, or merely inculcating a moral lesson, like that taught in *Robinson Crusoe*. A doubtful, yet possible hypothesis, is the basis on which each superstructure is reared. For instance, in *The Man with the Broken Ear*, it is argued that, as it is possible to revive the functions of certain of the lower animals, even after the lapse of many years, there is a probability of the same result being achieved in the case of the higher animals were the same methods pursued. An eel may be dried or frozen, and then restored to life by immersion in water or exposure to heat. M. About imagines a man dried in such a way that life is suspended only, and that after the application of moisture the vital functions resume their action. His reasoning is of this kind: suppose a clock be wound up, it will go till the expiration of a certain time, unless any portion of the mechanism be broken. Yet with every wheel and spring in perfect order, the motion will cease unless the excess of friction be overcome by a due quantity of oil. Take from each wheel and pivot the lubricating substance and the clock will stop; replace the oil and the wheels will move. In like manner, living beings survive so long as their parts are uninjured and are properly oiled. To them, water does what oil does to the mechanism of a clock: it overcomes friction. Four-fifths of a man are fluid: withdraw this without injuring any part of his system and life is temporarily suspended; dip him in water and his functions revive. Now, there is enough of plausibility in this to prevent our treating it as sheer folly. Hence the reader, instead of laughing at the silliness of the persons in the novel who accept conclusions which are probably the author's own, is sensible of the tact and cleverness with which an appearance of verisimilitude is given to the most extravagant proceedings.

Although the greatest ingenuity is expended on the scientific part of the tale, yet the greatest skill is displayed in depicting the circumstances which attend, and the consequences which follow the restoration to life of a man who had been in a trance for forty-five years. A Colonel Fougas, whom the Russians had taken prisoner in 1816, and on whom Dr. Meiser, a German professor, had experimented when all but frozen to death, was supposed to be capable of resuscitation by the gentleman into whose possession the colonel's body had come. A portion of his ear having been broken off by accident, it was subjected to a microscopical examination, and pronounced to be the part of a man in whom the vital functions were suspended but not destroyed. It was resolved to attempt his resuscitation, and several men of science came from Paris to Fontainebleau in

order to make it. An unexpected obstacle nearly hindered the undertaking. It is of a kind which we should not have anticipated, but which is most natural in France, and it gives M. About the opportunity for showing, with the indirect sarcasm of which he is a master, the foolish self-importance of the constituted authorities. A commissary of police waited upon Léon Renault, who had brought the colonel's body from Germany, and asked for a private interview. As soon as they were alone, the public functionary said:—

"Sir, I am conscious of the respect due to a man of your character and in your position, and I hope you will be so good as not to take amiss a course of procedure which a sentiment of duty causes me to follow."

Léon opened his eyes widely while waiting for the continuation of this harangue.

"You must know, sir," the functionary continued, "that I allude to the Burial Act. Its terms are precise, and provide for no exceptions. The authorities might close their eyes, but the noise created, moreover the rank of the deceased, putting aside the religious questions, compels them to act—in concert with you, of course—"

Léon was more and more puzzled. In the end, it was explained to him, in red-tape style, that he must order the body of Colonel Fougas to be interred in the churchyard of the town.

"But," replied he, "if you have been told about Colonel Fougas, you must also have learnt that we do not consider him to be dead."

"Sir," answered the functionary with a meaning smile, "opinions are free. But the coroner,<sup>1</sup> who has had the pleasure of seeing the deceased, has reported to us that the interment must take place at once."

"Nevertheless, sir, if Colonel Fougas be dead, we hope to restore him to life again."

"We have heard that already, sir, but, for my part, I hesitate to believe it."

"You will believe when you shall have seen it, and, sir, I trust you will not have long to wait."

"But then, sir, have the formalities been gone through?"

"With whom?"

"I know not, sir, but I presume that, prior to undertaking such a task, you have obtained permission."

"From whom?"

"However, sir, you admit that the resurrection of a man is an extraordinary event. As for me, this is the first time I have heard it mooted. Now, the duty of a police rightly organized, is to hinder any extraordinary thing from taking place in the country."

"Look here, sir, if I told you that the man is not dead, that I have a well-grounded hope of placing him on his legs before three days are

<sup>1</sup> There are no coroners in France, neither are there 'doctors for the dead' in England. Though the equivalent is not exact, yet it makes the meaning sufficiently clear to use 'coroner' as the translation of *médecin des morts*.

over; that your doctor, in denying the possibility of this, has made a mistake, could you take the responsibility of interring the colonel?"

"Certainly not. God forbid that I should be responsible for anything! But yet, sir, in ordering the burial of Colonel Fougas, I shall be doing my duty and observing the law. For, indeed, by what right do you pretend to resuscitate a man? In what country is it customary to do so? Which is the section of the Act authorizing you to resuscitate people?"

"Are you acquainted with an Act which prohibits it? Now, whatever is not forbidden is legal."

"It may be so in the eyes of a magistrate. But the police must prevent, must eschew disorder. Now a resurrection, sir, is an occurrence so unusual as to amount to a real breach of the peace."

"You will grant, at least, that it is an excusable breach?"

"No breach is excusable. Besides, the deceased is not an ordinary person. If the man in question were a vagabond, starving and homeless, we might act with tolerance. But he is a soldier, an officer of rank, and wearing medals, a man holding high position in the army, —the army, sir, you must not meddle with the army."

"But, sir, I meddle with the army as a surgeon who binds up its wounds. I wish to restore a colonel to the army. And it is you who, out of routine, would deprive it of a colonel."

"I beseech of you, sir, do not get so excited, and do not speak so loud: we might be overheard. Believe that I would go halves with you in whatever you might undertake on behalf of the fine and noble army of my country. But have you thought about the religious question?"

"What religious question?"

"To tell you the truth, sir, that is, between ourselves, the rest is but accessory, and we now approach the delicate point. I have had a visit, and have listened to some very sensible remarks. The mere mention of your project has alarmed a certain number of consciences. It is feared that the success of an experiment of this sort will injure the faith—in a word, will scandalize many good souls; for, in truth, if the colonel be dead, it is because God willed it. Do you not dread to run counter to the will of God by resuscitating him?"

"No, sir; for I am certain to fail if God has otherwise decreed. God permits that a man should catch a fever, but God also allows a doctor to cure him. God has suffered one of the Emperor's brave soldiers to be captured by a handful of drunken Russians, to be sentenced to death as a spy, to be frozen in a fort, and dessicated by an old German under the bell of an air-pump; but God also suffers me to discover the body in an old curiosity-shop, to bring it to Fontainebleau, to examine it along with some men of science, and to hit upon a scheme, almost infallible, for revivifying it; all of which proves this theory—namely, that God is juster, more compassionate, and more merciful than those who take his name in vain for the purpose of exciting you."

"I assure you, sir, that I am perfectly calm. I am convinced by

your reasoning because it is good, and because you are a man of weight in the town. Besides, I sincerely trust that you will not take in bad part an act of zeal which I was counselled to perform. I am an official, sir. Now, what is an official? A man who has a place? Suppose for a moment that the officials were to lose their places, what would be left in France? Nothing, sir; absolutely nothing. I have the honour of wishing you good-morning."

The experiment, as may be imagined, proves successful, and Colonel Fougas revives from his long sleep to find himself in a position more novel than agreeable. He is still a young man, having only lived twenty-five years, although seventy had elapsed since his birth. He still thinks and talks as he did in 1816, consequently his ideas are very curious, and his conversation is barely intelligible. His greatest mortification is to hear the English, whom he regards as foes of France, spoken of as her true friends. As a compensation, he rejoices in the love of Clementine, a lady to whom Léon Renault was engaged, but who became fascinated with the Colonel when yet a mummy, and devotedly attached to him on his restoration to life. Thus Léon Renault finds that he has raised up a Frankenstein. Eventually, however, it is discovered that the attachment of the lady to the Colonel is owing to the fact of her being his granddaughter. The wedding planned at the beginning of the story takes place, but the Colonel does not long survive the event, for a more bitter disappointment than the loss of a lady-love made life a burden to him. He had applied for the place in the army to which his services had entitled him. The reply came on the day of the wedding, and it was to the effect that, as he was born in 1797, his real age must be seventy, therefore he could not get promotion, and he must be classed among the retired officers, with the rank of colonel. This intelligence broke his heart, and he died.

*The Attorney's Nose* differs from the foregoing tale in this, that the moral lesson taught therein is more prominent than the scientific problem on which it is based. An attorney of large practice and great wealth, having insulted a Turk by giving him a blow on the nose, is challenged to mortal combat. The Turk being the person insulted, has the choice of weapons. He chooses sabres, and the duel ends in the Turk cutting off the nose of M. L'Ambert, the attorney. The latter is the more taken aback by this occurrence, because he prides himself on his personal appearance, and knows that with a mutilated visage he can no longer aspire to be the envy of his fellows and the favourite of women. He entreats his medical man to replace the lost organ. The doctor replies that there are three ways of doing this, the French, the Indian, and the Italian.



The first consists in drawing together the edges of the stump so as to form a new nose; but as the nose has wholly disappeared this method cannot be employed. The Indian way is to form a nose out of the forehead; but this does not please M. L'Ambert, because a huge scar on his forehead would be as great a disfigurement as a noseless face. The third way is to make an incision in the arm, to keep the wound on the face in contact with that on the arm for a month until the parts had united, and then to shape a new nose out of the piece of flesh severed from the arm. To the employment of this method, M. L'Ambert objects on account of the suffering. Finally, it is proposed and arranged to make the experiment on the person of another, and a water-carrier consents, for the recompense of two thousand francs, to allow his arm to be operated upon. This water-carrier, who till then had lived honestly and frugally, earning a small wage with hard labour, and depriving himself of superfluities in order to send money to his parents, is corrupted by the new mode of life he is induced to lead. He underwent the operation without a groan. His arm was fastened to the visage of M. L'Ambert, and the two remained inseparably connected for a month. At first the pair were like brothers. Romagné, the water-carrier, did what he was told with the greatest readiness, going to bed, getting up, turning on the right or the left side as his master wished. During the first three days, M. L'Ambert was touched with his devotion, but he soon regarded him with detestation.

'Romagné was a worthy and excellent young man, but he snored very loudly. He adored his family, he loved his neighbour, but he had never bathed in his life, out of dread of wasting his merchandise. His sentiments were the finest in the world, but he could not submit to the most elementary restraints enjoined by civilisation. Poor M. L'Ambert, and poor Romagné! What nights and what days, how many kicks given and endured! It is needless to say that Romagné bore them without a murmur: he dreaded lest a false move should spoil Dr. Bernier's experiment.

'The attorney had plenty of visitors. His boon companions came and amused themselves with the water-carrier. They taught him to smoke cigars, to drink wine and spirits. The poor wretch gave himself up to those new pleasures with the eagerness of a Red Indian. They made him helplessly drunk, they caused him to descend the steps which separate man from the brute. He had to be re-educated. These fine gentlemen did so with a wicked delight. Was it not something pleasant and fresh to demoralize a water-carrier?'

At length, the operation being happily ended, Romagné was paid his price and turned adrift. The attorney resumed his old

career of making money and love with his accustomed ease and good fortune. During the winter he is annoyed at finding his nose swell and become discoloured. He sends for the doctor, who tries different remedies, but in vain; neither lotions nor leeches availing to restore the nose to its natural state. Upon this, Dr. Bernier having reflected, tells his patient that he can account for the occurrence in no other way than by supposing the piece of flesh cut from the water-carrier's arm to be still subject to the influence of its first possessor. This M. L'Ambert regarded as akin to impertinence: that a man who had been well paid should have any influence over him whom he had served, appeared to him utterly ridiculous. Nevertheless, it is decided that Romagné, the water-carrier, be sought after. With difficulty can he be found, and when he is brought before the attorney he can barely be recognised. He had spent his money in riotous living, and had ceased to drink only when he had no longer a coin in his pocket or clothes to pawn. He offers to reform if M. L'Ambert will but give him money enough to purchase a water-cask and resume his trade. The latter having refused to give him a farthing, sends him off with the injunction to work hard and live soberly, in order that his benefactor's nose may no longer be a deformity. Two days afterwards the attorney's organ is visibly improved, though still red; at the end of a week its size is reduced by two-thirds, and at the end of a fortnight is what he wished it to be. Months elapse, and the nose gradually becomes paler and smaller. Dr. Bernier's aid is again invoked. He now gives it as his opinion that the nose had languished because the water-carrier is dying of hunger. For the first time in his life, the attorney is shocked to think that a fellow-creature should be destitute and in misery; and he generously determines to shrink from no sacrifice in order to save the poor man's life. The efforts made to find Romagné are successful; he is discovered in the hospital. Thither goes the attorney, and, standing by the patient's bedside, implores him to do whatever the doctor had ordered, and strive to regain his health. The task is hard, for the water-carrier is not only reduced to a pitiable state of feebleness, but looks forward to death as a deliverance from misery:—

'Never did any preacher—neither Bossuet nor Fénelon, Massillon nor Fléchier, nor even M. Mermilliod—scatter from his pulpit words at once stronger and more unctuous than M. L'Ambert at the pillow of Romagné. He appealed first to the reason, next to the conscience, and lastly to the heart of the sick man. He employed sacred and profane things, citing the texts of the Bible and of philosophers. He was powerful and tender, severe and paternal, logical, caressing, and

even amusing. He proved to him that suicide is the most shameful of crimes, and that it is necessary to be cowardly in order to seek death voluntarily. He even ventured to employ the metaphor, as novel as it is bold, of likening him who commits suicide to the deserter leaving his post without the corporal's permission.

'The water-carrier, who had taken nothing for four-and-twenty hours, appeared settled in his determination. He stood fixed and obstinate in the presence of death, like a donkey before a bridge. To the most compact arguments he replied with unvarying calmness:—

"It is not worth the trouble, Monsieur L'Ambert; there is too much misery in this world."

"Oh, my friend, my poor friend! misery is divinely appointed. It is specially created to render the rich charitable, and the poor resigned."

"The rich? I have begged for work, and everybody has refused it. I have asked for charity, and have been threatened with the police."

"Why did you not come to your friends; to me, for instance; to me, who wish you well; to me, in whose veins is your blood?"

"Oh, indeed! so that you might again order me away from your door!"

"My door will be always open to you, as well as my purse and my heart."

"If you had only given me fifty francs to buy a second-hand water-barrel!"

"But animal—dear animal, I mean—allow me to unbend a little with you, as when you shared my bed and my table. It is not fifty francs that you shall have, but a thousand, two thousand, ten thousand. I wish to share my whole fortune with you, that is, dividing it according to our respective wants. You must live. You must be happy. Why, spring is coming round, with its train of flowers and the sweet music of birds in the branches. Can you have the heart to quit all that? Think of the sorrow of your worthy parents, of your old father who awaits your return, of your brothers, of your sisters! Think of your mother, my friend. She will not survive you. You will see them all again. Or, better still, you must remain in Paris, under my eyes, as my closest friend. I wish to see you happy, married to a nice little woman, the father of two or three fine children.—You smile! Take this soup."

"Much obliged, Monsieur L'Ambert. Keep the soup; I don't want it. There is too much misery in this world!"

"But when I swear that your days of wretchedness are ended, when I pledge my word as an attorney to take care of you henceforth! If you consent to live, you will suffer no more, you will work no longer, your years will be made up of three hundred and sixty-five Sundays."

"And no Mondays?"

"All Mondays, if you prefer it. You will feast and drink. You will smoke Havannahs at a shilling each. You will be my boon com-

panion, my shadow, my second self. Will you live, Romagné, in order to be another me?"

"No. So much the worse. Since I have begun to die, I had better finish at once."

"Ah! indeed! Very well, you shall hear, three-fold brute, to what fate you condemn yourself. I do not refer only to the everlasting torments to which your wilfulness is every minute bringing you nearer. But, in this world, in this place, to-morrow, perhaps to-day, before sending your body to rot in a pauper's grave, it will be carried to the hospital theatre. It will be thrown on a stone table, and cut in pieces. One student will split open your great ass's head with an axe, another will lay bare your breast with a scalpel, to prove if there be a heart under the brutish covering; another——"

"Mercy, mercy, Monsieur L'Ambert! I do not want to be cut in pieces. I would rather swallow the soup."

Three days afterwards he is able to leave the hospital, and to be carried to M. L'Ambert's house, where he is attended with maternal care, and lodged like the master. For a month the attorney passes his time between his chambers, the bedside of the water-carrier, and his looking-glass. He has his reward. Day by day his nose grows more attractive. Overjoyed, he one day writes on a scrap of paper, 'How sweet it is to do good,' a maxim rather old in itself, but quite new to him. For some time after the water-carrier recovered, he is treated with extreme attention; gradually, however, he is made to know his proper place, and to learn that promises are not necessarily synonymous with performances. After another accident which occurred, owing to Romagné having to go and shift for himself, it was determined to give him a pension and keep him within sight. During a year all went well: Romagné being paid every week and watched every day. Once, having to read over a marriage settlement in presence of several persons of fashion, M. L'Ambert shocked and puzzled them by speaking with the tones and accent of a native of Auvergne; in other words, by speaking exactly like Romagné, the water-carrier. Now, the French of an Auvergnat is to the French of a Parisian what the dialect of Somersetshire or Yorkshire is to the English of Windsor Castle or Buckingham Palace.<sup>1</sup> Not knowing wherefore he was laughed at, M. L'Ambert grew furious. Thinking the whole affair a

<sup>1</sup> In the original of the dialogue quoted above, the answers of Romagné are printed as he would have pronounced them. The following, being the first and last of his answers, will enable our readers to understand the peculiarities of his dialect:—'Ch'est pas la peine, Mouchu. L'Ambert; y a trop de migère en che monde.' 'Grâche, grâche, Mouchu L'Ambert! je ne veux pas être coupé en morcheaux! j'aime mieux manger la choupe.'

joke carried too far, the company requested him to leave the house. It was not till after consulting his doctor that he learned the reason of the misfortune. He had caught a severe cold, consequently he spoke through his nose, and thus unconsciously spoke exactly like Romagné. Counsell'd by avarice, he now thought to save something by ceasing to pay the water-carrier his pension, an outlay for which he did not get a sufficient return, seeing that it had failed to prevent this accident. Accordingly the poor man was again turned adrift on the world.

Meantime, M. L'Ambert got well, and had nothing to trouble him. On the contrary, he had the satisfaction of carrying to a successful issue an affair in which he had long been engaged. The lady was lovely and rich: she made her lover joyful by accepting his hand. All the preparations were made, and the wedding-day fixed. On the morning of that day, M. L'Ambert, putting a handkerchief to his nose, is astonished at being unable to touch it; rushing to the looking-glass, he beholds his visage as destitute of a nose as on the day of the duel. He looked for it everywhere, but in vain. Hours passed, and the groomsmen summoned him to the wedding. The doctor having been sent for, declares it as his opinion that the water-carrier must be dead; offering, however, to perform the operation again. M. L'Ambert determined, instead, to have an artificial nose made of silver, and sent a messenger to his intended bride to inquire whether or not she would espouse him under these circumstances. Her reply is heroic: she will marry the notary either with or without a nose. Her reasons are less noble: she alleged that it was his fortune and position in society, and not his figure, which had attracted her. But when she saw him her resolution gave way, and M. L'Ambert remained a bachelor with a silver nose, and found consolation in the pleasures of the table for his disappointment.

'One evening the attorney beheld a porter with a trunk on his back, whose figure was familiar to him, but whom he took for a spectre. He called out "Romagné!"

'The other raised his eyes, and replied, in his thick and measured tones:—

"Good evening, Monsieur L'Ambert."

"You speak, therefore you are alive!"

"Of course I am alive."

"Wretch! But then what have you done with my nose?"

'While so saying, he had taken him by the collar and shaken him heartily. Not without difficulty, the Auvergnat disengaged himself, and said:—

"Let me alone, then. Can I defend myself, indeed! Don't you see that I am one-armed? When you stopped my pension, I got employment in a manufactory, and had my arm cut off by a machine."

In 1863, M. About gave to the world a novel entitled *Madelon*. This, it must be admitted, is one of the least edifying of M. About's productions. It is in fact the history of a modern courtesan, and, though unquestionably the work of a great artist, its character is not such as will recommend it to English readers. At the same time, the intention of the author cannot be said to be immoral. As the incarnate spirit of evil, Madelon glories in producing misery. All who associate with her have reason to repent of her acquaintanceship. She is one of the Furies of the fable with a mask of beauty; a siren whose sweet song has for object the heaping up of dead men's bones; yet an hundred sermons against vice might avail less to recommend virtue than the story of Madelon's miserable career and fiendish triumphs.

Even in such a novel as that described, there is strong evidence of the desire of M. About to teach something of a practical kind. Without interfering with the narrative, there is enunciated a scheme for improving agriculture in France, and which an ordinary novelist would not have given forth. The scheme is professedly practical, and has the merit of being original. We note the fact in order to show that a man who had the power of thinking out a scheme to be introduced into a novel, might naturally wish to lay his thoughts before the public in a more serious form, consequently it is not surprising that M. About's next work should partake of a philosophical character. Its title is *Progress*; its object, an answer to the old but still unsolved problems, 'Why, Whence, Whither.' To these questions he replies in a very summary, but also a very common-sense way. Instead of adding another hypothesis to the vast number that have been adduced, he contents himself with taking the facts as he finds them, and deducing legitimate conclusions from them. These results may be accepted as correct by men of every creed and nation, for they amount to this, that without a miraculous agency nothing could be brought into existence, or caused to disappear, that from first to last progress is the law of creation, and that the human organism is the most perfect of natural products, man being the paragon of animals. It follows that the energies of all should be directed towards the extension of human existence, the promotion of universal happiness.

Starting from these premises, he endeavours to show what are the hindrances which impede those who would attain the end which he regards as the terrestrial ideal. He also points out the interdependence between different branches and different generations of the human family. If we are healthier than our forefathers, if our minds are better cultivated, our libraries

filled with more valuable books, our memories teeming with more beautiful thoughts, it is because we are the heirs of their works and their wisdom. To lament our inferiority to the men of another age is absurd; insomuch as the mass at the present day is far superior to that of any other time. Even should the number of great men be less now than formerly, it does not follow that the sum of excellence has at all diminished. But whatever be the fact as regards the greater or lesser number of men of genius in any one age, ours is in advance of any other in the respect paid to industry, and the contempt in which indolence is held. The old notion that labour is degrading has been exchanged for the modern belief that to labour is a duty. Formerly, the man who folded his hands and lived on his income was accounted wise, whereas he who, without the stimulus of necessity, now lays his hand to the plough, is regarded as a truer nobleman than the titled nonentity who lives like a sloth. The wider spread becomes the conviction that those who have obtained the most from the past are the greatest debtors towards posterity, the better will it be for mankind, and the more rapid will be its progress.

We have said that the work is a practical one; this is specially true of its application, which has reference to the existing condition of things in France. Now, when the principles enunciated in the foregoing paragraph are compared with the notions prevalent among the French, it is seen how very far short his countrymen are of realizing M. About's ideal. He remarks that it is very common for them to respect the man who is idle, and despise him who toils. To such an extent is this carried, that a retired shopkeeper is thought more highly of than one who is still engaged in business. Government officials are ranked above commercial men, because they are supposed to have less to do. Among the industrial class the same foolish prejudices are manifested. The merchant, who sits in an office, counts himself superior to the merchant who keeps a shop. The wholesale looks down upon the retail dealer. The costermonger thinks himself better than the labourer; the labourer in a city better than his comrade in the country. Yet the uprooting of these pernicious notions, and the substitution for them of sound principles, would not suffice to further the cause of Progress, unless it be understood that to work together is as essential as to work at all. The necessity of the age is a community of labour. In order to attain a given object, all who are of the same mind should act in concert. The man who does his own part, heedless of others, is as isolated and as useless as was Robinson Crusoe on his island. He may please himself, but he will not benefit his kind.

The progress, then, which M. About desires, is chiefly of a material sort; it aims at making the soil yield more fruit, the sea more spoil, girdling the earth with the chains of commerce, covering its surface with clanging foundries and busy labourers. It may be objected that trade developed to excess will stifle art, and the material wellbeing of man be promoted at the expense of his intellectual culture. M. About replies that the bodily wants must take precedence of mental requirements; but that a nation in which hunger and poverty are unknown, will be as able to revel in all the luxuries of art and literature, as a nation in which the minority lives with ease, and the majority drags out a miserable existence. He thinks that poets and artists will have as good an audience when every one is contented, as when the mass groans under the pressure of misfortune. Besides, he is not afraid of material interests ever absorbing the whole energies of a community. In short, the scope of his book cannot be more fairly or fully expressed than in these words, which occur towards the end: 'My sole object is to show what is needful to be done in order that all may be happy and independent here below; my sole hope that, having read this book, some who now are indolent, or do nothing well, may be induced to employ their powers and talents more profitably.'

From this brief sketch of M. About's work on *Progress* it will be seen how free it is from visionary speculations; but, unless the book be perused, nobody can learn how well it is fitted for being practically useful. The style in which the more abstruse points are discussed renders them as attractive as chapters in a novel. Whatever he says, M. About always embodies in phraseology which is both suitable and pleasing. Any one, who had read all his other works, would not be surprised at the reasonings contained in this one, or marvel at a novelist by profession assuming the tone of a philosopher. That this opinion should prevail is owing, not to any necessary incompatibility between writing a charming tale and a useful treatise, but to the fact that the majority of novelists think more about showing off their wares to advantage than about having valuable merchandise to sell. A greater fiction than any ever penned is the belief that charming nonsense is what a novelist should alone supply. There can be no greater misfortune than that, impressed with this belief, so many persons should be so busy in supplying to the thoughtless public that for which it calls and has a liking.

It was owing probably to his distaste for what was frivolous, and his fondness for teaching as well as pleasing, that M. About made his last novel a more didactic work than any pre-



ceding one. Until the close of it, the reader is unconscious of the particular moral he is to find, so that the story can be enjoyed independently of the purpose of the writer. This novel reminds us in one respect of the *Grand Cyrus* of Scudery, and the *Sir Charles Grandison* of Richardson. Its length is extraordinary. Three large octavo volumes constitute the work, and each volume is complete in itself. The drawback of this is that no one can tell when the author has finished his design. If he relate the fortunes of two generations, he may continue to record those of the third, and thus sink into a mere chronicler of the doings of fictitious persons. This objection applies, however, to a matter of detail. The important point is the merit of what is placed before us.

Under the title of *The Old Stock* are grouped three volumes, whereof the first is entitled *The Unexpected Husband*, the second *The Holidays of the Countess*, and the third the *Marquis of Lanrose*. At first we are introduced to a circle of relations, assembled in family council at the Castle of Grande-Balme, near Lyons. The purpose of the gathering was the bringing about a marriage between the titled heir to this encumbered estate and the niece of a M. Fafiaux, who, though he occupied a lowly place in the social scale, was yet very influential among the more bigoted section of the Roman Catholics, and who had the capacity for investing money so as to yield a large dividend, and insure an increase of the capital. As the guardian of his niece, he had acted in this way with such success as to make her one of the greatest heiresses of the neighbourhood. Of course Valentine Barbot is as lovely as rich young girls always are in novels. Her charms, however, make but a faint impression on Lambert de Saint-Genin, who loves hunting and shooting more than the fair sex, and cares very little for money. His mother having assured him that he must marry Valentine, he prepares to do so in order to show his filial affection. Valentine, on her part, is as submissive as girls educated in a French convent generally are, and makes no difficulty about fulfilling her uncle's commands. The settlements being duly signed, and the wedding presents given, Valentine, who had begun to like her destined husband, suddenly falls in love with Gontran de Mably, the cousin of Lambert de Saint-Genin, and whom she had never seen. But he was the subject of general talk. Having ruined himself by extravagance, he was languishing in a debtors' prison. Although unable to pay his creditors, yet he found means to send a magnificent bouquet to his cousin on the day fixed for arranging the preliminaries of marriage. This bouquet produced such an effect on Valentine that she

longed to see its donor. Aided by the Marquis of Lanrose, who came forward to arrange his affairs, Gontran was delivered from prison, and had resolved to go as a volunteer to the Crimea. Passing through Lyons on his way to the seat of war, he stopped at the Grande-Balme in order to be present at the wedding. During the interval, the liking which Valentine had taken to his name deepened into violent love for himself. He returned her love. His cousin, becoming aware of this, determines not to marry Valentine against her inclination, and declares the match broken off, to the intense disgust of his mother, who feared to lose the estate after losing the heiress. M. Fafiaux is equally dissatisfied, and is violently enraged against the Lanrose family, to whose conduct he attributes the mischief. However, the result is that Valentine becomes Countess of Mably, and her husband, now raised from poverty to opulence, returns to enjoy life in Paris in place of fighting against the Russians.

The manner in which he and his wife lived in Paris is the subject of the second volume. All the personages there introduced formed part of the gathering at Grande-Balme, yet it is unnecessary to have read the first volume in order to enjoy the second, which is really, though not nominally, as much or as little an independent story as is *The Newcomes*, when compared with *Pendennis*. In the first place, we are told of the wrath, still unsubdued, of M. Fafiaux, and of the pecuniary difficulties, now more pressing than ever, of the proprietors of the Grande-Balme. By his niece, and by her husband, this pious and parsimonious old man was appealed to, but in vain. He considered it indecorous that his niece should even write to him three days after her marriage.<sup>1</sup> In his own peculiar and uncharitable way, he acted like a good Christian. To the letters of his niece he made no reply, but he ordered masses to be said

<sup>1</sup> M. About adds, '*Le cant Anglais ne va pas se loin : il défend aux nouvelles mariées de se montrer en public, mais il leur permet d'écrire à discrétion.*' Both French and English novelists are too prone to interlard their works with scraps of each other's language. A French critic is quick to discern the mistaken turns given to French words in an English novel; in like manner, an English critic is caused to smile at the blunders of foreign novelists. One of the most common is to use the word 'cant' in a wrong sense, and to speak of 'spleen' as if it were a recognised English malady. In the sentence quoted above, the word 'cant' is substituted for *custom*; why, we cannot tell. However, had M. About written *custom*, either in English or French, his readers would have taken it as a matter of course that the English *custom* differed from the French; whereas they are certain to regard '*le cant Anglais*' as something very discreditable, if not horrible. As for '*English spleen*,' it is a disorder which never attacks anybody, excepting in the pages of French novels.

for her lost soul. As for her husband, M. Fafiaux considered him unworthy of attention, and disbelieved in his having a soul to be saved. Towards the proprietors of the Grande-Balme he was equally unaccommodating at first, but he afterwards proved more generous. He offered to pay them a certain sum yearly, and discharge all their liabilities, on condition that they handed over the absolute possession of the estate to certain friends of his own, who proposed to convert the castle into a monastery. As Lambert and his mother had no option between assenting to these terms and meeting ruin face to face, they agreed to his proposition.

Meantime, the Count and Countess of Mably were enjoying their new fortunes. The former had profited by experience; the latter showed that her conventual education did not disqualify her for shining in society. For a time she was the reigning beauty and the arbiter of fashion; the gentlemen paid court to her, the ladies copied her apparel. She was once tempted to forget her marriage-vows, but she had an easy triumph, because her mind was unsullied, and her love for her husband intense. He repaid her in kind, having nothing to complain of, excepting the unsatisfied desire for a child. So long as she took a leading part in fashionable dissipation, she had little time for attending to her religious duties. Not that she wholly neglected them, but she ceased to hear mass daily, and to keep all the fasts enjoined by the Church; in other words, she did the minimum of what was necessary. This came to her uncle's knowledge; whereupon he visited Paris, very much to the surprise of the Countess and her husband. He found his niece sated with her mode of life, and ready to do his bidding, as much out of curiosity as for any other reason. Introduced by him among the strictest sect of the faithful, she soon became as earnest as she had been lax in her observance of forms and ceremonies. Placed at the head of a charitable society, which fed and clothed the hungry and naked, provided they were assiduous in attending the Church-services and confessing at the appointed times, the Countess of Mably felt her own importance even more sensibly than when gentlemen contended for the honour of dancing with her, and every eye followed her movements. By virtue of an arrangement which suited the requirements of fashionable and wealthy penitents like her, she was not obliged to seclude herself entirely from the world. She wished to do so, but her spiritual director, Father Gaumiche, expressly ordered her to go now and then to the theatre and the opera. M. About tells us that the good "fathers of St. Christopher Street prescribe the theatre

and balls to their penitents, merely requiring that they do not enjoy themselves, or if they do, make an offering of their pleasure to God."

Among her acquaintances the Countess numbered Eliane, the second wife of the Marquis of Lanrose, and Yolande, wife of Count Adhémar, the son of that Marquis. Eliane was another of the band of devout spirits. Domestic disappointments had driven her to give herself up entirely to good works. Her happiness consisted in distributing, with lavish hand, alms and tracts and advice to the poor. The Countess of Lanrose became personally associated with the Countess of Mably, owing to the discovery that the societies over which each presided had been giving relief to the same persons. It was resolved, in order to render such treachery impossible, that the two societies should visit in turn the families that demanded their succour. With Yolande Countess of Adhémar the bond of union was much closer. They did not belong to the same set; indeed, Yolande was as worldly as Valentine was devoted to the Church. Their intimacy came about through the service rendered by the husband of the former to that of the latter. Count Adhémar, the husband of Yolande, had the reputation of being one of the greatest and most successful of speculators. Whatever company he joined, it succeeded. Whatever shares he bought, they rose. Without formally embracing the occupation of a banker or broker, he really combined in his person the parts of all the Rothschilds. The Countess of Mably having once lamented her inability to make a purchase, the Countess of Adhémar told her that if the Count of Mably intrusted his money to her husband, he would obtain a largely increased income. A special opportunity occurred for investing money to advantage. Count Adhémar had acquired possession of a gold-yielding territory in Africa, called the Humbé, from which the most enormous profits were anticipated. In order to work this property a company was formed, in which Count Mably invested a large sum, and from which he and the other shareholders received fabulous returns.

Wearied at last of being charitable, Valentine gradually became a woman of fashion again. Not only did she return to her old associates, but she formed the plan of leaving Paris for Carville, a sea-bathing place, in the company of Countess Adhémar, and without her husband. When at Carville, she was the centre of attraction. Admired and courted, she was in greater danger of backsliding than at any former time. Her husband, who had remained in Paris, had several opportunities of meeting Eliane, who had once rejected the offer of his hand,

and who now pushed her fanaticism so far as to attempt his conversion. His opinions were much freer than his conduct. She thought it a noble triumph to restore to the true fold a strayed sheep. But the result, though satisfactory in one respect, was different in another from that anticipated by her. The Count of Mably found great pleasure in taking counsel from so agreeable a teacher. He began to enjoy the lessons more for the sake of their utterer than their own. Thus it happened that while the wife was enjoying her holidays and receiving declarations of love at Carville, the husband was falling in love for the second time with the Countess of Lanrose.

The third volume, having for sub-title *The Marquis of Lanrose*, begins with a detailed history of the parentage and fortunes of Eliane. Born in a village, the child of peasants, circumstances had occurred which caused a Spanish lady of rank first to become interested in her welfare, and afterwards to treat her as a mother. Her beauty made her more admired than sought after by lovers who preferred to espouse a large dowry rather than mere good looks. Among them the young Count of Mably was alone so fascinated by her charms as to offer, in return, his hand and title. He had squandered the greater portion of his fortune, yet enough remained for him to live in comfort, provided that he settled down to a life of sobriety. Urged by her protectress, Eliane declined the proffered honour. Count Mably, at first mortified by her refusal, was thoroughly irritated, when, a short time after, he saw her become the second wife of the old Marquis of Lanrose. Grown reckless, he plunged into every folly, until at last he awoke in the debtors' prison, whence he was released by his friends, on condition that he reformed. As we have seen, he did reform by marrying Valentine Barbot, the heiress. Some time after marriage he again became intimate with Eliane, who, as we have also seen, took a great interest in his welfare, and strove to enrol him among the pious band of which she was the chief ornament. The Count of Mably was turned from one error only that he might commit a greater. The teacher and pupil, after having reconciled their differences on theological questions, sealed their agreement by reciprocating love.

Two persons become cognisant of their fall, M. Fafiaux, and the Marquis of Lanrose. A duel, in which the latter is wounded, is the result. Eliane takes refuge in a convent. On the return of the Countess of Mably to Paris, she learns first that her husband desires a separation, on the ground of her having misconducted herself at Carville, then, becoming aware that she is the more innocent of the two, she is only too ready to assent to

the proposal. The necessary documents being prepared, they are on the point of being signed, when unexpected tidings startle the household.

The undertaking which Count Adhémar projected for trading in Africa had prospered beyond expectation, and was looked upon as a national triumph. Gradually, however, secret influences operated to change the aspect of the question. Interlopers had obtained great influence with King Mamaligo, and used their power both to enrich themselves and impede the advancement of the company. Chief among them was a M. Mouton, who introduced into the colony a liquor called thaborine, manufactured by the monks of Grande-Balme, and which became the favourite beverage of the King and his subjects. This person was but an emissary of the good M. Fafiaux, whose antipathy to the Lanrose family was so great that he exerted himself to ruin the son, by bringing about the dissolution of the company, and to punish the father by proving that his wife had been unfaithful. When his spy assured him of the fall of Eliane, and that her seducer was the Count of Mably, he cursed his stars for having led him to become the troubler of the peace of the establishment of his niece. Immediately before he learned definitely that the machinations of his agent had caused the downfall of the African company, he was informed for the first time that the whole fortune of his niece had been invested in its shares, and as these were now worthless, his niece, from being the possessor of three millions of francs, was reduced to beggary. Thus his vengeance proved his torture. The misfortune had the opposite effect in the case of the estranged husband and wife: no sooner did they learn their ruin than their old love returned. The Count accepted an offer to fill a post in a paper manufactory in the country, and his wife gladly accompanied him, in order that they might both begin life anew under altered circumstances and in a different sphere. In their new position, they devoted themselves to doing their duty to the utmost of their power. Valentine became an excellent housewife, and her husband a skilful manufacturer. Bringing his natural talents to bear, and having none of the prejudices of routine to vanquish, he introduced improvements which enriched him, and led the Government to recompense him with the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Children came to enliven the household and deepen the love of the parents for each other. After a seven years' trial of the new life, they professed themselves happier than they had ever been before. So great had been the change, that the author makes Valentine tell an old friend that her husband had 'become a practical man, a manufac-

turer of the first class, a superior officer in the great army of progress.'

In sketching the plot of this novel, we have necessarily left unnoticed both the minor personages, who are little less important, though far less conspicuous, than the leading ones, and also the minor episodes which, though they do not affect the conclusion, enliven the progress of the piece. It is these which give an air of truth to the story. The lesser characters are drawn with fidelity to nature, instead of being fashioned to serve a purpose. Whatever be their failing, it is represented and not removed. Were it not for the general truthfulness of the characters, considered as a body, we should hesitate to commend a novel in which the hero acts such contradictory parts as the Count of Mably. He is better fitted for adorning a romance than becoming a useful member of society. No one who began as he did would conduct himself with the like prudence at the critical moment, and be transformed from an idle man and blameworthy husband, into the model parent of a happy family, and the beloved head of a prosperous manufactory.

This drawback is common to all novels written with a purpose. It is very apparent in *Germaine*, *The King of the Mountains*, *Maitre Pierre*, *The Physiological Tales*, and *The Old Stock*. There are few traces of it in *Tolla*, *The Parisian Marriages*, and *Madelon*. Yet a large number may prefer the novels which point morals, to those which simply depict life. Sermons are not in great demand at circulating libraries, and are even less relished in France than in England. Hence a story which answers the end of a sermon, while having none of its dulness, is often ranked by the public above a story which is intended to give pleasure only. For that reason we can understand why M. About's last novel should be one of the most popular he has written. It is at once a vivid picture of contemporary manners, and a strong denunciation of contemporary morals. That part which seems the most forced, the ease with which Valentine and her husband exchange an existence amid the bustle of Paris for seclusion in the heart of the country, probably represents the most genuine feelings of M. About. His writings are filled with eulogiums of rural life. In his solid work on 'Progress,' he maintains that those who desire to live long, to be happy in the married state, to rejoice in healthy offspring, to have opportunities for cultivating their minds by reading, and doing good to their poorer neighbours with whom they are necessarily brought into contact, should shun cities and settle in the country. He even maintains that were a taste for country life more common among his wealthy countrymen, France would be a great gainer.

Holding these views, it was not unnatural that he should date the regeneration of the Count of Mably from the time when ruin forced him to bid farewell to Paris and become a manufacturer of Romanchard, in the Department of the Isère.

Numerous and varied as are the works we have noticed, they do not represent a complete catalogue of the writings for which the public is indebted to M. About's fertile and facile pen. In addition to his more serious writings, political tracts, satirical squibs, and newspaper articles have been issued by the score, to the great amusement of his admirers and the annoyance of his hostile critics. Of these we can give no account here, but we shall bear them in mind in endeavouring to determine his characteristics.

It is as a novelist that M. About is best known in England, and as such we shall first consider his peculiarities. Writers of novels are divisible into classes, of which the leading traits are, the subjects chosen, the method of treating any subject, and the quality of the writing. Those who are concerned with the illustration of a particular subject, care little about how they treat it or how they write. If the object be to show forth the virtues of any section of a church, and the depravity of all other sections, it is sufficient to group together certain persons and arrange certain incidents in order to gratify the special audience to which the author appeals. No one will take up such a work for amusement who is not predisposed in its favour, any more than he will attend a public meeting unless he sympathizes with its objects. The class of novels characterized as 'sensational' is distinguished for the manner in which the whole plot is contrived so as to leave the reader in doubt, or even mislead him entirely as to the result. In this case the novelist is satisfied, provided he first excites the curiosity of his readers, and then startles them. The third class includes the best novels. Whatever subject their authors select, or in whatever way they treat it, their style is so notable for its finish and polish, it is so pointed with sarcasm or fraught with humour, so homely yet so free from vulgarity, so ornate yet the reverse of tawdry, so calculated both to attract those who enjoy it without being able to assign a reason, and also to satisfy the fastidious minority which refuses to approve of that which is not the best of its kind, that all readers express themselves delighted with the novels, wholly irrespective of the nature or merits of the story or the treatment. It is true of one of these novelists as of a singer with an exquisite voice,—the fascination is irresistible, even though the words and music are commonplace.



That M. About is far from happy in his plots and his conduct of them, requires no elaborate proof. Let us cite *Germaine* and *The Old Stock*, the best among his earlier and later works, as examples of his tendency to base a picture of real life on an extravagant hypothesis. In the first, *Germaine* being on the point of death, is deliberately given in marriage by her father to a man who expects she will not survive. Here we have two men guilty of most unnatural conduct. The motives of both are, it is true, capable of excuse, and even of justification, from the author's point of view; the father being a nobleman who is reduced to starvation, and who, by the marriage, will obtain enough to enable himself and his wife to live comfortably; the husband being a Spanish nobleman who wishes to legitimate a child, but declines to do so unless he can wed a woman who is his equal in rank. It is the mother of this child who counsels him to marry, but who does not wish that her lover's wife should become her rival. After marriage, *Germaine* begins to recover, and her husband who first keeps her company for the sake of appearances, afterwards does so because of affection. His former mistress, thwarted in her design, then resolves to procure the death of his wife. Now occurs another improbability greater than those mentioned. At the best, it was possible under the circumstances for *Germaine's* life to be prolonged; that she must die prematurely seems unavoidable. But the determination of Madame Chermidy to poison her is made to effect her salvation. Given in small doses, the arsenic *Germaine* unconsciously takes, works her entire cure. That this should occur involves a twofold improbability, first, that such a poison, if given at all in order to cause death, would be administered in doses so small as not to extinguish life, and, second, that it should restore permanent health to a person in the last stage of consumption. It is a fact that arsenic has a beneficial action on maladies of the chest, but its power to cure consumption is as yet unproved. M. About may claim the license to kill or cure his personages in his own way, and may even believe in the effects of the means employed in the foregoing case, as confidently as Dickens believes in the possibility of a human body being destroyed by spontaneous combustion. We hold, however, that a novelist who constructs a work, to be ended as in *Germaine* or *Bleak House*, shows weakness rather than strength.

In *The Old Stock* there are two surprises. The first is the sudden attachment of the heroine to a man she had never seen, on the evening of the day when it was definitely settled that she should become the wife of another. A bouquet is represented as the cause of her conduct. The sight of this suddenly changed the

current of her thoughts, and made her fall in love with its donor. In *The Man with the Broken Ear*, M. About makes a lady undergo an equally rapid transition. Léon Renault and Clementine are betrothed: the former, after an absence of three years, returns home to claim his bride; the latter receives him with joy, and the wedding-day is fixed. Among the things brought is a mummy, which is said to be that of a man who had been dessicated, and who might be brought to life again. From the moment that Clementine saw this, her love for Léon cooled. In this, as in the former case, a secret attraction, an elective affinity, is the explanation of her strange conduct, but in both cases the action leaves the same impression as the trick of a conjuror. We have already referred to the second surprise in *The Old Stock*, that which is its conclusion and its moral. When an author trusts for his effects to expedients of this kind, we are more struck with his ingenuity than impressed with his power.

Allied to this are other defects, for which the works of M. About are notable. The story is encumbered with dissertations, and the personages are often deficient in individuality. The episodes are sometimes short biographies of the characters introduced, and sometimes remarks of general application. M. About is very fond of giving detailed accounts of his personages, tracing their lineage and detailing their achievements. For example, in *The Attorney's Nose*, he has to mention the character of one of M. L'Ambert's seconds, who, having given an opinion, adhered to it. Thereupon it is said, that his reasoning, right in itself, gained strength from the speaker. We are informed that M. de Villemaurin 'was one of those gentlemen who seem to have been forgotten by death, in order to recall historical times to our degenerate days. The certificate of his birth made him out to be seventy-nine; but, by his habits of mind and body, he appertained to the sixteenth century. He thought, spoke, and acted as a man who had served in the army of the League, and routed the Béarnese. Royalist by conviction, and an austere Catholic, he brought to his friendships and his hatreds an ardour without bounds. His courage, his loyalty, his uprightness, and even a certain amount of chivalric folly, rendered him the admiration of the fickle youth of the present day. He never laughed without a cause, could with difficulty bear pleasantry, and took offence at a clever hit as a failure of respect to him. He was the least tolerant, the least amiable, and the most honourable of old men. He had accompanied Charles x. to Scotland after the days of July, but he left Holyrood at the end of a fortnight, because shocked to see that the Court of France did not take the misfortune seriously. He then resigned his commission,

and cut off his moustaches, which he kept in a sort of casket, with the inscription, "My Moustaches of the Royal Guard." His subordinates, officers, and soldiers, held him in great esteem and in great aversion. It was whispered about that this inflexible man had sent to the cells his only son, a young soldier of twenty-two, for an act of insubordination. The boy, worthy son of such a father, obstinately refused to yield, fell ill, and died. This Brutus wept for his child, erected a suitable monument to him, which he regularly visited twice weekly, without forgetting this duty at any time or age; but he bent not beneath the load of his remorse. He walked upright, with a certain stiffness: neither years nor sorrow had curved his broad shoulders. The story is not yet at end: we are next told how this Colonel married again, had children, and fought a duel at seventy-two; but what we have quoted will suffice to show the fault to which we would direct attention, that is, writing so much merely to prove that when such a man as M. de Villemaurin says that a duel ought not to take place, his dictum should be accepted. In itself, the notice is very good, but it is misplaced. Besides, not only does it interrupt the narrative, it is so full that we wish to learn more details. The principal figure is for the moment forgotten, and forgotten so entirely that we do not desire to meet him again.

At the beginning of the third volume of *The Old Stock*, the same thing occurs. Having to explain why Eliane met the Count of Mably under peculiar circumstances, M. About fills many pages with a minute account of what had happened to her since her birth. He seems to be conscious of the mistake he commits in making the long digression, for he prefaces it with an argument, in the guise of an apology, which fills six pages. When a novelist thinks it necessary to defend his errors, he produces the effect of a lady who boasts of her virtue. Many other examples might be quoted; indeed, the thing is so common as to have the appearance of being done of set purpose. It cannot, however, be intentional on his part that his personages so greatly resemble himself. He speaks behind their masks. Maître Pierre, for instance, although he can neither read nor write, is yet made to tell his tale with the neatness and point of a Parisian journalist. The same applies to Hermann Schulze, who relates the story of the *King of the Mountains*. He is a young German naturalist, and is supposed to have borne a part in the adventures he narrates. A few silly remarks are put into his mouth, but the reader is never under the illusion that such a person could have existed, for the contrast is too marked between his professed stupidity, and the heroism and cleverness

which he displays. When perusing any of these novels, we are always reminded by something or another, that the scene before us is but a puppet-show, and that M. About pulls the strings.

To the incapacity for producing persons which are not repetitions of himself, is attributable his failure as a dramatist. It is even more indispensable that the personages on the stage should have a character of their own, than that they should essentially differ from each other in a novel. A reader can pardon the want of individuality, which a spectator cannot but blame. The former knows that he is perusing a fiction, while the latter, in order to be interested, must be made to feel that he is beholding a passage in real life. When we go to the theatre, and see the wives of two honest shopkeepers of the middle class appear before us, we expect to hear conversation which is tinged with vulgarity, and not remarkable for point. Certainly we should be surprised if two such ladies entered, and spoke as follows:—

'*Isabeau*.—He preached well.

'*Guillemette*.—Not remarkably. How can you say that he preached well?

'*Isabeau*.—I mean that he preached well, because he did not say too much.

'*Guillemette*.—For my part, I think he preached badly, because he is too ugly.

'*Isabeau*.—He is quite good-looking enough for a parson, and he said capital things. Instead of declaiming, like so many others, against the coquetry of women, and ribbons, and crinoline, and jewels, he boldly dealt with the husbands, took the bull by the horns, and scolded the shopkeeping Don Juans, who abandon their families every Sunday after morning service, and go to Pré-Gaillard, there to dance with the girls and drink with the students.'

The foregoing piece of dialogue is taken from the beginning of the comedy of *Guillery*, which proved a failure. It exempli-

<sup>1</sup> The above is as literal a translation as can be made; our object in making it being to render into English exactly what is said in French. But, as such a translation, though the best when accuracy is required, is yet the worst for conveying the spirit of a passage, we subjoin the original:—

'*Isabeau*.—Il a bien prêché.

'*Guillemette*.—Pas trop. Comment pouvez-vous dire qu'il a bien prêché?

'*Isabeau*.—Je dis qu'il a bien prêché, parce qu'il n'a pas parlé longtemps.

'*Guillemette*.—Moi, je trouve qu'il a mal prêché, parce qu'il est trop laid.

'*Isabeau*.—Il est bien assez beau pour un prédicateur, et il a dit des choses excellentes. Au lieu de crier, comme tant d'autres, contre la coquetterie des femmes, et les rubans, et la crinoline, et les bijoux, il s'en est pris bravement à messieurs les maris, il a attaqué le taureau par les cornes, et il a gourmandé ces bourgeois verts galants qui s'échappent de leur ménages tous les dimanches, après vêpres, pour aller au Pré-Gaillard, danser avec des demoiselles et boire avec des écoliers.'

fies the defect upon which we are insisting, and explains the non-success of that play. The words used are suited to the persons, but the turns of the phrases are in direct contrast to the supposed mental capacity of the speakers. Some of his best dramatic scenes are to be found in his novels and other works. In the second volume of *The Old Stock* is an admirable scene, in which Count Adhémar, the speculator, gives audience to those who have proposals to make or favours to ask. From the following specimen, a fair notion may be had of its point and spirit. The personages present are Valentine, Countess of Mably, the Countess Adhémar and her husband. The first person ushered in was

'An old man, poverty-stricken in appearance, but full of intelligence and vivacity. Adhémar allowed him to stand, curled his insolent little nose, and said to him:—

' "You are an inventor?"

' "Yes, Sir."

' "Can you describe your affair to me in a couple of words?"

' "It relates to railways, Sir; a saving of twenty per cent. But I shall require a full quarter of an hour."

'At the same time the man pulled a sort of packet out of his pocket. Adhémar, interrupting him, said:—

' "Can you leave that with me?"

' "If it were possible, Sir, I should prefer showing it to you."

' "You do not trust me, then?"

' "Pardon me, Sir, but I have not yet taken out my patent, and—"

' "Good evening, good evening! Confidence is the sinew of business. Who is next?" He rang. The old man hesitated a moment, and said:—

' "I hope, Sir, that I have not ruffled you?"

' "A piece of paper may be crumpled but not a piece of steel, my good fellow.<sup>1</sup> Should confidence return to you in walking, write to me from your abode."

' "If I had but one hundred francs, I should be able to take out—"

' "A patent? That would not be amiss. Go along then to Rothschild, and ask him for an hundred francs. He has made money this morning, I am almost certain he will have them."

'The man did not see the joke, bowed with an air of embarrassment, and retired.

' "But," said Valentine, "suppose the invention were good?"

' "Charming Madam, there are no more good inventions; the last has been made. Everything has been discovered; so much the worse for the last comers."

<sup>1</sup> There is a play upon words in this and the preceding phrase, which cannot be reproduced in English, as will be gathered from perusing the original:—

'J'espère, monsieur, que je ne vous ai pas froissé.'

'On froisse le chiffon, jamais l'acier, mon brave homme.'

“ John showed in a young man of twenty-five, rather poorly clad, but nice and respectable-looking.”

“ You come to ask for a situation ? ” said Adh  mar.

The figure of the applicant manifested a childish admiration, which almost made the Count feel flattered. Turning to the Countess of Mably, he said in an undertone :—

“ You see, Madam, in our position, one must either be a physiognomist, or not meddle with affairs. Well now, young man, towards what lofty sphere does ambition direct you ? ”

“ Sir, I should like to enter as copying-clerk into the office of the . . . Company. I thought that by preferring my request to the most influential among the directors—”

“ Enough ! None but fools are flattered. Your testimonials ? ”

“ Bachelor of letters and science.”

“ What is that to me ? Your testimonials for the place you request ? ”

“ I have a mother to support, and there are only twelve hundred francs a-year for the two.”

“ Stuff. That is better than nothing. But be so good as to inform me, why you have chosen me in preference to the other members of the board of direction ! ”

“ I have told you, Sir ; your well-known influence, your reputation for goodness—”

“ That is not true. To my friends I am good, but not to everybody.”

“ Sir, you might make inquiries about me ? ”

“ I have other things to do.”

“ Sir, I am certain you have but to speak the word, that I may get the post. It would cost you so little.”

“ It would cost me more than you think. Young man, each of us has in his pocket a certain amount of credit to expend. If I give to the first comer, what will remain for the others ? Every day of my life, my friends recommend this one or that one. Suppose that to-morrow, an important personage—a beautiful woman, who knows ?—should come and solicit a situation in the office from me, would you have me reply : ‘ Impossible, Madam, I have given away the place to M. Arthur or . . . ’ What is your name ? ”

While the patient, more and more abashed, nerved himself for the effort, always rather trying, of giving one’s name, Valentine, cutting him short, said :—

“ Count Adh  mar, if it needs only the recommendation of a passable-looking woman to end the matter, I beg of you to bestow the place upon this gentleman. Should you deny me, after what you have stated, you will insult me. As well tell me to my face, that I am a monster of ugliness.”

“ Ah ! I am taken at my word. Go then, Sir, thank that lady and leave me your name and address.”

The young man was taken aback ; he almost fell at Valentine’s feet. But when he returned to Adh  mar, he said :—

“ My mother and I, Sir, will bless your name ; believe that I am sincerely grateful.” ’

‘ Adhémar drily interrupted him : “ What would you have me do with that ?—The next ! ” ’

Another scene wherein the dialogue is equally admirable, and the points are most effective, occurs in the work on Progress. The subject under discussion is the budget, and the author’s object is to show how much each person contributes to the different items of which the totals are given. The author, and an officer who knows more about evolutions than finance, are the interlocutors. Not even Mr. Gladstone could render statistics more clear and attractive than M. About does on this occasion (p. 303). Whoever reads the chapter will be tempted to exclaim, that ‘ it is as good as a play,’ and will assuredly prefer it to some of the plays of M. About. Throughout all of them are numbers of happy and sparkling sayings, which would charm us when uttered by the author in person, but which seem incongruous in the mouths of his personages. In this respect M. About is like Dryden, than whom no one could write better English or worse plays. Like Dryden, also, M. About can redeem the impression of an unsuccessful drama or comedy by a telling preface. Some of his most vigorous writing and sharpest hits are to be found in his prefaces to *Guillery* and *Gaëtana*.

The French are fond of repeating that ‘ misfortune is good for something.’ To M. About, as an author, the saying is quite applicable, seeing that his shortcomings serve to bring into stronger relief the merits for which he must be commended. Isolated portions of his works are the more conspicuous for their finish, because, as wholes, these works are faulty. An oasis, however beautiful, does not make the traveller love the desert, yet were it not for the surrounding waste, he would care less for the fertile spot whereon he can rest and recruit. It is some of those detached passages which impress us with a strong sense of the fertility of his invention. When it seems impossible to add anything new to what has been said, a fresh phrase puts the whole in a different light. For example, when Hermann Schulze, in the *King of the Mountains*, is punished by the brigands for attempting to escape, there is as great skill displayed in varying the tortures imposed upon him, as was ever manifested by the ablest familiar of the Inquisition. So too, when an explanation has to be given of the steps taken to insure the destruction of the colony of the Humbé without implicating the good M. Fafiaux and his associates. M. Mouton tells his employer that he began by selling to King Mamaligo a kind of liquor which he liked extremely, and then won his confidence by exhibiting some conjurors’ tricks. He then told the King that so long as he

could not make gunpowder grow in a field, and thaborine flow at command from a bottle, he would be the tool of the white men. Having arranged his affairs, and prepared to return to France, M. Mouton professed himself anxious to learn whether or not the soil of Mamaligo's country was fitted for the culture of gunpowder, and asked for a portion whereof to make trial. The portion he got could be overlooked from a tree. But, in order to seclude it as much as possible, he fenced it round with lofty palisades. In the enclosure he sowed some peas, with an air of mystery, being closely watched by the king from a branch of the tree. When plants had grown up, and the pods were filled, he inserted a few grains of powder into each, and had the satisfaction of finding them disappear. Then, professing annoyance, he plucked up the plants by the roots and carried them off. On the morrow, the king began to cultivate a piece of land in the same way, only he sowed it with gunpowder. By the aid of a hollow stick, M. Mouton inserted peas in the ground, which germinated and sprang up, to the undisguised joy of the king, who was now satisfied that he was as great a magician as the French. Then, taking a bottle and attaching to it a flexible tube communicating with a cask of thaborine, M. Mouton told the king to bring all his utensils, so that he might fill them with the divine liquor. When he said 'Flow,' the stream issued from the bottle. The same thing happened when the king repeated the magic word. In his presence, and despite his urgent entreaties and liberal offers, the bottle was packed up and then taken to the French Consulate. As soon as he saw it deposited there, the king ceased to beg for it. M. Mouton started for France, and there heard that King Mamaligo had attacked the Consulate, and massacred every white person, save one who escaped by swimming.

Even in simple outline, the skilfulness of the foregoing device is manifest. When to that are added the full details and rich colours with which the picture is filled, the effect is most striking. And here it is that M. About's greatest talent comes into play. Ingenuity in discovering novel expedients whereby to advance and illustrate a specific result will not suffice even to surprise a reader, unless the writer's style be pleasing and appropriate to the subject in hand. To every writer, but more especially to a novelist, the power of writing well is a counterbalance to most imperfections. A master of style, like the master of colouring, will never lack an audience, whatever be the subject he discusses, or the manner in which he treats it. It may be true, as Sir Joshua Reynolds held, that industry will supply the place of genius; but industry alone will fail to make a man capable of clothing his thoughts in words, so as to make every reader admire



the thoughts more for the sake of their garb than for their beauty. Were this possible, then we should never tire of reading, for their style alone, the works of such proficient in the mechanism of composition as Johnson and Junius and Macaulay. Perhaps none of these writers ever penned a sentence without scrupulously determining beforehand the precise value of every word in it. Everything that artifice could do, they employed. They never were careless; they seldom blundered. As examples of style, their writings are the most finished, yet artificial, in our literature. Quite as attentive to the minutiae of sentences was Addison, more heedless was Goldsmith, perfectly indifferent were Defoe and Swift. Why is it that a page of the *Spectator*, the *Citizen of the World*, *Robinson Crusoe*, or *Gulliver's Travels*, exercises a fascination alike over the critical and the untutored reader, infinitely greater than a page from the *Rambler*, the *Letters*, or the *History of England*? In the one case the reader is charmed, he knows not why; in the other he can perceive that the effect is produced by the antithetical sentences, the apposite illustrations, the fitting and pungent epithets. The author who, writing naturally, produces an irresistible impression, never ceases to be admired. The sentences of Addison and Goldsmith please us as greatly as they pleased our forefathers. When Johnson and Junius and Macaulay first appeared as authors, the admiration for their methods of composition was unbounded. Who is now blind to their shortcomings? Who would now venture to cite their writings as masterpieces without flaw, and models it were hopeless to surpass?

Now, we cannot convey a better notion of M. About's rank as a master of style than by likening him to Goldsmith. He is always easy and natural, and always able to present old or everyday ideas as new-comers, whose acquaintance we are delighted to make. There is none of that mannerism in his writings which characterizes those of Michelet and Carlyle, and of which we so soon weary. Unable to deny the picturesqueness of the styles of these writers, and sensible that they exert themselves to please, while impressing their opinions upon us, we are yet unable to forget the factitious character of the intellectual feast set before us. It is as if we were bidden to a banquet, and ordered to be happy. In such a case, we are conscious that a day has been appointed for pleasure, and everything collected that can promote mirth, yet, because we are bound to enjoy ourselves, we are at heart most sad. Pleasure must come unawares in order to be heartily welcomed. Now, the pages of M. About are filled with constant and most enjoyable surprises. When least expected, an allusion is introduced at which we

cannot help smiling, or a sentence turned so as to excite our admiration. The best test of the goodness of M. About's style is the impossibility of quoting detached passages which give an adequate notion of it. Some writers excel in producing sentences, which, taken apart, are very pretty, but considered in the mass, are too dazzling. A single spangle is a bright little object; but a dress covered with spangles charms little children only. Without exception, Voltaire is the most consummate of French writers. Few have written so much in any language. His works occupy many shelves in a large bookcase, and would form an entire library for an ordinary house. Yet how few of his sentences are current when compared with the millions he penned! The reason is that he set himself not to manufacture phrases, but to compose books. Separate his sentences from the context, and they seem lame. Read them as he meant them to be read, and they seem perfect. One day a lady asked how he had acquired the knack of forming such exquisite sentences; his reply was that he had never in his life studied how to frame a sentence with the view to produce an effect. We believe that were the same question put to M. About, he could conscientiously give the same answer.

When we uphold the importance of a natural style, we do not mean that whoever commits to paper the thoughts which pass through his mind must necessarily write in such a way as to command attention. If there be nothing more charming than the unrestrained outpourings of a lettered and original mind, certainly the most obnoxious of experiences is the confident babble of an addle-brained fool. Very few persons think aloud without showing their emptiness. Those who are qualified to say something well, and boldly say it without reserve or false modesty, are delightful companions. They are listened to as much for the soundness of their judgment as for the neatness of their expressions. Because gifted with good sense, as well as capable of adorning whatever he touches, M. About retains the confidence of the readers who have been attracted by the graces of his manner. He is a friend of novelty, but a foe to chimeras. Unless an invention benefit the human race, he will denounce it. Let its utility be proved, and he will laud it to the skies. Animated with the desire to increase the amount of cultivated land in France, he wrote his novel, *Maître Pierre*, and thereby helped to disseminate opinions which others had laboured, but in vain, to render popular. His dislike to the Papacy is referrible to his desire to rid the Romans of a Government which hinders them from being industrious. His denunciation of modern Greece was chiefly inspired by his detestation of the Bavarian who then misgoverned that country. Having

seen that the poorer inhabitants of France are subjected to great privations, he sought out a remedy, and advocated a change in the system of agriculture. Being convinced that the more workers there are, the happier the mass will be, he wrote his work on Progress, and inculcated that to labour was the duty of the rich as of the poor. Knowing from experience that the demand for the necessities of life, being in excess of the supply, has increased their price, he devoted himself first to studying the new system of fish-culture, then carrying it into practical operation, and lastly, making the subject intelligible and interesting to all in an elaborate essay, wherein he proved the ease of largely increasing the supply of nourishing food, and urged that this should be done without applying for aid from the State.<sup>1</sup> Finally, thinking it expedient that the working classes should both be rendered provident, and secured against the accidents to which they are liable, he wrote a pamphlet in which the arguments in favour of life-insurance were put in such a manner as to insure assent, and lead to the desired result. All of these things testify that he is endowed with a practical spirit. Indeed, in the cast of his mind he resembles an Englishman. He prefers to regard all questions from a utilitarian point of view, making the sum of happiness the measure of perfection ; caring little for the beautiful, if it be antagonistic to the useful. The poet sees in a lovely piece of scenery something which is worthy of admiration for its own sake. That which gives him gratification may be either the source of injury, or a monument of desolation,—a stagnant lagoon, an uncultivated plain, or a city in ruins. The practical man might admit the beauty of the prospect, but he would bitterly deplore the causes which had rendered it attractive, and he would desire to remove them. M. About would propose to drain the marsh, till the plain, rebuild the city. He is sensible of the picturesqueness of the swamp which bears the name of Marathon ; but he maintains that the spot would be the more sacred were it less pestilential. He delights in the bright sun and clear sky of Greece, but he laments that a country so hallowed with memories should be destitute of well-made roads. He thinks the dress of its people very striking, but he would love the Greeks better did they love labour more. It is the exception for him to indulge in description of the kind of which commonplace men are so fond, and which gives them an opportunity for displaying the feelings which they are expected to entertain, rather than those which really animate them. But, that he can depict a piece of scenery truthfully and beautifully, the following short passage will testify :—

<sup>1</sup> See *La Culture des Eaux* in *Causeries*, p. 212.

'It is in spring that Attica is to be seen in all its splendour; when the anemones, as tall as the tulips of our gardens, mingle and vary their brilliant colours; when the bees, descending from Hymettus, hum among the asphodels; when the thrushes sing in the olive-trees; when the young leafage has not yet received its first coating of dust; when the grass, which disappears towards the end of May, springs thick and green wherever there is a handful of earth; and when the large barley-stalks, interspersed with flowers, wave in the sea-breeze. A bright and sparkling light illumines the earth, and enables the imagination to picture the radiance with which the heroes are clothed in the Elysian Fields. So pure and transparent is the air, that it seems as if we could touch the far-distant mountains by stretching out our hands; and so faithfully does it transmit every sound, that the sheep-bells may be heard at the distance of half a league, and the scream of the mighty eagles lost to our view in the immensity of the sky.'<sup>1</sup>

It is not then the power, but the purpose, which hindered him from writing a sentimental description of the *Landes* of the Gironde, in place of *Maitre Pierre*, which is really a treatise on agriculture. There is as much poetry in the aspect of that immense tract of country as in the heaths of Scotland. The point of view makes all the difference. When Mr. Bright laments that so many acres of Scottish soil should remain desolate, in order that grouse and deer might multiply; he does so because the commercial or material question is the first consideration with him. In like manner M. About would convert the *Landes* from an unrivalled hunting-ground into a blooming garden. He holds that a country cannot flourish if men decay, the wellbeing of the whole being more important in his eyes than the luxury of the few. For the like reasons he advocates the pleasures of a country over a town life. Not merely does he maintain that to live in the country is better for the health, but also that if the richer class were more widely scattered, wealth being thereby distributed over a wider area, the country population would be raised in the social scale. Unlike his brethren in France, he never bemoans the lot of those who are obliged to quit Paris; on the contrary, when Gerard Bonneville, in *Madelon*, is banished to Frauenbourg, he shows that his lot is not unenviable, and he makes the enforced retirement of the Count and Countess of Mably from the best Parisian society to the narrow circle of a country village become the cause of their ultimate happiness.

The combination of wit as genuine as M. About's with a spirit so practical as his we very seldom meet with. Many of his contemporaries surpass him in the power of analysing human motives, and weaving a romance out of the play of passion.

<sup>1</sup> *La Grèce Contemporaine*, pp. 9-10.

Others surpass him again in the minuteness with which they can reproduce, as in a photograph, every lineament of a visage and every crease in a dress. But few can rival him in the intensity of his desire to be the useful teacher of those who are attracted to his works for amusement. His failing is to be over-violent in his denunciations of the things and persons he abominates, for, while this impresses the superficial reader in his favour, it repels the better-informed and the less impulsive. His book on the 'Roman Question' would have had few readers had its tone been more measured, but it would have made many more converts.

That he should be so lively without being vulgar, so versatile yet so frequently successful, may be explained by the thoroughness with which he masters every topic he discusses. His knowledge has the stamp of home production. When he borrows ideas from others he re-mints and gives them forth much improved by the process. His mind is a lens which colours what passes through, and not a mirror which reflects what is placed before it. His wit is not forced, nor is there anything recondite in his allusions. He writes for the general public, not for the library of the student. The readers of his books can never complain of being puzzled or fatigued. Limpid as a stream flowing over a bed of sand, his diction can be enjoyed by all. In order to define his wit, we must employ the happy phrase of the writer who said that, like the wit of Molière and Voltaire, "it is but common sense sharpened till it shines."

When M. About's first book was published he was about twenty-five years of age. Ten years have elapsed since then. During the interval, he has given to the world upwards of twenty volumes, as well as a multitude of essays and articles which have not been reprinted. At the outset, it was feared that a writer so sparkling would soon exhaust his resources, and sink into a mediocrity; that, like a pile of wood when ignited, the blaze would be great, but the heat very trifling, and its duration very short. Those who formed these anticipations argued with apparent justice; experience, however, has belied their prognostics. His last productions are as brilliant as was his first; although his writing is now more matured and fuller in flavour, yet in character it is still original and unrivalled. Where so many rich harvests have been reaped, without any deterioration in the produce, we may fairly look for other crops equally abundant and valuable.

However, as the functions of the critic differ from those of the prophet, we must refrain from forecasting the future, and from indulging in speculations which may never be realized.

But of this we are certain : M. About has yet to write the book which shall immortalize his name. In nearly every branch of literature he has done something, and he has been applauded in most of the parts he has essayed. His indisputable talents have conquered for him the admiration alike of the ignorant and the discerning ; his successes have drawn upon him both the envy and animadversion of many, who, starting from the same point, have failed to reach the goal. Energies and abilities like his, must, if properly directed, serve to carry him much further than he has yet gone. Indeed, he has distinguished himself so conspicuously, that, in order to merit the reputation he has obtained, he must press onwards and reach a still higher pinnacle of excellence. By his contemporaries in France his name is held in honour, but he will not have justified the good opinions of his admirers until his name shall have become an household word throughout the world. His ambition is evidently great ; his gifts are very rare. Among the thousands now struggling to merit by their works the approval of that many-headed and infallible judge called Posterity, and to whom the mere prospect of success is the sole recompense for their lives of toil, few are better qualified to compete than M. Edmond About.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Experiments on Septic and Antiseptic Substances, with Remarks relating to their use in the Theory of Medicine.* By SIR JOHN PRINGLE. 1750.
2. *Traité des moyens de désinfecter l'air, de prévenir la contagion, et d'en arrêter les progrès.* Par GUYTON-MORVEAU. 1805.
3. *Report of the Royal Commission on Cattle Plague.* 1866.

A GREEK friend showed us a few months ago a small vessel, from the tomb of an ancient Athenian, and shaped not very unlike our pots of pomade. The lid fitted on in a loose way, as is the case with our own earthenware manufacture for the toilet-table, but the material was porous. We opened it, and strange to say the odour of attar of roses was distinct. We are informed that it was so when the tomb was discovered. This narthex, as we suppose it would be called, was not shattered, or even broken, but it illustrated Moore's verses better perhaps than anything known, and brought to our minds the passion for odours and unguents that seemed to have possessed the most refined senses of the ancient world. The scents were used as a luxury, but it is extremely probable that the fashion was fostered as a means of removing the unpleasant odours arising from persons who slept in the clothes which they wore during the day, and many of whom had no convenience for washing, notwithstanding the habit of bathing among others; and this opinion is confirmed by the fact that during all epidemics, perfumes and substances with decided odours, pleasant, or not very much so, were everywhere employed as disinfectants.

We like to visit Greek houses, because we find at every visit some new preserve, some new fragrance kept in sugar, some new fruit saved from decay by drying, or by syrup. We have never in the North made the rose into a delicious dish for breakfast, but this they have done in Greece; and they still preserve the fruit of the pines, making a compound that astonishes and delights our palates, and still more so when we think that this seems handed down from the ancients. We here have never learnt to eat pine-cones, perhaps because they grow less luxuriantly with us, and do not produce kernels of a nourishing quality, as Athenæus tells us was their character in old times, as now in Greece. Or are we less ingenious? When we enter Greek houses, or read that last-named author, we are inclined to think that we have lost the art of preserving, and require to be taught.

Conservation of food is a kind of disinfection; it is a preven

tion of infection. The art of preserving food has grown slowly with us, by the aid of many patents, some of which are successful. They aim chiefly at driving out the oxygen of the air, either by steam, or by the use of other gases which take its place. The older plans of preserving by the use of sugar is far beyond the reach of patents, and is well used in this country for many purposes, although these purposes, as we have seen, may be made very much more numerous.

The preservation of meat is not yet brought to perfection, otherwise the cattle of distant parts of the world would be brought into our markets. Flesh becomes infected rapidly, and we require to invent new modes of disinfection in order to increase the supply of meat in this country, and thereby enable us to keep up that physical strength which always was a characteristic of a Briton, and which seems to be the main cause of his energy and success. It is not at all clear that in this department we can have any aid from the ancients. We are able to leave them when we arrive at the preservation of animal food; and if it is some pleasure to do so, it is not with perfect satisfaction, because we are aware that we ourselves have not made such progress as to allow us to boast.

Indeed, there is a department, namely, that of the preservation of the human body from decay, in which we find Egypt to have excelled the world, and to an extent which must ever be one of the wonders of history. A dry climate was a great aid, but even taking that into consideration, the work was well done. They removed the parts of the body which had least tenacity and most moisture, as these are invariably found to decay most rapidly. They then washed the whole with caustic soda. This is called natron, or nitre, and we cannot expect that the exact composition should be well known to Greeks and Romans, who certainly knew little of chemistry, and could not explain to us the Egyptian arts. The nitre was dried till it was light and spongy, or until all the water of crystallization had been removed. This was carbonate of soda; when mixed with lime it became caustic; and the art of making this substance, now so lately introduced largely into commerce, seems to have been well known. The caustic condition was obtained, but it does not appear clear whether the lime used for the purpose was separated so as to produce the pure unmixed caustic soda, although we cannot doubt it, because that earth would fall of itself as soon as water was used for the solution. The embalming was continued with resins, pitch or tar, and aromatics—more or less of the latter being used, according to the price to be paid.



The soda was generally sold along with the lime still mixed, as we gather from Pliny, who says that it is very pungent when rendered impure with lime, and very soluble when it is pure; but we cannot suppose that the separation was never made before it was actually used in the process of embalming, or sent to foreign markets.

In very warm and dry countries, preservation of thin pieces of flesh can be made by mere exposure to the sun. The moisture is removed before corruption begins. The mode of cutting it into strips and laying it out to dry is therefore adopted. It is marvellous what small changes in the atmosphere affect the success of this plan. It is said on the La Plata, where this is sometimes done, that if a small cloud appear on the horizon, no bigger than a hand, the drying will not be effected before corruption begins. This is not quite intelligible to us. It is true the cloud is the barometer, and tells us that the moisture of the air is increasing, and we know that moisture increases putrefaction and decay, as well as vigorous growth. Our difficulty lies in understanding why such a small amount should have such a powerful effect. This, however, we know, that however powerful a disinfectant may be, its strength will be diminished by increasing the amount of water.

It is, however, remarkable that bodies are preserved in some conditions without any adequate apparent cause. It is not clear why the bodies at the chapel near Bonn are kept from corruption. It is said that no means of preservation are used, and the only cause seems to be a constant draught of air blowing through the place. Bodies have in many cases been preserved without decay in Europe, when it has not been known that any embalming has been used. There are cases often mentioned, in which coffins have been opened and the bodies appeared as if they had never changed from the time of burial, but by a few minutes' exposure fell down into a small heap of dust. The kings of France at St. Denis are said to have undergone that rapid change. The bodies found in the earthenware coffins by Loftus, and described in his most interesting travels in Chaldea and Mesopotamia, were found also to fall into dust. There does not seem in such cases to have been any chemical action of the air at the moment of opening, but, in all probability, the slightest motion was enough to throw down the dust to which the bodies had long ago been reduced. The air gradually entering would bring out with it all the animal matter, united with oxygen in the form of carbonic acid, and the earths, phosphates, and substances not volatile would remain, not contracted into hard ash, as may occur when we burn it, but

simply as they existed diffused through the structure of the flesh.

We are still unable to explain the meaning of the vampires, as those bodies were supposed to be, which were so fully preserved as not to fall to ashes when the coffin was opened. It was needful to destroy them by passing a stake through them. We cannot look on the whole as untrue. The fabulous portion seems to be confined to the saying that such bodies rose at night and demanded others. In connexion with this, we know that many of the older places of burial, or at least vaults and catacombs, were so badly supplied with air, that possibly the atmosphere surrounding the bodies became after a time of itself preservative. We know that in the Catacombs of Paris it gave rise to a new transformation of the elements, and instead of the dead decomposing into gas and ashes, they, from want of suitable air, were converted into adipocire, a white waxlike substance.

Many people think that we ought, like some of the ancients, to burn our dead. They do not consider what a terrible proposal they are making. To burn a body without producing the smell of burning flesh is a most difficult thing, and far surpasses the problem of burning our smoke, which, however trifling in difficulty and important, is still left undone. The expense of keeping up such a lake of fire as to consume all our dead would also be, in all probability, too great; let us imagine 1500 bodies roasted to ashes in London every week. We shall not enter into the details of such a large manufactory of phosphates, as we must call it, because we are unable to dwell on the horrors of the picture, and because we are unwilling to bring them before others. It is enough to say, that those who propose it cannot have pictured the consequences.

In all nations the practice of burning has been found too expensive. In India it is really practised only by the rich. The poor can only afford a little wood, which burns sufficiently to satisfy the demands of their faith. In no greatly populated country can it be practised by the poor. Fuel has for all cases of this kind been too dear, and is so even with us.

When bodies are allowed time and space to mingle quietly with the earth, the products given out are by no means unpleasant; neither, in the small amounts gradually emitted, can they ever be said to be unwholesome. Nor can we blame our ancestors much for allowing their illustrious dead to be buried in their churches. It began to be an evil only when the charity of man increased, and when the respect towards humanity extended itself even to those who could not be called illustrious, and the increase of the living induced that crowding among the dead which legislation has of late almost entirely caused to cease.

We read in the Bible of the great care taken to disinfect or clean vessels in which any putrid matter may have been, and we trace clearly the effect of their observations on its action on absorbent substances: vessels of iron and of wood were differently treated. The same may be observed as to the infection of walls covered with an absorbent plaster, and of clothes. We see clearly how the world must have suffered before the cause could have been traced to these simple properties of bodies—porosity and power of absorbing. We see also how towns must have fearfully suffered before they learnt that the houses must be so far separate as to allow air to blow between them. The Greeks must certainly have made their cities and many of their streets exceedingly handsome, but their earlier towns, and even Athens, were too much crowded; and so much did they fear jobbery among the sharp-eyed business men of the city, that they dared not trust any one with money to rebuild the place, as is now being done in Paris, in Glasgow, and in Edinburgh. In Constantinople, Zeno ordered all houses to be twelve feet apart all the way up, and the projections which caused the houses nearly to meet above were disallowed. This was an effort, after a long interval of neglect. He attempted also to go farther, and ordered that no one should stop the view of the sea from his neighbour. This would be well in our sea-bathing towns, where houses are built before others without pity, and not only is the view destroyed, but the whole living of the families who possess it, and to whom the view paid the rent. But the laws are of no value unless a strong and vigilant executive attends to them. Constantinople became so bad that its destruction by fire was scarcely deemed a misfortune.

How infected by their own crowding the Romans must have been when the houses were ordered to be at least five feet apart, and not more than nine storeys high! Augustus said they should not exceed seventy feet in height, and Trajan made the limit sixty. The laborious proofs that sewer air is unwholesome have taken Commissions and Boards of Health many years of hard labour in our time, but the whole is as clearly recognised in Justinian's Digest, in quotation from Ulpian, that it is evident that the question was then past all dispute. The world is obliged occasionally to revive its principles.

However true may be the opinion that man is always in progress, we cannot deny that he often makes, in certain places, wonderfully long steps backwards. Although Hippocrates is praised for his skill, shown in fumigating the streets by the smoke of fires and by perfumes, by shutting certain windows and opening others, one of our prominent men in the sixteenth century is found speaking with approval of killing

'pigeons, cats, dogs, and other hot animals, which make continually a great transpiration or evaporation of spirits which issue forth of evaporation: the pestiferous atoms which are scattered in the air, and accompany it, used to stick to the feathers, skins, or fures.'

We, as a nation, have gone backwards and forwards as the ancients did, and in a generation we have many waves of opinion, because we do not learn sound principles, or if we learn, we do not teach them, that they may be continued.

Dr. Petit, in 1732, gave clear ideas of antiseptic action. He said that as corruption came from the separation of particles, so preservation is attained by contracting them, as by dry air and astringents.

Sir John Pringle, too, in 1750, wrote *Experiments on Septic and Antiseptic Substances, with Remarks relating to their Use in the Theory of Medicine*. He recommended salts of various kinds, and astringent and gummy resinous parts of vegetables, and fermenting liquors.

Dr. Macbride followed him with numerous experiments. He speaks of acids being the long-prescribed agents as antiseptics. He found that even when diluted they were powerful, that alkalis were antiseptic; that salts in general have the same quality; also gum resins, such as myrrh, asafoetida, aloes, and terra japonica; also decoctions of Virginian snake-root, pepper, ginger, saffron, contrayerva root, sage, valerian root, and rhubarb, with mint, angelica, senna, and common wormwood. Many of the common vegetables also were included as to some extent antiseptic, such as horse-radish, mustard, carrots, turnips, garlic, onions, celery, cabbage, colewort, lime.

These are, with Boyle, to be mentioned as the chief revivers of the subject in modern times. We shall not give a continued ancient history, but add remarks occasionally when they may appear of interest.

*Earth as a disinfectant.*—It is often said that soil or earth is the best disinfectant. It is powerful, but we must beware of it. From some soils there come the most violent poisons, called malaria, which, according to Macculloch, 'produces in itself a far wider mass of human misery than any other cause of disease.' We must see clearly from this that there is a limit to the purifying nature of earth, since it is from earth with organic matter in it that malaria springs. In reading Macculloch on malaria, we begin to fear the existence of the slightest moisture on the ground, although from other good authority we hear that the same evils arise where the influence of moisture does not occur. In malarious districts we learn that the evil is greatest when the soil is turned up.

The soil has retained the poison in it and has not destroyed it. Still we know that the soil does absorb all kinds of impurities arising from putrefaction, and destroys them, but there are limits to its power. We must learn not to give it more to do than it can accomplish, by flooding it with matter that will become foul. Many persons, remembering the paddle of Moses, insist on the use of earth only to mix with our rejected refuse. If we think of the great extent of the soil, and the comparatively small amount of moisture it receives before a field becomes offensive, we must see that the limits of its power are easily attained.

**GASES AND VAPOURS.—Oxygen.**—Every substance in fine powder disinfects,—dust of all kinds, whether platinum powder, or powder of sandstone. The surface is enormously increased in such bodies, and surfaces attract the air which is confined and pressed into service, causing more active oxidation and therefore more purification. When all the oxygen is expended, this process ceases, so that the soil retains the evil, and gives it out when stirred. But let us send a volume of oxygen down, and the state changes. This operation is effected by nature when rain is poured over the soil and sinks down with its dissolved air, beginning an action so extensive that by it we may say nearly all the purification of the world is performed. If, however, the rain falls and remains, it soon also becomes exhausted of its oxygen, and the purification again ceases, whilst the vapour rising takes with it some of the injurious air. More water must flow, but it cannot do so until the previous amount is removed, and thus we see the necessity of drainage. It is a constant flow of air and water purifying and making carbonic acid for the food of plants, to enable them to convert that again in part into oxygen, for animals to breathe, and food for the same to eat. Here we see the value of flowing and the evil of stagnant water, the value of drainage and of deep-soil ploughing. If this be the case, the advantage of drainage consists more in the flow than in the removal of the water. If the flow is sufficient, we have not malaria, marsh-fevers, agues, etc. If the plants are not decomposing we are also free, and thus we find that in cold, malaria is diminished or stopped, because cold prevents decomposition, and water of peat-bogs gives out no injurious gases, for the peat does not putrefy.

So powerful is this action of oxygen that even when all the organic matter is decomposed, this remarkable gas continues to accumulate when it can find entrance, and heaps itself up around certain bodies, forming nitric acid—a reservoir of air for the use of any more vegetable matter which may arrive. It is thus that near the most impure places, if the water passing through

them is detained long on the road, the organic matter is removed thoroughly, and the nitric acid formed is sufficient to give it a strong taste. It is nature making violent exertion to bring a supply of oxygen where it is most wanted. Strange to say, this accumulation is made by nitrogen, the very substance which is found characteristic of bodies capable of putrefaction. This nitric acid is united with lime, magnesia, or potash, and with the latter makes saltpetre.

In times gone by, and even later than Shakspeare's, our floors were the earth only, as in many cottages now, and we used the broom or brush little, and threw the garbage down, allowing it to lie and rot and become so vile that we invented the device of covering it over with straw, so that it might be trodden down, as the cattle make the manure in the straw-yards. The earth of the floor was overweighed with putrid matter, and much of it came into the air of the room, but the formation of nitre or saltpetre began, and oxygen accumulated rapidly, and rendered even these houses habitable in a way.

The Government soon found out this growth of saltpetre, and sent Petremen to obtain it by force. They entered houses without pity, and seemed to increase the discomfort of a household to the utmost, that they might be bribed to leave. It is not for us here to describe the tyranny of these wretches, but their doings illustrate, much more even than the more distant miseries of war did, Shakspeare's words, 'villanous saltpetre.' 'The harmless earth,' out of which it was dug, is a metonymy, and may mean rather the earth in the house of a harmless family, where perhaps some tender life was lying in danger, whilst these men insisted on removing the bed, and rendering the whole apartment wretched.

It was fortunate when the search for saltpetre, like war itself, went abroad. Now we find that great collections of oxygen in this way have been made in old times, and are lying ready for our use, just as collections of coal and firewood have been made for a population too large to grow enough for itself, or too wanting in foresight to plant as rapidly as it destroys. These stores of saltpetre from India and South America are used for oxidizing. They are concentrated air, which burns charcoal so rapidly as to make an explosion, and which purifies exactly as air purifies.

We have not been able to use this power hitherto for household disinfection in bad cases, it is almost too powerful, but we use it as an antiseptic for preserving meat, to which saltpetre is added; it has also a powerful action, especially free, as nitric acid, in restraining putrefaction, although the mode of using it is not yet made quite clear.

There are, however, other bodies which condense oxygen, and one which we get chiefly from Norway brings us chromic acid and chromate of potash, remarkable agents in antisepting. We must coin the word to *antisept*; we have none that can take its place.

But even chromic acid has not become familiar, and we must look to other oxidizers. We have chloric acid, a body with still more oxygen, and most powerful, and its compound, chlorate of potash, which may also be used. All these bodies give out oxygen, and are therefore oxidizers, antiseptics, purifiers, and disinfectants. But they are not enough, because practice has not taught us the best modes of applying the peculiar characteristics of each. Manganese condenses oxygen, forming permanganate of potash, a substance beautiful in colour and innocent in character, whilst it oxidizes powerfully all the foulest bodies, and removes the most putrid odours as if by magic. We have to thank Mr. Condy for teaching us its use. It is certainly an elegant disinfectant, a name which it bears in opposition to antiseptic, which it is not, as it does not preserve. This permanganate, sometimes called chameleon, may be put into the foulest water or the most repelling mixtures, and the sense of smell will cease to be offended, whilst we may be sure also that the injurious bodies which do not smell will be equally oxidized. It leaves potash and oxide of manganese. It would be well if we could get the permanganic acid without the potash, and when it had done its work it would quietly fall to the bottom of the vessel, and if we were using it to purify drinking-water, we should have only a little brown oxide, which would do no harm, or if it had an unpleasant appearance, we might let it sink and leave the liquid above perfectly pure. We have certainly one solution which has all these advantages, that is, pure oxide of water, or peroxide of hydrogen. It looks like water; if we pour it on the filthiest substance the smell of putrefaction ceases, and in many cases a sweet odour or fragrant perfume, created in an instant, arises in its place. The peroxide has given up its oxygen and pure water only remains, no remnant to which we can object. Is there anything beyond this? Scarcely, although it does not seem applicable to all waters. It is dear, unfortunately, but some day it may be cheaper. There are places where it can be had cheaply, but in small quantities. Here also work is needful, and although we know these remarkable qualities we do not know details, and cannot yet tell how far it can be generally used; every substance has a character as complicated as the relations to all other substances and conditions of substances can make it.

Some people deliver over all their wonders to electricity, and

imagine that by doing so the mystery is solved, instead of being increased, by the idea that such a power is doing everything. But in the atmosphere we have really an abundant action of electricity, as we well know, and we are able to detect some of this concentrated oxygen which it forms, whether it should be called ozone, or peroxide of hydrogen, or other oxide, is not of consequence now. Very likely all the names are correct, and even more. When rain falls it brings this oxygen with it, and so we find at last that we have our ground watered, not with water only, but with this purifying agent. We can trace this more vital part of the air in all places where it is exhilarating to breathe, but never in a crowded town, never near much smoke. The very rain of such latter places differs from pure rain, and it falls on ground without the full power of oxidizing and preparing food for the plant. The same rain is tainted with sulphur from the coals, and this helps, with tar and soot and ammoniacal salts, and coal-dust or ashes, to render the air unwholesome. But without forgetting this long list of evils in the smoke, we must remember the loss of concentrated oxygen, which can never enter our smoky towns for a moment. It is that mainly which makes pure air so wholesome when it sweeps through a house; it burns up everything that is disagreeable to the sense of smell as certainly as a fire, although with more discrimination.

Although knowing the wonderful position oxygen takes as a purifier in nature, we use it very little directly; we leave its work to nature. Permanganate is the form in which we can best use it, and it is scarcely fitted for universal use from its price. We want a few more oxidizers. There are numerous bodies ready to oxidize, manganese and iron freshly precipitated, ready to give and then to take, and so act as carriers, and these nitrates and chromates require attention. But the world seeks exact knowledge; we shall endeavour to distinguish here some of the known from the uncertain.

There are, however, modes of making the condensed oxygen, or ozone; the most usual, Schoenbein's earliest, is to allow fresh cut pieces of phosphorus to lie half immersed in water. This is a deoxidizing agent and of great value no doubt, at least if we could get rid of these vapours, which consist, perhaps, of phosphorus only, and afterwards of various compounds, chiefly oxides. The production of ozone by phosphorus has been applied by Dr. Moffatt to disinfection for cattle-disease, with some success. It deserves more attention—if we could remove the phosphoric vapour.

We have spent a good deal of time on oxygen, considering the length of this article, and we could spend much more; it is



Nature's great purifier, called once by Priestley 'vital air.' It is our greatest and best agent of purification, although, as yet, it has been too noble to allow itself to be used in the daily work of life in disinfection so fully as we require; as the dignity of labour increases, this gas, no doubt, will yield to the persuasions of mankind, and take more part in our artificial life.

• *Sulphur*.—Nature had the first claim, but had we followed history we should have begun with sulphur, a substance called sacred or divine by the Greeks, and used in purifications. It must have been ready at hand to Ulysses, when, after killing the suitors, he fumigated the palace, not to remove the odour of the dead merely, but as a religious ceremony<sup>1</sup> (Homer's *Odyssey*, Book xxii., line 492.) Cowper translates the passage thus:—

'Bright blast-averting sulphur. Nurse, bring fire  
That I may fumigate my walls; then bid  
Penelope with her attendants down,  
And summon all the women of her train,  
But Euryclea thus, his nurse, replied:  
My son, thou hast well said, yet first I will  
Serve thee with vest and mantle. Stand not here  
In thy own palace, clothed with tatters foul  
And beggarly; she will abhor the sight.  
Then answer thus, Ulysses wise returned:  
Not so; bring fire for fumigation first:  
He said; nor Euryclea his loved nurse  
Longer delayed, but sulphur brought, and fire,  
When he with purifying steams himself,  
Visited every part, the banquet-room,  
The vestibule, the court.'

And afterwards, at the beginning of Book xxiii., Pope writes it

'Glorious in gore!—now with sulphureous fires  
The dome he purges, now the flame aspires.'

The shepherds purified their sheep with it as well as bleached their wool, and in Ovid's *Fasti* (Book iv., lines 739, 740), 'Let blue smoke arise from the burning sulphur, and let the sheep bleat when touched by the smoking sulphur.' The Italians may perhaps have it by tradition as a mode of purifying their vines and their wine-casks, for which, indeed, it is used over all the wine-growing shores of the Mediterranean, to such an extent, that a new Etna neighbourhood would be a commercial advantage, since the Greeks do not use as of old the volcanic island of Melos for sulphur. Brimstone was used for skin diseases and in poultices of old, and the smell of it is spoken of by Pliny as

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs of Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester*, vol. xii.

accompanying lightning. Schoenbein first told us that the smell was in reality that of ozone.

Sulphurous acid, which is obtained by burning sulphur, arrests the action of organized bodies, whether it be that smaller movement of decaying meat, or the more noble one of living man. It first deoxidizes, but it gives off its oxygen easily, and acts as an oxidizer. It also acts as an acid, and dissolves animal matter. Its action is complex. It causes coughing, and it is in great quantities injurious to the lungs, but how much in small quantities is not well known. It purifies the air of infectious matter, destroying in a gaseous state, as it destroys putrid and living bodies subjected to it in a liquid state, and it is therefore an excellent fumigator. How much it brings of other evils is an important question. \* It alters the air of our towns entirely; every coal-burning town certainly is compelled to breathe it. In vitriol-works men lose their teeth, but seem after a while to become accustomed to the sulphur. How far the burning of sulphurous coal is one of the causes of the great decay of teeth, is a question which statistics of country and town teeth may answer. It is offensive in very small quantities, as is shown when gas burns with a little sulphur in it. Even a few grains burnt in the gas and continued during an entire evening are enough to annoy us, although the same amount rapidly burnt, and breathed only a few minutes, is less hurtful. True, all the discomfort arising from gas is not due to sulphur, as it has been proved that with incomplete combustion acetylene, a compound of hydrogen and carbon, is one of these unburnt gases given out.

As a fumigating disinfectant sulphur must hold a very high place, but there is a difficulty in most cases of keeping up the supply. It burns and goes out readily. We desire to keep it constantly burning. This cannot be well done in small quantities; it would for small spaces be best to use a sulphite of soda or lime, and add a little weak muriatic acid to it; in this way the supply for fumigation might be kept up.

When the gas combines with any body, it forms a sulphite. Sulphite of soda, lime, etc., are disinfectants. They act by removing smells, not all, most decidedly, but some. The most putrid blood will become comparatively innocent when sulphites are added, but a smell remains, a concentration of that which we find in a slaughter-house. The worst part, perhaps all the dangerous part, is removed. It goes on acting, and gives up all its oxygen, until at last sulphuretted hydrogen escapes, the very substance that sulphurous acid so easily destroys. We must therefore lift the whole away before that action sets in. Schoenbein says that this acid oxidizes, and so causes an oxidating in-

fluence on other bodies to set in. This is sufficiently explained by the fact of its parting with its own oxygen. Mr. Higgin of Manchester has used for many months sulphite of soda for his cattle, daily about two ounces. They have not suffered, although all around have done so. One or two others have done the same with a similar result. Mr. Crookes tried injection into the jugular veins of diseased cattle of half-an-ounce dissolved in three ounces of water. They were better for a while, but ultimately died.

The salts of sulphurous acid are active disinfectants till they lose so much oxygen as to give off sulphur, and this occurs when much liquid is present. Some persons have observed the cattle which were dosed daily with about two ounces of sulphite of soda to become much weaker. This has not always been the result. When the substances have not begun to putrefy, sulphurous acid acts as an antiseptic.

*Chlorine* is a great disinfectant, probably the most powerful agent for the destruction of organic structure, whether healthy or unhealthy. The latter is always most easily destroyed, as it is weak, and putrefying matter still more so, as it is already breaking up; and herein lies our protection: we may use just enough to destroy the decaying but not to injure that which is entire. In passing through bleachworks, as we have done many hundred times, we have always been pleased at the ruddy healthy faces of the men employed. This is no doubt due to the slight and constant smell of chlorine. This effect is seen at large paper-works where they bleach rags; but nature is always presenting us with new problems. If we pass to the rag department, where the vilest portions of the filthiest clothes of Europe are assorted, we meet persons, at least in some cases, more wonderful in bulk and in every symptom of healthy glow of life, than perhaps in any other place can be found. Perhaps butchers and brewers come nearest to them. The rags have long since undergone their putrefaction, and a something remains, perhaps animal matter, which has this wonderful effect. Statistics do not inform us if such people live longer. Perhaps, as with brewers, there is something dangerous in their prosperity. From De Neufville's Frankfurt tables, we do not find that either brewers or butchers had the highest term of life: theologians, sixty-five; butchers, fifty-six; brewers, merchants, fifty-six; brewers, fifty. Our own tables do not place brewers in a high scale, and give workers in chemical works a higher age, but the numbers are perhaps questionable. However this may be, the destructive power of chlorine is great. This gas was discovered by Scheele in 1774. We cannot go to the ancients for its history, but we may nevertheless believe that the ancient

Egyptians used it, consciously or otherwise, as they evidently obtained nitric acid from their saltpetre, and this must have in their experiments been mixed with common salt, thus giving nitrous gases and chlorine. In a Danish receipt, not much after the time of the discovery of this gas, acid fumigation is recommended, the fumes to be obtained by pouring sulphur or nitric acid or common salt. The first gives muriatic acid only, the second chlorine as stated.

Chlorine decomposes readily salts of ammonia, thus destroying manures, and this power is peculiarly shown by chloride of lime, and other of its alkaline compounds. At the same time a peculiarly pungent gas is given off. It cannot, therefore, be well to use it much with manures. When it unites with lime it forms ultimately chloride of calcium, a very deliquescent body. It ought never, therefore, to be mixed with lime-wash.

It is made by pouring muriatic acid on peroxide of manganese. It is also made to flow very quietly by adding one and a quarter of alum cake or sulphate of aluminum, or potash alum to one of chloride of lime; also, as Mr. Stone recommends, by dropping occasionally a crystal of chlorate of potash into muriatic acid. When vile smells are to be destroyed nothing is superior to chlorine. The action is double: the chlorine combines with hydrogen and thus forms new compounds, but it also, as with water, renders oxygen nascent, so that it is a powerful oxidizing agent, and so oxygen, with which we at first began, again comes forward.

In fumigating, we find the senses to be the best judges; there ought to be in the air enough gas to give a very faint smell at most. As a preventive in common cases, it is enough if the smell is so slight that it is perceived only after coming from the open air. Nothing destroys liquid and solid putrid matter more rapidly than chloride of lime.

*Muriatic and Nitric Acids.*—Guyton Morveau in 1773 recommended muriatic acid as a disinfectant. This may be called the beginning of acid fumigation, not forgetting the ancient use of vinegar, and the pretty well known action of acids. The muriatic acid was made simply by pouring sulphuric acid on common salt. It is powerful, and the proposer has written an octavo volume on it of much interest; but even he gave preference to chlorine, which Fourcroy introduced as a fumigating agent in 1791. Guyton Morveau was much aggrieved when Dr. Carmichael Smith used nitrous acid at Winchester in 1780, and afterwards received a reward of five thousand pounds from Parliament in 1802. He was glad to find that even in England men did him justice as the author of acid fumigation. It is interesting to see how men ad-

mire the less valuable first. Nitrous fumes are powerful disinfectants, but can never be used without great danger where there are living beings. We have heard lately of three deaths by exposure to these gases, even when they did not act powerfully on the senses. They are destructive, like chlorine in all bad cases, but there do not appear to be cases where they are to be preferred. The safest use of nitric acid is in the form of nitrate of potash, where we know it preserves, or in the mode which received the recommendation of the Academy of Dijon in 1767. We suppose that when they used it in ventilation the saltpetre was heated, in which case it would give off oxygen gas, which at first is very pure; afterwards nitrogen comes off, and the salt itself, or at least the base, is carried into the air, causing a very stifling sensation. The oxygen, however, would be valuable, and this plan might receive more attention. It is remarkable as having been tried before the discovery of oxygen, which was in 1774. When we can keep up a constant stream of pure oxygen, active or less so, by a self-acting process, we shall gain some new results.

*Heat and Cold.*—The gases spoken of as oxygen, sulphurous acid, chlorine, and nitrous gas, are all destructive. Even muriatic acid is so to a considerable extent. They may be used to purify the air, because they diffuse into it, and leave no corner of the apartment untouched. All these disinfect by destruction. There is a class of agents which disinfects by preservation, if we may be allowed to speak so. These may be called antiseptics. Boyle, who separated chemistry from alchemy, began the modern examination of these bodies, and showed the influence of heat and of cold. Cold prevents the motion of particles: bodies greatly cooled cannot decay because the parts when cold have no locomotion. Like a regiment frozen in snow, they stand under the most powerful arrest. The influence has been lately called *colytic*, from the Greek word *κωλύω*, *to restrain*. Animal matter seems capable of being preserved to endless time by cold: witness the frozen elephants or mammoths of Northern Asia. They have probably remained for ages, and why should they change? The cold removes putrid matter out of the air. Dr. Southwood Smith obtained a putrid organic liquid from the atmosphere of an unclean place, by passing it through a tube artificially cooled. Guntz put a bell-jar over putrid matter, and cooled it suddenly, when he obtained drops of a putrid liquid. Cold removes vapour, and with it matters which remain suspended with it. No wonder, then, that cold should prevent some diseases. Cholera evidently avoids it. Cold acts also by preventing putrefaction even when the particles are not arrested by freezing.

In all our thermometers we find *temperate* marked at 55° Fahrenheit (18½ Cent.) A gentleman of our acquaintance always puts on a great-coat when the thermometer is under 56°. This is from independent experience. Putrefaction has been found to diminish to a mere trifle at 54°, or close to it. Above that the gases begin to arise. For this reason a place which is healthy at 53° may become unhealthy at 55°, and most persons will not remark the change of temperature. It is strange that this point in putrefying liquids should be, we may say, quite the same as the feeling of cold in the living body.

We must be thankful if in any district ill provided with means of purification, we have less than 54° of heat. Much of the health of this country must be owing to this condition being found in it. Marshy or undrained lands become cold and sour or peaty, and disinfect themselves. In warm countries marshes are much more dangerous, and there we find cold an infecting agent. The night comes, and condenses, like the bell-jar spoken of, and liquids with poison in solution fall down as mist. Sometimes we find a little hollow of a field or county filled with this vapour when the plain is free. If any one ventures there he may be injured even if he be only a few feet lower than his companions. We hear in hot countries of men who even receive no injury standing, but suffer the fevers and ague of the district if they lie down. This is an action of cold. The Innuits build his house of snow, and has only a small hole in it; he cooks and burns fat there, but we never hear of fevers and agues from putrefactive matter. The cold no doubt condenses it at once against the ice walls. Rain washes the air in a similar way, and cold and wet certainly produce pure air. If they exist in a country with good drainage and little organic matter, they produce some of the most important conditions of health.

If we do not utter contradictions, we become one-sided; nature to us is full of them. Heat, like cold, is a source of health, and has a disinfecting power. In some cases it is colytic. When the Damaras cut meat into strips and dry it in the sun, the decay is arrested by an act resembling freezing. Dr. Henry showed that even if the poison of disease were contained in substances, it was destroyed by heat. Vaccine matter lost its power at 140° F., the heat being continued for three hours. At 120° three hours did not destroy it. This corresponds with the temperature of coagulation. At this point something peculiar happens to animal matter, and amongst others it becomes cooked. Dr. Henry found it needful to heat the clothes of fever patients to 200° F. in order to produce disinfection.

Heat expands bodies, and when the fever matter is condensed

over a marshy region, the sun raises the vapour, and it is diluted to such an extent as to become innocent. Cattle-plague does not appear to be diluted in this way, so as to become innocent. Why should heat be called a disinfectant if it promotes putrefaction? It promotes putrefaction and its consequences, especially between  $54^{\circ}$  and  $140^{\circ}$ , but this must be in the presence of water. If it is dry heat, it arrests at all temperatures. Even if moisture be present, the disinfecting action is powerful, perhaps all-powerful, if the temperature of  $140^{\circ}$  be continued long; but, as Dr. Henry and others have shown, it is not complete if that point is kept up a short time only. So also for the destruction of dangerous ingredients, in heat we have this point of disinfection, although recent inquiries seem to show that to destroy trichinæ and similar enormities it is well to go higher.

The action of heat and moisture in producing putrefaction is by facilitating motion, and first the motion of organic substances or compound bodies. When the heat is great these bodies either lose that union with water, in which only they can act in living organisms, or are otherwise removed into the sphere of inorganic chemistry. Chemistry changes; that is, substances act differently, according to temperature. The chemistry of human life goes on between  $95^{\circ}$  and  $100^{\circ}$  F.; we resist attempts to raise us above or below this point. The relations of man to nature change with every change of the thermometer, and in every climate a new relation of animal and vegetable life is found. The temperature of the air for man must be between  $40^{\circ}$  and  $100^{\circ}$ , although we may endure a little more or less with great inconvenience. All chemical actions differ as the thermometer rises or falls, until blood refuses to take up oxygen, and at last, in enormous heats, even hydrogen and oxygen, which we now find combining with violence, would refuse to acknowledge each other.

*Carbolic Acid.*—Heat is compound in its action, cold is purely colytic. There is another action of pure colysis, so far as we know, in *carbolic acid*. We feel inclined to go back to the ancients, when speaking of this substance. The Egyptians, as we find in Hoefer's *History of Chemistry*, used oil of cedar, which he calls turpentine. We are inclined to think that it was not true turpentine, which is not a very good agent in embalming, and we think rather that it was a very mixed tar-oil, and would contain the tar acids. Ancient Egypt wrote little for us, but we find in Pliny such an account of the manufacture of oils as a literary man would write. The tar was boiled, and the fleeces of sheep held over it, in order to collect the less volatile oils. The naphthas, by this process, would be lost. The distillation must have been carried very far, as there was obtained a reddish

pitch, very clammy, and much fatter than other pitch. This was the anthracene, chrysene, and pyrene of later times.

The remainder was the *palimpissa*, or second pitch,—what we call pitch, as distinguished from tar. Sometimes this name was given to the substance obtained by distillation; a good deal of confusion, therefore, is caused. The product in the fleece would contain the heavy oils, and with them the carbolic acid (phenic acid, or alcohol). It was called *picenum*, or *pisenum*, or *pisellæum*; that is, pitch or tar oil, as we call the crude product now. They used it for toothache, as we use it still, and for skin diseases of cattle, which we are beginning to do also. Hams were also smoked by hanging them on the roof, above the fires.<sup>1</sup>

Runge called the kreosote from coal, carbolic acid, or coal-oil. It really has acid properties, but its composition is analogous to alcohols; and it is strange that several bodies of that constitution should have so much power of preventing putrefaction. Reichenbach obtained it among his many new bodies, which people could not find till long after he did. Alcohol, common methylated spirit, fusel oil, carbolic acid, and cresylic acid, which latter is found in the distillation from coals, are all antiseptic. Carbolic acid is found in the products of distillation of wood, of benzoin resin used in fumigation. It is even found, according to some, in animal secretions. The tar-barrels burnt in the time of epidemics, from the earliest date till this year, give out this acid, but would give out more if the flame were suppressed, and distillation only allowed. The world has admired this substance without knowing its existence, and sought it in every corner, using various names to express it, wrapping it in bundles to carry around them, burning it in pastilles for fumigation, and sometimes in public in great bonfires. Savages use petroleum for their wounds and their cattle, and the most civilized of old times kept in products of tar the dead that they desired to preserve to a joyful rising. Bishop Berkeley tells us that it was used as tar-water in America, the tar being merely stirred up with the water, and the water drunk, a glass at a time. He himself had tried it in many diseases, and tells us of small-pox, erysipelas, skin diseases, and ulcers, being cured by it; quotes the pitching of wines by the Romans as a proof of its value, and Jonstonus, in his *Dendrographia*, as saying that it is wholesome to walk in groves of pine-trees, which impregnate the air with balsamic particles. The learned writer then goes on to say that, although he may be ridiculed, he suspects tar-water is a panacea; 'and as the old philosopher cried aloud from the house-tops to his fellow-citizens, "*Educate your children*;" so I confess, if I

<sup>1</sup> This and other allusions from Lecture on Disinfection, *Society of Arts Journal*, 1857.



had situation high enough, and a voice loud enough, I would cry out to all the valetudinarians upon earth, Drink tar-water.' What, then, is the wonderful agent after which men have hunted in tar-water? Like all such hopes of men, it becomes less when it is found, but it is still of great value. It is not one thing only, there are many things to be found. We have the tar acids and turpentine, benzole, aniline, acetic acid, and many other things from tar, and each has its place.

Of these substances from tar, carbolic acid has taken the lead. It will be seen that its chief properties were examined by chemists some years ago. Not to go further back than Gmelin's Chemistry, or, still earlier, 1843, Liebig's edition of Geiger's Chemistry, the crystals melt between  $34^{\circ}$  and  $35^{\circ}$  Cent., the liquid boils at  $187^{\circ}$ , is oily, and resembles in smell kreosote, burns the skin, which peels off, coagulates blood, but does not stop bleeding; sp. g. 1062 at  $20^{\circ}$  C.; burns with smoke, decomposed by chlorine and bromine, gives picric acid when treated with nitric acid. 'The relation of carbolic acid to organic substances is very interesting,' etc. A solution saturated destroys plants rapidly; coagulates blood; is very hurtful if allowed to touch the eyes; leeches and fishes die in it without convulsions; animals dry up without decomposing; weak solutions of gelatine are not made turbid by it, but strong are; albumen it coagulates to a mass soluble in excess of albumen.

Skins treated with lime become, in a solution of carbolic acid, horny and transparent; laid in water they become soft and slippery, like fresh skins, but don't again become foul. Putrid flesh loses its smell at once; so with excrements. The acid combines with the substance.

Speaking of kreosote, Gmelin says water with 1 in 10,000 smells of smoke. Its most wonderful property is its preservation of flesh. It stops flow of blood. It kills beasts, fishes, and insects. Plants are killed, and, like animal substances, preserved from decay. Liebig says also that it was used long before Reichenbach discovered it, as *aqua Binelli*, kept a secret in Italy. The *aqua empyreumatica* of Silesia contained some of it, made by distilling crude wood vinegar with lime.

Lemaire, in his book *De l'Acide Phénique*, 1865, gives numerous details, and shows fully the truth of the earlier observations, with much additional matter. It has been supposed that its power to stop decomposition is the same as its power of coagulating albumen; but a solution of 1 in 1000 of water will not coagulate albumen, while it prevents fermentation of sugar, and also putrefaction in certain conditions.

So thoroughly has the belief in tar gained ground, that it ranks among the firmest superstitions of the world. There are

people now who expect to remove the cattle-plague by marking a cross with it on the wall before the nostrils of their cattle; and when we read Lemaire's book—by a scientific man who leans on facts—we find him scarcely less enthusiastic than Berkeley himself. We must remember that, although the latter had not modern training in science, he was a man of genius.

There is neither life nor decay without motion.

Tar acids arrest that motion which takes place in decay. They therefore are antiseptic; they antisept. As soon as the decay ceases, the putrid gases cease to arise. Tar acids are therefore disinfectant. They prevent oxidation, but not of inorganic substances. They don't prevent iron from rusting. The movements there required are too powerful; but in organic substances there is more yielding, and there carbolic acid shows its influence by preventing their oxidation. Mr. Crookes, in his report, says that it may be looked on as distinguishing vital phenomena from those purely physical. Pettenkofer, on the other hand, finds that although it arrests fermentation, the ferment preserves its power, and acts when the carbolic acid is gone. Such a result can only occur when the acid is used weak. At Carlisle, the use of carbolic acid has been employed for years, preventing rot, and preventing the growth of all unpleasant decomposition, so common in soils heavily manured. This leads us to a curious point. It would appear that we can apply such graduated amounts as will arrest putrefaction, which we may call lower organic phenomena, or destroy the vital power entirely. We can then proceed to destroy the higher vegetable and noxious animal life.

*Reasons for Fumigation.*—The great point now we seek is, that these properties be applied to disinfection for preventing infectious diseases. If infection is electric, magnetic, or galvanic, we see no means of reaching it by salts and acids; but we shall leave out that view of the case, and many others. If infection is a gas, we shall allow it to diffuse, according to laws such as Graham has taught us, and not fear it. At least, we know of no gas that produces infection among chemists, and none that carbolic acid peculiarly affects. Gases escaping mix with the air and become diluted, and their action of course grows weaker, according to the amount of air with which they mix. It is not easy to reconcile this with the progress of such a disease as cattle-plague. Let us take the largest manufacturing town we have, Manchester, burning above 6000 tons of coal daily, and sending 17,000 tons of carbonic acid into the air, and 150 tons of vitriol, besides gases of decomposition from 80,000 middens. The whole result of that does not bring the carbonic acid of the average air more than 0.01 above a good standard, if even so much, above the

surrounding country; and although the death-rate is increased, it is in those places where from circumstances more than average exposure occurs. Whereas, where cattle are exposed to all the winds of heaven, they are found diseased, where the dilution of gases would be inconceivably great.

Let us suppose these to unite with water and become vapours: they would be dissipated according to the heat of the day and according to the force of the wind. Vapours from marshes seem to suit this description more closely. They fall heavily at night, they creep along the ground, and may be kept out by closing windows, whilst they become so diluted as to become innocent before they pass round the house to enter the window at the other side. Lemaire says that putrid miasms contain germs of living things. We are more willing to believe that the organic matter found by Boussingault and others explains the phenomena better, as it may become food for any living form brought into it from the atmosphere. Lemaire considers that germination requires the presence of infusoria; we have thought otherwise, but perhaps passed over a class that he has more carefully observed.

Not to dwell too much on this, if miasms are germs of living things, they are brought down by the moist air of evening. If they are vapours they are brought in the same way. Some may require more heat to dissipate them in the morning; and if we knew how much, we should have found the evaporating, or, as we might term it, the boiling point of a miasm.

The same may be said of all infections, viewed as vapours; a veterinary surgeon of Germany, W. E. A. Erdt, of Coeslin, in a pamphlet on *Die Veterinaer-Polizei* (Sorau, 1865), (p. 11), speaks of this, and divides them into volatile at all temperatures, slightly volatile, and fixed; so one disease may be propagated by the air at one temperature and only by contact at another. 112° Fahr. to 140° destroys most, so that hot water destroys nearly all. Glanders is destroyed at 134° Fahr. Hydrophobia about the same; none are destroyed below blood-heat, but some are produced only at a lower temperature,—for example, that from dead bodies. The cold cannot destroy contagion, 'it can only bind it, lay it, or render it inactive.' So in the north the infectious diseases are milder, or disappear, and contagious are more active, whilst in Polar regions they too are destroyed.

It is at least clear that these vehicles of disease are carried about very much as other vapours and finely divided solids are carried, and such only can they be. If we wash air, we find bodies in the water used; if we wash impure air, we find more in it than in pure. And what are these bodies? It is not easy to say; broken up pieces of all surrounding bodies,—some

observers have described minute beginnings of life rather indefinite in description.

We may say broadly none of the poisons of epidemics are gases, properly so called; if they were, they would not be eliminated from the atmosphere and settled on a particular spot, or in a thin stratum, as in the evening. They are vapours or solids. We are inclined to call some of them vapours carried about like water, and perhaps of this class some are from malarious districts. But cattle-plague poison has no such character; can it be other than a solid? We must open our eyes more widely; we must even try to believe what we know. If we leave a little paste for a couple of days, we find mould upon it. We have known this all our lives, but we have not drawn the full conclusions from it. Bishop Berkeley did long ago, when he said the seeds of all things are in the air; but scientific men have not been satisfied, and the great question of spontaneous generation has risen within a few years as vividly as centuries ago. An old volume tells us of the mode in which men and animals were produced by the fermentation of mud, exactly as less noble animals, and this idea removed in the author's mind all the difficulty of creation.

But science came in and showed that creation was not an act to be handed over to the mud, and that even that substance to which such originating power was attributed could generate nothing. The mud was shown to contain only food for plants or animals which might exist there in an early stage of development. Science seeks laws and finds them, and wherever law and order are absent, science refuses to believe, and so spontaneous generation was put aside with astrology, and the decree to that effect was made by the advanced party.

After a long controversy, the idea arose that if spontaneous generation did not occur in our day, it must have occurred in early ages of the world. If this were not granted it would be needful to grant the existence of a Creator—and this will not suit men who can make the world create itself by giving it time,—and so it seemed needful for even the advanced party to allow that spontaneous generation must have occurred in primitive, perhaps eternally primitive times. Here was a difficulty. The advanced party was split; some did not believe in spontaneous generation—a kind of miracle unscientific and abnormal; others believed that it must have occurred originally, although it did not occur now, and took exactly the argument of the Church as to the apostolic miracles, which are believed to have gradually diminished in number, till they completely died out. At this moment it is impossible to say which plan looks the most or least sceptical, and scientific men are compelled to apply to experiment before making their choice.

The inquiries already made are beautiful. We cannot detail them ; we must leave those who wish to know details to read Pasteur's papers. We give a few points in the history.

It was shown by Dusch and Schroeder that if meat were exposed to air which had been passed through cotton, it did not putrefy for months. It was clear that the cotton took up something. Pasteur used vegetable solutions, and found that if not exposed to air no life was apparent. If the stopper of the vessel were taken out even for a few seconds, there appeared growths, chiefly of *mucedineæ*. If thirty bottles were opened this result would be seen in twenty-eight or so, but if they were opened 11,000 feet high on the Alps, not in more than one or two. A similar absence of organisms was remarked when the bottles were opened in cellars or vaults, or where the air had been still. We do not allude to inhabited cellars. The allusion to the matter, organic and organized, found by Lemaire and Bous-singault over marshes will be remembered here, and we may begin all our speculations with the absolute certainty of some such conclusion being correct. We need not tell how heated air was used so as to burn the germs, and how it succeeded, nor allude to all the ingenious contrivances which have rendered doubt useless. It is not to be doubted that the air contains seeds.

But we may even go further, and show by the simplest mode that organic substances as well as inorganic exist in the air. We cannot touch much of the surface of the ground without meeting organic matter. That rock must be very bare indeed which possesses none on its surface ; the soil must be very barren which contains no vegetation, even to the smallest seen by the microscope, and no moving life, yet the soil is carried about the atmosphere, and sometimes in such quantities as to appear as clouds. We breathe this dust ; organized beings must be in it ; we find them if we look on the ground. Our streets are covered with organic matter, sometimes very impure ; it dries and is carried about, it lies on our tables, it covers our linen, it fills our carpets, it incommodes our breathing, especially when heaped up ready to rush from behind neglected books, it is the terror of city housewives, and a problem to sanitary men.

If the seeds of all things exist in the air, the wind is an agent to raise them. If we wash the air of some places, or, in other words, collect into a few drops of water the whole of the solid matter of a considerable space, we find that there are various forms. We do not know that these have received sufficient examination, but by degrees they will be examined, and these smallest beginnings of life will be traced. Out of them we shall be able to perceive the progressive stages of

plants, of minuter animals, and of ferments and processes which produce cattle-plague, cholera, and many diseases. This is not mere fancy. We know already that mould will grow out of them, but can we always find its germs? This must surely be because we cannot distinguish in an early stage one kind from another.

We have spoken of antiseptic bodies that crumple up organic matter, and cause it to lose one of its most characteristic qualities, putrescibility. When we apply antiseptics to these minute bodies in the air, the result will be the same as on a larger scale to giant growths. This then is the whole explanation of fumigants; they mix with the air, enter into every corner of a room, and attack every atom floating free, treating it as it would a piece of meat, which we know may be preserved for ages. Disinfection by fumigation cannot then be said to be supported by a mere theory, it is an action as certain as salting meat, but more effective, because we can use agents more powerful than salt. We have here the explanation of all the strivings of those men who have used vinegar, camphor, and perfumes, aloes, myrrh, and cassia, as well as chlorine, muriatic, sulphurous, and carbolic acids.

The truest antiseptics are volatile organic bodies. They do not destroy, they preserve. They prevent action; and how delicate are the gradations of this influence! If we inhale ether we lose one of the most characterizing portions of animal life—the relation to an external world. We lose sensation; at a later stage we lose the action of mind. If we take alcohol, we have the oxidation disturbed, and the power of exertion, whilst less carbonic acid is given out. This is at least so in many cases, as Dr. Edward Smith has shown. But when we use carbolic acid as a strong liquid, we have the chemical action of the muscular fibre itself stopt. We can occasionally observe numerous stations between these points. These agents produce in succession anæsthesia, drunkenness, and destruction of the motion of life, ending in the suppression even of those movements needful for decay. We have proposed to treat the agents of disease existing in the air exactly as the Egyptians treated their dead, by the use of antiseptics, and unquestionably, if organisms infect the air, they will die in the presence of these agents as animals or vegetables die, and be preserved as mummies are preserved, until washed into the soil. But if any one is afraid that the disease is only allayed by these means to burst out again, let him remove the disinfectants from the mummies, and he might almost as soon expect them to return to life.

*Metals, Oils, etc.*—Metals for fumigation have not been mentioned. It has often been said that Birmingham has been

extremely free from cholera, and the possibility of metallic exhalation filling the atmosphere has entered men's minds. It is not impossible. In a place where copper is being soldered, we may smell it readily; where lead or zinc is melted, it may be seen as a white oxide on the walls. The neighbourhood of chemical works has always been considered remarkably free from infectious disease, and around St. Rollox in Glasgow, one of the largest in the country, this was remarked, and especially by the workmen themselves. These men sometimes discover things that the better informed quite miss; they have no theories. They come with bronchitis to a chemical work, and bring their children to the sulphur-burners to be cured of hooping-cough, and discover for themselves the disinfecting powers of chlorine, muriatic acid, sulphur, and metals; admiring the wonders of nature without caring to infect the world with their knowledge. They are like tender feelers put out by society. Scientific men ought to take up their slightest fancy, and bring it up into a thought which will in many cases be highly true and valuable.

We have remained long with these volatile disinfectants, but there are many others—so many that the world may wonder at infection existing. What shall we say of the powerful pepper, the pleasant lavender, the admired pennyroyal, and rue? These, and many others, have their value, and we use them when there is little or no danger, just as in our country-places we do not use the stronger bolts, but merely shut the door, as in the day-time, to keep out the wind and the cold. We have not studied the peculiar nature of such a substance as fusel oil, powerful in disinfection, and also in its action on animals, and, like carbolic acid and cresylic acid, to be brought in as an alcohol, making the whole series of the alcohols remarkable in this respect. How many other alcohols and ethers may be found capable of acting on the mind and the senses in various other ways, for our good or our evil, it is the business of chemists to inquire. If those to be found have influence on human thought, action, and suffering even, although very much less than those already discovered, the world may be much changed.

Amongst the volatile disinfectants we include a great number of oils. It may not be desirable to trouble the reader with exact tables, so we shall give rather hurriedly the general results obtained by experiments on the following bodies.

When meat is exposed to the vapour rising from phosphorus, it is rapidly decomposed, and resolved into inorganic salts.

When exposed to the vapour of cresylic and carbolic acid, kerosene, aniline, fusel oil, oil of mustard, and oil of bitter almonds, it does not, in months, become putrid, although with aniline and bitter almonds it becomes unpleasant to the sight and smell.

The others cause it to retain its form, and seem to arrest change, exactly as freezing would do. Now, we suppose that they will act on the poisons in the atmosphere exactly in the same way. Some persons argue that as they do not destroy, they are of no value, but we do not care to break them to atoms or to reduce them to their elements; we are quite satisfied if they are killed and unfit for mischief.

The same persons tell us that chlorine kills, and therefore is more valuable. It kills, but in killing it dies. On the other hand, tar acids remain long, and are active during the whole period, never being destroyed. Again, we cannot use chlorine except under cover. We may use the tar acids in yards and even in fields. If we pour them on the ground even in a very dilute state, they give off their odours, and may be perceived at a distance of hundreds of yards. They disinfect the ground and the air at the same time. We cannot do this with chlorine, nitrous gas, muriatic acid, or sulphur.

Meat treated with the vapours of naphthaline, Canadian petroleum, turpentine, camphor, oil of cinnamon, Bergamot, pepper, thyme, orange peel, lemons, valerian, aniseed, and asafoetida, became putrid in a couple of days after the flesh by itself had given way.

Meat treated with nitro-benzole, oil of cumin, hops, rosemary, juniper, and peppermint, became bad six days later than the above.

Meat treated with vapour of coal naphtha became slimy and disagreeable, but not putrid.

The same treated with wood naphtha, kept for a long time fresh, but became like that treated with oil of mustard, very white.

Treated with oil of rue a very unpleasant putrescent appearance was observed, but no smell of putrefaction.

Butyric ether kept the meat fresh about eleven days longer than the air.

Heavy oil of tar, peroxide of hydrogen, and M'Dougall's powder, did not give out vapour sufficient to preserve meat.

Carbonic acid did not preserve it, neither did protoxide of nitrogen.

We may say, in few words, substances which preserve organized matter from change are antiseptics, those which destroy the products of putrefaction are disinfectants. But distinctions which are not very practical are often thrown aside, and the classification is not yet valuable.

*Charcoal, etc.*—If the substances to be disinfected are in the air, it is useless to employ solid bodies—gases and vapours only can reach them. We might, it is true, filter the air entirely, say through charcoal, as Dr. Stenhouse proposes, and into our rooms



or cow-houses allow no breath to enter that had not been purified. The charcoal, especially if platinized, would extract all the poisonous substances; but who is to cage us up? This process is possible only in hospitals, and even there the difficulties are numerous. That substance, charcoal, is now used as a purifier of sewer gases, which afford it a wider field for its activities; the gases which leave the sewer pass first through it, and enter the air free from odour and danger. The plan adopted at the Houses of Parliament could also be used, and a fine spray, as first employed by Mr. Gurney, could be formed in the passage through which the air was carried, thus effectually washing and rendering it as pure as a Scotch mist does the atmosphere before it presents it to the shepherd. Instead of water, permanganate of potash could be used for spray, and besides the washing, we could have the oxidation, as Mr. Condy, we believe, proposes. Or instead of that we could use peroxide of hydrogen for the spray, and send oxygen into the room in a highly active state, and this is probably the best mode of obtaining an increase of vital air, if such were desirable. Where spray was not formed, the peroxide could evaporate quietly from a basin, and do its work of its own accord.

There are, however, other agents for washing air, but the mechanism of washing is an objection; we can never be sure that every floating particle is reached. Some persons will strew the ground with charcoal; the air will be absorbed and purified when it comes to the charcoal, but when it does not come there can be no action upon it. The same observation applies to all liquids and solids: they are valueless against an enemy which comes, like air, in invisible gas or vapour.<sup>1</sup>

We desire much to know the condition of the matter that poisons the air. We have concluded that it is a solid or a liquid, which may rise in vapour, as in miasms. But miasms do not infect, so far as we know.

Cattle-plague, perhaps, more than any, shows an indifference to season, and flourishes in heat and considerable cold, in dryness and moisture. It is propagated both with and without contact. We think that to consider it as a solid brings the clearest explanation. What kind of solid? Is it a vegetable

<sup>1</sup> Speaking of mechanical modes of treating the air, we may mention a respirator by Mr. John White, surgeon, Finchley. In using this the air passes through a number of threads moistened with water, and, in fact, becomes washed. We cannot doubt that by this mode impurities will be removed from the air. The same vessel may be used to contain volatile ingredients according to requirement. Mr. W. has also ingeniously adapted the same idea for the use of sheep and cattle.

or an animal particle? Perhaps when it is found nestling in the flesh or the blood of our cattle, it will be difficult to tell its paternity. Cholera, on the other hand, waits for warm weather; its vitality begins, we are inclined to think, at 54° or 55° F., the temperature of decomposition, and of the incipient feeling of freedom from cold in men. If cholera poison were a liquid, warmth would not tend to concentrate, but rather to evaporate it; but if it were a solid in a state of decomposition, or a solid in solution existing as a drop, the cold would prevent its action. If, however, this arrived at a warm spot, might it not develop? Occasionally we do hear of cases in cold weather. If the poisonous particles pass through the air, they seem to be chilled by it, as dormice are put to sleep, and perhaps never recover their activity except in the case of one in millions. In some such way we must account for their movements; but our chief object at present is to destroy them. We cannot give rules better than those given; the fumigants mentioned kill organized things, and if poisons are organic, they must be set at rest under the treatment.

There are two cases in which disinfection is needful:—

First, when the air is tainted by causes not in our control, as during pestilence.

Second, when the air is tainted by causes under our control, as the want of cleanliness and accumulation of manure.

In the first case we use gaseous disinfectants, of which we have already spoken.

In the second, where cleanliness is not to be obtained, we use liquid or solid disinfectants.

In the first case we destroy the infection produced by nature in the air; in the second, we prevent the infection from passing into the air. Gases or vapours are used for the first cases, liquids or solids for the second.

**DISINFECTION OF SOLIDS AND LIQUIDS.**—This brings us to the second part of the subject, for which we have left too little room. We have spoken of matter conveyed by the winds, of matter the existence of which in the air many will deny, although we have sources of it at our doors, which hundreds of carts employed by day and night are scarcely able to remove,—a heap of rubbish that continually follows man, and compels him to decency or an early death, whilst he has never understood the problem of its removal in its fulness, and has been too contented, even after *Æsop* laughed at him, to crow from his own midden. We have cities with a centre of filth and also of disease for every five people, and men wonder why they are ill. We have persons who tell us that we have sulphur

in our coals, which by burning causes disinfection, and prevents us being poisoned. We have spoken well of the 'divine' sulphur; how shall we turn against it? We know that all medicines may be poisons, according to quantity and circumstance. If we watch a fog in our manufacturing towns from without, we shall find that on a very brilliant day we have a great brown dome of black vapour heaped up over the houses, from which the smoke cannot escape, and in which it therefore accumulates. Coal when it burns gives out nearly half its weight of water, formed by five per cent. of hydrogen which it contains, and the oxygen of the air; when that rises as vapour into a chill atmosphere it is condensed, falls as liquid, and becomes saturated with sulphurous acid. That we can smell, and taste, and see, when it does not pain our eyes too much; for it actually exists as drops of a small size. Now, does this sulphur remove disease? If so, the abomination must be great, as, in spite of removal, so much remains. We cannot bear enough of the gas to destroy as a rule all zymotic disease, without suffering in other respects, and the punishment falls chiefly on the old and on the children, who die, not merely because their parents are at work, and are unable to give them sufficient attention, but in the families of those who do all that knowledge, in such an atmosphere, can accomplish. Let us examine two towns, Cologne and Manchester; the first with a well-known fame for bad smells, but no worse than many other places in which we have walked, conscious of the presence in the whole street of the filthiest substances. Or take Berlin or Potsdam, from whose sewers, covered with loose planks, the most loathsome vapours rise; the deaths are fewer than in Liverpool, Glasgow, or Manchester, although the deaths in our better towns, and in our country places, are fewer than in similar spots in Germany. We cannot throw the evil on the middens only, we must throw it on the sulphur, in great part, not forgetting all the products of the combustion and distillation of coal. The sulphur adds to the evil of middens, and does not subtract. The same evil consequences do not come from peat smoke; probably because of the absence of sulphur as well as the presence of carbolic acid.

How shall we escape from coal? We must learn to burn it differently; we must learn that we commit a crime when we use a pound of coal to evaporate four pounds of water in a steam boiler, when another man can evaporate eleven; and that we commit another crime when we use ten pounds of coal, or more, per hour for each horse-power, when another man uses only two. We must not trust to the purifying influence of its

sulphur, which robs the air of its active oxygen, and helps to make that of our cities unfit for man.

Nevertheless, the middens do their mischief, although we cannot say that either plague or cholera has come out of them. Vile vapours do arise which lower the health, and which not only feed disease, but render us more susceptible of its attacks. To feed disease is an indefinite phrase, but let us take it literally. If the cause of one disease is a ferment, it may grow as a plant, and it needs food; this is obtained from night-soil. If it is one of the lower animal organisms, the same may occur; and if a chemical action among organic bodies, there is abundance to supply it.

It is only in later years that organisms, vegetable or animal, have played much part in scientific explanations of infection and fermentation, although not entirely neglected. We think it probable that various modes may exist, and bring various qualities of disease; there may be endless numbers of parasites hitherto undiscerned, and those described lately by Mr. Jabez Hogg and his acute-eyed predecessors in the study, show how readily they may be passed over. There are also endless modes of fermentation. When animal or vegetable forms accompany chemical action they may appear in the muscle; when they are soluble matter they may cause movements in the liquids, which must be difficult to discover. A ferment may be then compared to the musical vibration of metals, which, whether beginning in A or in B, continue the sound according to its beginning, with modifications according to the material, physical and chemical. So one disease continues by the movements of the atoms or molecules thus promoting itself and assisting in developing others, just as decomposition of one substance induces a similar state in others, which, however, may not be exactly the same state. The force of example is no less apparent among atoms than among men. For the same reason, too, one great disease will overwhelm all others, as one decomposition does in a solution.

We desire to prevent from decomposition the manure, from which it is the problem of Europe to escape. It produces a class of disease which we generate and foster at home, and assists its relations when they come, like cholera, to visit it from abroad. We must treat them as we proposed to treat our enemies in the air; but here we have large quantities, and we need not send invisible agents to do their work unseen, leaving its completeness a problem difficult to solve, although soluble. At present there are two plans: one is to overwhelm with water, and to carry off in unseen underground streams; another is to leave the material as dry as possible, the moisture having been drained

and passed into the atmosphere or the soil. The first mentioned, the water-closet system, is a great luxury unquestionably, but, like luxuries, it is taxed. Water is the most powerful agent of infection known to us as well as of disinfection. Substances which preserve for ever dry, become putrid at once when moist. All organic bodies decompose most rapidly in it, and if it is sent out of our towns laden with riches, it rapidly dissipates them all and sends them into the air. It is the very symbol of abundance and extravagance. Manure will not keep in it, and will not carry in it. Cesspools, which were deposits of manure and water, were found after much loss of life to be manufacturers of disease of the most active nature, and water-closets which are not carefully attended to obtain an odour by no means agreeable. Water is called a disinfectant, because it is a vehicle for oxygen and a solvent of organic bodies, which then act rapidly, dissipating their products in the air. If there is much water and much air present, the oxidation is complete, and the resulting gases are sent out pure; but if there is much work to do, the water will not wait, but rapidly sends out its goods half manufactured, and the customers complain. The mechanism of the water-closet system must be very excellent, and with the best a little chemical assistance from disinfectants is often needful to insure comfort at home and avoid loss of property abroad. If, however, it is well managed, who can doubt its beauty? It is the removal of a curse from man's nature, a curse which weighs him down the more he becomes civilized in towns.

Still all the world cannot have water-closets. You cannot have them in Norway—they would freeze,—nor in Arabia, where there is want of water, nor in many other places. The midden is apparently destined to continue as an attribute of man; certainly of his ox, and his horse, and his ass, and his pigs, who leave it to him to clean up after them. If left to dry, the amount of mischief done by manure is infinitely less than by the cesspool. The liquid goes into the soil, which, if porous, will oxidize, as we have seen, forming nitrates and carbonic acid. If it cannot flow into the soil it will act injuriously, as cesspools on a smaller scale, and this it does, although not quite so violently, because, being more exposed to air, the products are more oxidized. It is the products formed in moist inaccessible places void of light, which, like deeds of darkness, are most to be avoided. The dry part of the manure is less hurtful, because it only gives out what the oxygen comes to take away. It rarely, however, lies long quite dry, and the evil is never reduced to nothing, although we have got rid of that terrible form, the cesspool. We can distinctly prove the air over all such accumulations

to be bad, by analysis as by the senses. We should like to know how it genders and feeds disease; we know it does it within certain limits.

We live over a mass of putrescent matter in sewers; the water increases its activity. We have heard of some persons causing a laugh by saying, 'No, we have no sewers; we would not live near such filthy things.' We laughed too, but we don't laugh now. The liquid matter, when neither removed rapidly nor disinfected, is our old enemy the cesspool, with a territory extending miles long instead of feet only, as in old times. The midden is better than the bad sewer.

When liquids are conveyed to a great distance for manure, the decomposition spoken of will go on for some miles, until purity is attained. Those who live along the passage will receive the products, but these will be less offensive, seeing that the stream is narrowed, lengthened, and exposed to a great amount of air. The products, however, go off. If the stream is short they reach the grounds, and there they are retained very powerfully, but, as before said, not all-powerfully. If we treat the fluids with disinfectants, or rather antiseptics, they will cease to decompose. And here we see the difference between pure colytics and destructive disinfectants. If we add chloride of lime we destroy the ammonia of the manure, but if we add chloride of sodium or common salt or metallic salts, we preserve them for a considerable time; we may also use carbolic acid and its compound for this, but even that acid is less valuable when much water is present, although sufficient to preserve the manure till it reaches the fields.

Salts of zinc, copper, arsenic, and mercury, have peculiar antiseptic powers. Mercury has been used by Kyan for preserving wood, and trees have been induced by a French *savan* to imbibe during life copper salts sufficient to preserve them from decay. This indicates a mode of giving antiseptics to living animals in amount sufficient to destroy life and putrescibility by one effort. We should then not require to cover our fields with the graves of the dead cattle, and to wait in fear of their rising up against us during the time when we may be weakened on the other hand by attacks of cholera.

There are numerous ideas about disinfectants, and, whilst every one has had his experience, we have only lately begun to reduce the subject to form. Here we give a table of the actual amount of gas evolved during putrefaction, with various disinfectants, not added in quantity quite sufficient wholly to prevent decay :—



and, as experience has shown, is well suited for manure, as when weak it does not impede growth. It is especially valuable in conjunction with sulphites, but sulphite of soda cannot stand the influence of much water for a long time, and even sulphate of iron succumbs, and gives out sulphuretted hydrogen—infecting instead of disinfecting. The principle of M'Dougall's powder is therefore correct, as these two act admirably together. That powder contains sulphite of lime and magnesia. The dry powder takes up moisture, which is so destructive to manures, and the phosphoric acid is retained, as well as the ammonia, in conjunction with magnesia. As a rule, it is better to use that powder, with the addition of carbolic acid, as it does not contain enough for fumigation. Mr. M'Dougall has made more experiments on disinfection, and the destruction of obnoxious insects by them, than probably any other man in the country, and we are much indebted to him for his labours. He had employed in commerce most of the valuable properties of carbolic acid before it was much known to scientific men, and he has had many followers, who may, as in such cases, have added ideas of their own.

There is, however, a danger in allowing compounds of sulphur to remain long with water, as sulphuretted hydrogen is given out; and they must only be used with liquids, when rapid changes can be made by removing the infected matter before the decomposition sets in. With less moist substances this care is not required. Our problem at present is to prevent putrefaction in manures as usually found. We can tell of no better than carbolic or tar acids, or its compounds. When it is to be raised in a dry, or nearly dry, heap, the powder spoken of comes in with great advantage.

When liquids are used they are sprinkled over the floors of cow-houses or stables, but there is a sound objection to an increase of water. When powders are used, they diminish the moisture, which is swept out with them daily. In this way charcoal may be employed for preventing odour, but it has an unfortunate power of decomposing organic matter.

We require to learn how to disinfect a midden, when dry. We can mix nothing with it, we can only touch the surface. Chloride of lime moistens, sinks, and destroys ammonia. For covering impure substances, lime itself is extremely valuable, as indeed it is everywhere, when it can be used either as a coating or as a precipitant.

*Rapid Disinfection.*—And now we arrive at the most complete disinfection, the destruction of the putrefactive matter which may be found. For this purpose we know nothing better than chloride of lime. If a smell is to be removed



rapidly, this does its work well. If it is to be removed elegantly, in a sick-room, permanganate (Condy's fluid) does it, or the peroxide of hydrogen, not much tried as yet, but wonderful in its action in some cases.

This removal of smells, already pursued, is the branch called deodorizing, but it is actual disinfection, as we cannot remove the smell without causing putrefaction to cease to that extent. Still you may remove nine-tenths of it, and be unable to smell the remaining tenth, which may still be hurtful.

Amidst these numerous substances, which are we to use, is the question with many, and how?

If we had our choice, we would use very few. For fumigating stables and cow-houses we should use tar acids. They are easily managed. For places that require purification, we should use chlorine gas, and that is easily managed. We would also use it for constant fumigation in small quantities, so that we could merely smell it in time of disease in houses where the smell of tar acids was objected to, according to convenience and price; and if any one proposed sulphurous or muriatic acid, we would not object, although they are less pleasant.

The fumigators are quite needful when diseases such as cattle-plague and small-pox come to us from without. We cannot in such cases trust to the disinfection of manures, and to their deodorization. Cattle-plague is little affected by such refuse apparently, and we never heard of small-pox coming out of a drain, although it may be aggravated by one. Fumigation in such cases is essential. We will not dare to say in how many cases it is so.

There are other cases where we have to fear the manures more than the air, because they decompose and produce pestiferous gases, feeding disease, if they are not disease themselves; and it is in such cases that we must use either antiseptics to prevent the corruption or disinfectants to destroy it. Cholera is from all accounts one of the plagues most connected with putrefaction, if not generated by it. It does not fly about like cattle-plague, independent of weather; it leaves us in winter, and, like putrefaction, returns with 54° of Fahr. It is threatening us while this is writing, and in all probability it will be active before this is printed.

We dare not venture to be sectarians, or to believe that there is only one disinfectant in the world, when we see nature presenting us with so many. We believe that iodine may act as a good disinfectant, and, indeed, many other substances, but we have mentioned the best and the most accessible. We are told that chlorine is really the best, because it destroys organic matter; these persons forget that we are made of organic matter

ourselves, and must be very careful how we work with such tools as destroy it. We believe that we can stand rather more chlorine in the air than the usual poisons can. But when they enter the system we cannot send chlorine after them, we are so extremely sensitive to its influence. All we can say is that it is an excellent disinfectant, but, like others, not universally applicable. We think that during epidemics chlorine may be the most endurable in dwelling-houses, and we really do think it well to have the atmosphere slightly smelling of some such substance in cases where there is any closeness or impurity, or even when the disease is threatening to come near us. On this point, however, we need experience, and the full amount of good which can be done is to be proved. We now know that by the use of carbolic acid in the atmosphere of cow-houses and yards, the cattle disease may be prevented, and we also know that by the use of chlorine it may be prevented or diminished. We must apply the same rules to cholera, until we find it right to act otherwise. There are objections to both vapours. The rusting of metals caused by chlorine is an objection; the smell of carbolic acid is an objection, although it is not so bad when the acid is pure.

It would, however, be absurd to disinfect the air of a foul place, without first, if it were possible, removing all the foulness mechanically. The engineer is wanted as well as the chemist, but in the true spirit of sect we have only hitherto used one of these men, until he has been shown to be better when supplemented by the other. We are fond of mechanical modes of treatment, having less faith in the less intelligible movements of chemical molecules, but in this we err, as the latter have no less honour, and seem to have priority in creation.

A practical person says, How shall we disinfect a water-closet? Pour down a solution of chloride of lime; that is the most ready way after all. If you are very systematic, and have a cistern from which carbolate of soda, or carbolic acid in any form, chloride of lime, or any of the liquids recommended, is always allowed to flow down the closet, then it is well. Chloride of lime does not keep well in the air. We hear another say, How shall we disinfect our midden? Let the liquid drain off, and the rest requires little disinfection; but a powder is better for such, as you may throw it over the surface, and allow it to lie as a coating. Lime with a little carbolic acid is excellent for this; and peat, or other charcoal, and cinders, are by no means to be despised. For this purpose, namely, making a covering over foul matter, earth comes in extremely well, and this is the best form in which earth can be used; it will not last for ever, and a supply must be kept up, circumstances will determine

how frequently. How much common salt or lime only will do in this case is to be learned. The lime must not be mixed up with the manure. Another will say, The liquid goes off, but not into a drain; how is that to be disinfected? If the liquid putrefies near, it is most dangerous. We have seen the great value of metallic salts, and of chromate of potash, and of other substances in the table given. These cases are therefore all provided for, and we require only to take up that substance which seems to us most conveniently obtained, with mixed regard to efficiency and economy. It is a problem with us whether common salt is not the cheapest of all disinfectants for middens; it may be used in great abundance. Even with water, it prevents putrefaction for weeks, and without it probably for still more. We do not pretend to offer to all men one substance to do all the work. Let any one choose, according to his relations to the market, the work he requires done, and the money he can spend. If common salt will do the work of preservation from putrescence in manures, as it does in animal bodies, we shall save ourselves much trouble, much fear, and much expense.

But how shall we disinfect sewage water? Let us look at Dr. Letheby's table, and we find that lime is really the only substance that can be used at present prices; unfortunately, however, it is a precipitant, and cannot be used until it leaves the sewers. Either the Board of Health method must be used, of driving the sewage water into the country, without loss of time, and without a deposit, or a liquid disinfectant for the sewers themselves must be sought. It may, however, be remarked that his table is suited for sewage which has already begun to decompose. We may write many articles before we mention all the problems relating to this great question of sewage, and we shall reserve it for another occasion.

*Limits of disinfection.*—We must not imagine that the chemical agents spoken of can supersede cleanliness. 'Wash and be clean.' During epidemics we must not imagine that cleanliness can supersede chemical disinfection, for the air is tainted.

The work will never be well done until every one has a delicate perception of cleanliness and freshness of air, a taste by no means confined to the more educated, and often found in its fullest development among the poor, but not among the under-stratum in towns.

We shall not pretend to say how each household shall act, nor how each town-council ought to act. In different towns we would do differently. We think disinfection will be more widely spread, it will become a greater art, because the oxidiz-

ing powers' supplied by nature are not sufficient for crowded populations. If they were sufficient for cities they would be too energetic in the country, and man when he manufactures his own world must see that the air is suitable for it.

When cattle are kept in greater numbers in houses, and the accumulation of their manure becomes larger, there is more need of disinfection.

Land that is subject to unwholesome putrefaction may also be treated with disinfectants, and how large this use of them may be we cannot tell, whether only to the destruction of the malarious action of a lawn, so as to render an evening walk wholesome, or to a large field so as to remove disease from the cattle, or to a great district, so as to banish fever and agues with a touch.

We however pay little attention to cholera or to any disease until it comes and kills around us. This is our custom. Cholera has rapped at our doors, and town-councils are moving, in order to purify towns, and sanitary boards are beginning to be listened to. The cattle-plague, which has been raging among us all winter, has not been enough to stir them, and the knowledge that the cholera was only waiting for winter to pass has not been enough. The fear only of sudden death seems to be able to induce them to do their duty,—like the cattle on the road, who move only when they are whipped, or the hen that rises within an inch of the horse's hoof. The sanitary boards of our town-councils have in few cases risen up to see the importance of their position. Some of our population are suffering to an extent scarcely to be understood; the mind sinks under the difficulty when we attempt to measure the crimes caused by our neglect of those who have none to care for them, the want of education in a State which is rich enough, if not wise enough, to act as a mother to all its children. Neither can we throw the blame purely on the abstract State. We see clearly that it is the will of individuals, of even such as our own acquaintance whom we see daily. The opinion is that those who cannot swim ought to sink. It is a doctrine held seriously by men with muscle, but surely not by men of thought and feeling, or men who have studied history—one by which much of the best has been crushed out, bringing in the reign of brute force and selfishness. As it is, some of us are afraid to enjoy the blessings Providence sends us, because we know that so many as good as we are unable to enjoy the same. The very virtues of our friends are tainted, because if they had mingled more with those who are now outcasts, there might have been, with a loss of refinement to the refined, at least a communication of

some of it to the coarse. Our parties, our theatres, our public meetings, our rejoicings, are all defiled by crowds met on the way of filthy and wretched, who would gladly have rejoiced with us, but are now worse than unhappy, actually 'damned' by the negligence of the State, in almost every sense that every sect of Christians or of non-Christians choose to use that word. We allow them to grow, and then send to re-mould them with the most delicate and refined of the tools of civilisation. Sanitary reform can never be complete when it stands alone, and these people must be taught when they are children, or they will never be clean or helpful; to some men the condition of others is of little consequence, and to such we must add that even they are not safe so long as others are in danger.

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1. The first part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various offices of the government of the State of New York.

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